

HYMNS OF THE ✠
⊕ CHURCH UNIVERSAL

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HYMNS
OF
THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

HYMNS

OF

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

COMPILED BY THE

REV. HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

Revised and Edited by

MARY W. TILESTON AND ARTHUR FOOTE.

BOSTON:
JOHN WILSON AND SON,
University Press.
1893.



“In the hymn-book is the true key to the doctrine of the Communion of Saints; for here the saintly ones of all ages meet in their saintliest moods.”

H. W. F.

FOURTH EDITION.

Copyright, 1890,
BY FRANCES ELIOT FOOTE.

P R E F A C E.



LARGE part of this collection of hymns was made by Mr. FOOTE several years ago. He was all his life a student as well as a lover of hymns; and a hymn-book grew naturally out of his tastes and the needs of his daily life.

In 1888 he hoped to publish his collection; but, owing to failing health, he was unable to complete it, or to give it the necessary revision. Fortunately the wide experience of his sister, Mary W. Tileston, has made possible its completion, in sympathy with its aim, and in remembrance of his life.

Hymn 380, written by Mr. Foote for Visitation Day at the Divinity School, has been added at the desire of some of his friends.

FRANCES ELIOT FOOTE.

BOSTON, Easter, 1890.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR OF THE MUSIC.



IN making this collection of hymn-tunes it has been intended to include all old and favorite ones whose musical value or whose associations justified their retention; and where a new or unfamiliar tune has been used, a more common one has, when practicable, been put on the opposite page. Besides the indebtedness which all who are interested in church music and in congregational singing are under to Dr. Lowell Mason, Gen. H. K. Oliver, Charles Zeuner, J. H. Willcox, H. W. Greatorex, Dr. Hodges, and others, especial gratitude is due to various English authors who have so markedly added, within the last thirty years, to the number of beautiful tunes, many of which have been composed for hymns of peculiar metres. Without what they have written this book would have been impossible; and much of what is best in it is by them,—Barnby, Calkin, Dykes, Gauntlett, Goss, E. J. Hopkins, G. A. Macfarren, Monk, Ouseley, Redhead, Smart, Stainer, Sullivan, Tours, S. S. Wesley, etc.

Besides the many well-known tunes by Barnby, there are about twenty by him that have been reprinted very little, if at all, and that are associated with no especial names; these have been numbered for convenience, and have been also given names, for the purpose of easier identification.

No alterations have been made in either melody or harmony; but it often was found out of the question to obtain the original form in which tunes were written, as so many of them have been tampered with in the course of time. In such cases the attempt was made to get as near to the original as possible, and at any rate to have the harmonization correct. Three tunes had to be changed (though not in melody or harmony) to fit the hymns; they are "Peace," by Elvey, "Amsterdam" (hymns 315 and 316), and "Mary Magdalene," by Dykes.

One thing, however, has been done, which it is hoped will be justified by the result,—the transposition of a large number of tunes to a lower key, to fit them better for congregational singing. There are many in common use that lie too high for average voices, at least for unison singing. To take two instances, "Amsterdam" and "Bethany" become comfortable, instead of almost impossible for congregational use, by lowering their pitch a tone. Many organists habitually transpose such tunes in practice, and it seemed better to print them in that manner.

ARTHUR FOOTE.

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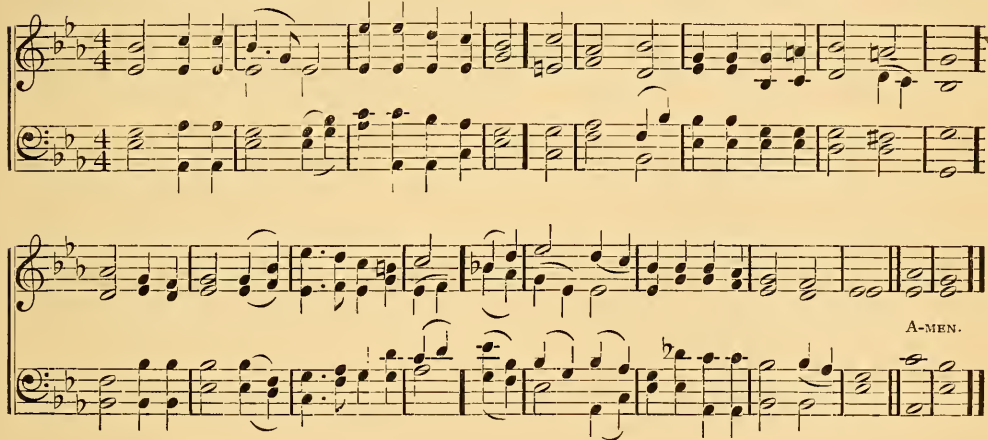
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HYMNS OF THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

RUSSIAN HYMN. 10.10 : 10.10.

ALEXIS THEODORE LWOFF.



I.

We praise thee, O Lord.

WE praise thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray ;
We praise thee with the glowing light of day :
All things that live and move, by sea and land,
Forever ready at thy service stand.

Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
“Glory to him, the mighty God, for aye,
By whom, through whom, in whom, all beings are !”
Grant us to echo on the song afar.

Thy name supreme, thy kingdom, in us dwell,
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well :
Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour ;
For thine the glory, Lord, and thine the power ! AMEN.

Solomon Frank. 1659-1725.

LEONI. 6.6.S.4:6.6.S.4.

Arranged by RABBI LEONI.

2.

The God of Abraham. Ex. iii. 6.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above ;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love :
 Jehovah, Great I Am !
 By earth and heaven confest :
 I bow and bless the sacred Name,
 Forever blest.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand :

I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend ;
 I shall on eagles' wings upborne
 To heaven ascend ;
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

Thomas Olivers. 1770.

WITH GLADSOME FEET. 6.6.S.4:6.6.S.4.

Sir G. A. MACFARREN.

UNDIQUE GLORIA. 10.4: 6.6.6.6: 10.4.

Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY.

3.

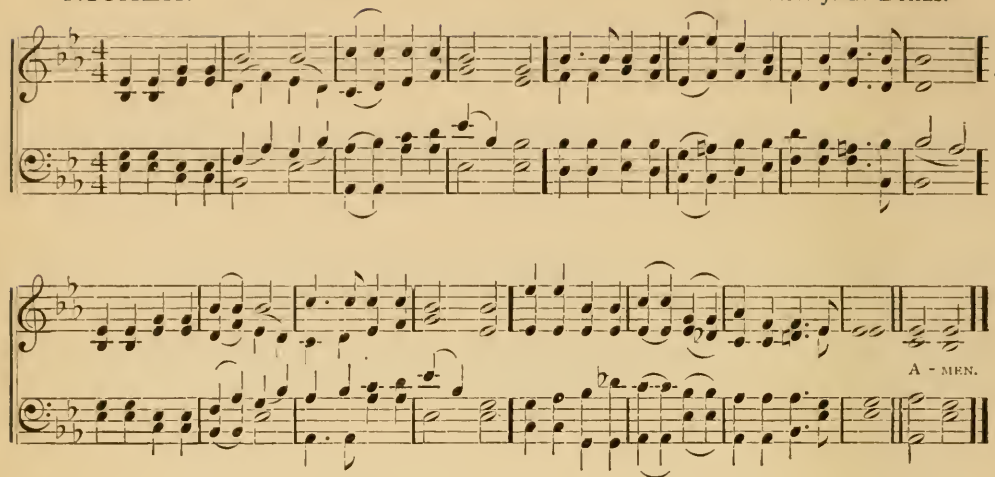
God is the King of all the Earth.

LET all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !
 The heavens are not too high ;
 His praise may thither fly :
 The earth is not too low ;
 His praises there may grow.
 Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !

Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !
 The church with psalms must shout ;
 No door can keep them out :
 But, above all, the heart
 Must bear the longest part.
 Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King ! AMEN.

NICAEA. 11.12:12.11.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



4.

Thrice Holy. Rev. iv. 8.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !

Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee ;

Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !

All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea.

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,

Thou who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be !

Holy, holy, holy ! Though the darkness hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,

Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,

Infinite in power, in love, and purity ! AMEN.

Reginald Heber. 1827. †

5.

"Who is like unto the Lord our God?"

[For Music, see next page.]

OH, worship the King, all-glorious above !

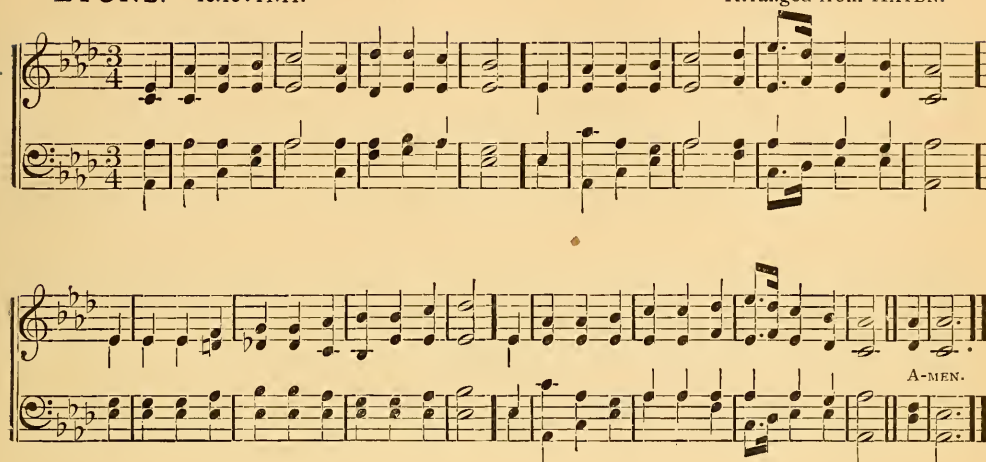
Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love !

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,

Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

LYONS. 10.10:11.11.

Arranged from HAYDN.



Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space !
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

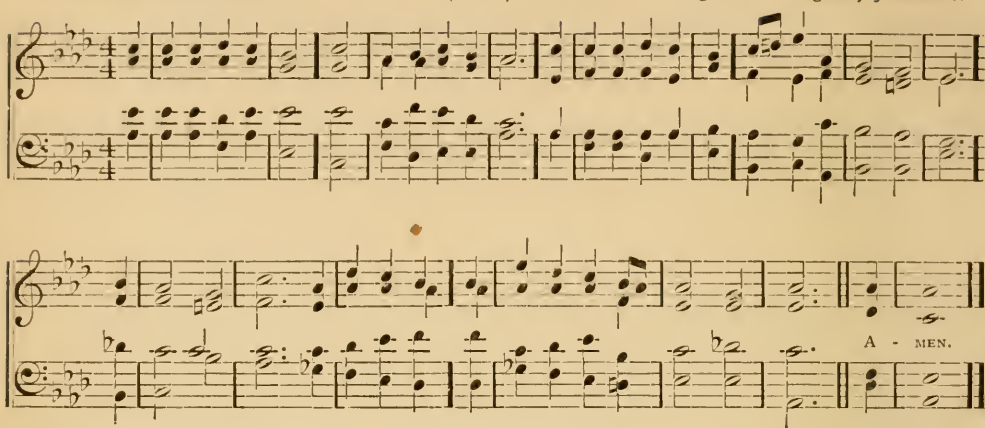
The earth with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
 Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rains.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail ;
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend ! AMEN.

HOLY ANGELS. 6.6.6.6:8.8. (H.M.)

Gregorian. Arranged by J. BARNBY.



6.

Bless the Lord.

YE holy angels bright,
 Who wait at God's right hand,
 Or through the realms of light
 Fly at your Lord's command !
 Assist our song,
 Or else the theme
 Too high doth seem
 For mortal tongue.

Ye blessed souls at rest,
 Who ran this earthly race,
 And now, from sin released,
 Behold your Father's face !
 His praises sound,
 As in his light
 With sweet delight
 Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below !
 Adore your heavenly King,
 And onward as ye go
 Some joyful anthem sing :
 Take what he gives ;
 And praise him still,
 Through good and ill,
 Who ever lives !

My soul ! bear thou thy part ;
 Triumph in God above,
 And with a well-tuned heart
 Sing thou the songs of love !
 Let all thy days
 'Till life shall end,
 Whate'er he send,
 Be filled with praise !

Richard Baxter.† 1681.

7.

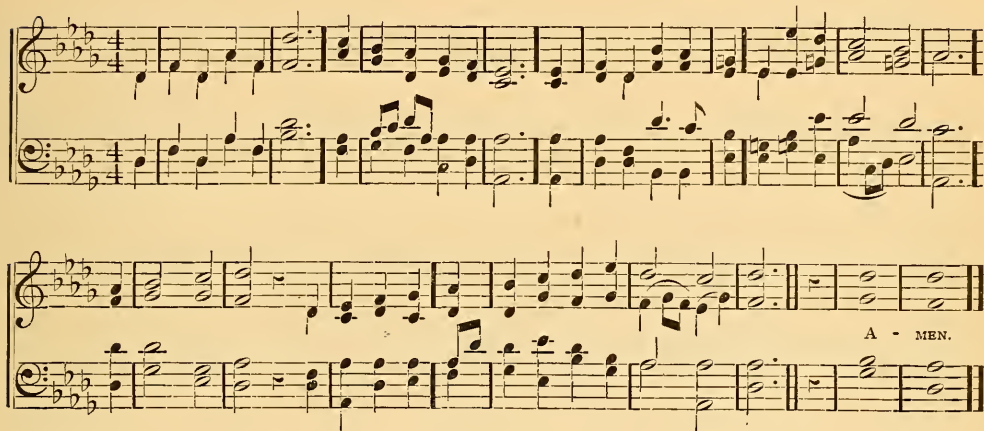
Longing for the House of God. Ps. lxxxiv.

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are !
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill !

DARWALL. 6.6.6.6:8.8. (H.M.)

Rev. JOHN DARWALL.



They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :

O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls :

Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee ! AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

8.

Psalm cxxxiv.

YE servants of the Lord,
Who in the Lord's house wait,
And keep your watch before
The threshold of his gate,
The Lord's praise sing by silent night,
Till cheerful light of morning spring.

Lift, in his holy place,
Your joyful hands on high,

And say, "The Lord we bless,
Who made the earth and sky."
And may he still thee greatly bless,
With joy and grace, from Zion hill. AMEN.

Prince's N. E. Version of Psalms.

9.

Perfections of God.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :

His glories shine with beams so bright
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe,
His power and justice stand
To guard his holy law :

And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

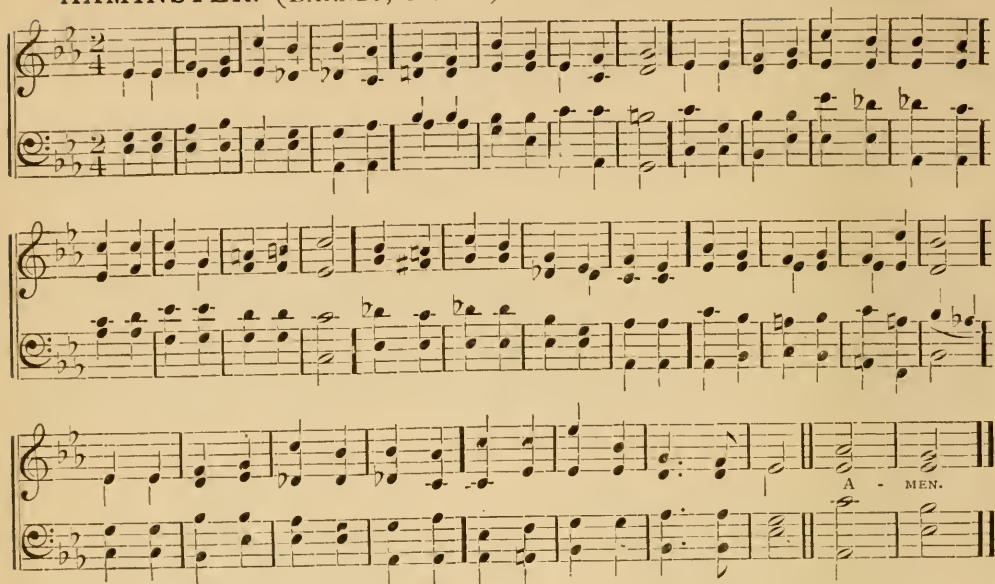
And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend ?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend ?

I love his name, I love his word :
Join all my powers and praise the Lord. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

AXMINSTER. (BARNBY, NO. 1.) 8.7. Double

JOSEPH BARNEY.



IO. "One cried unto another, and said, *Holy, holy, holy.*"

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."

With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt thy angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts most High. **AMEN.**
Richard Mant.

II. *Our Sun and Shield.*

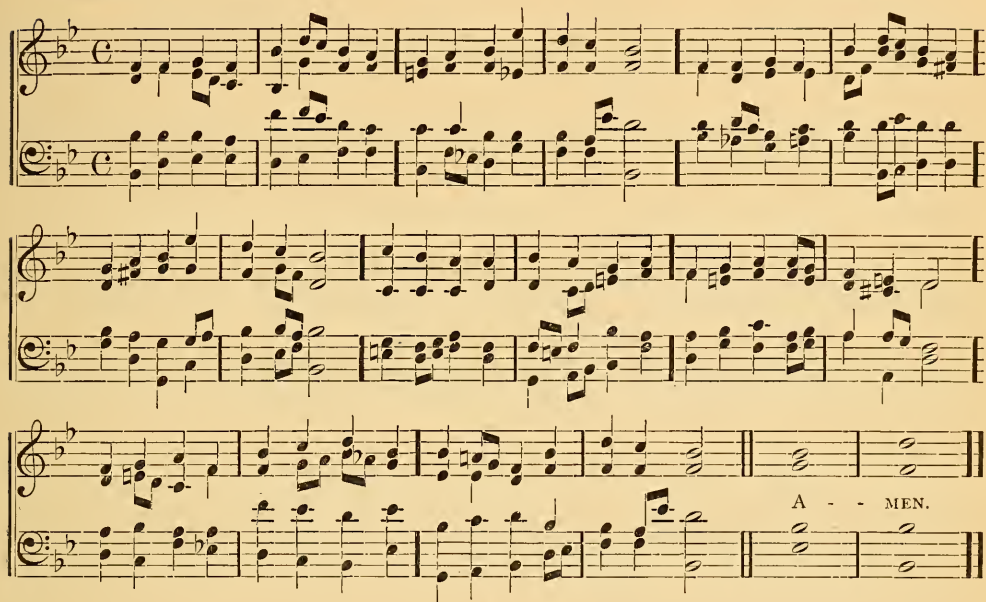
FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.
Lord ! with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us ;
All our hope is from above.

John Taylor. 1795.

MENDELSSOHN. 8.7. Double.

MENDELSSOHN.



I2.

Praise the Lord.

PRAISE the Lord ; ye heavens adore him ;
 Praise him, angels, in the height ;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
 Praise him, all ye stars of light.
 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws, which never can be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 God hath made his saints victorious ;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name.

Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
 Lord, we offer unto thee,
 Young and old, thy praise expressing,
 In glad homage bend the knee.

As the saints in heaven adore thee,
 We would bow before thy throne ;
 As thine angels serve before thee,
 So on earth thy will be done. AMEN.

Anon. 1796.

I3.

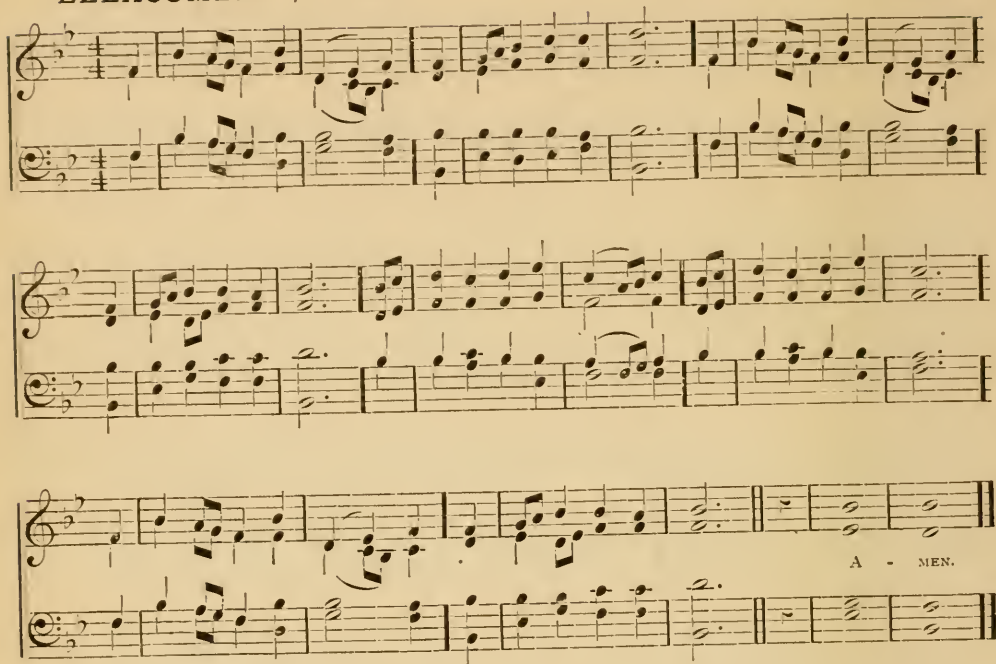
The Lord is my Refuge.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation ;
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
 In his secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed ;
 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.
 He shall charge his angel-legions
 Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
 Though thou walk through hostile regions,
 Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
 Since, with pure and warm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection
 He will shield thee from above.

James Montgomery.

ELLACOMBE. 7.6. Double.

OLD GERMAN MELODY.



14.

Teach us to number our Days.

O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
 Who evermore hast been,
 What time the tempest rages,
 Our dwelling-place serene :
 Before thy first creations,
 O Lord, the same as now,
 To endless generations
 The everlasting thou !

Our years are like the shadows
 O'er sunny hills that fly,
 Or grasses in the meadows
 That blossom but to die ;
 A sleep, a dream, a story,
 By strangers quickly told,
 An unremaining glory
 Of things that soon are old.

O thou, who canst not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail.
 On us thy mercy lighten,
 On us thy goodness rest ;
 And let thy spirit brighten
 The hearts thyself hath blessed.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
 With beauty and with grace,
 Till clothed in light forever,
 We see thee face to face.
 A joy no language measures ;
 A fountain brimming o'er ;
 An endless flow of pleasures ;
 An ocean without shore.

Edward H. Bickersteth. 1866

TOURS. 7.6. Double.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



15. "God is my Strength and my Salvation."

GOD is my strong salvation :
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help, is near.
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm in the fight I stand :
 What terror can confound me
 With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
 My soul, with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate.
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase,
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
 The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery. 1822.

16.

Psaln xix.

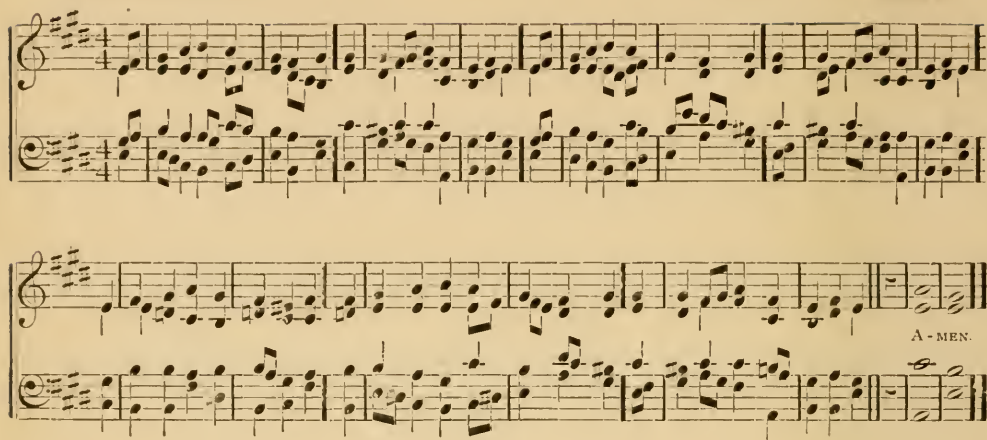
THE heavens declare thy glory,
 The firmament thy power ;
 Day unto day the story
 Repeats from hour to hour ;
 Night unto night replying,
 Proclaims in every land,
 O Lord, with voice undying,
 The wonders of thy hand.

O'er every tribe and nation
 That music strange is poured ;
 The song of all creation
 To thee, creation's Lord.
 All heaven on high rejoices
 To do its Maker's will ;
 The stars with solemn voices
 Resound thy praises still. AMEN.

Thomas Rawson Birks.

ELBERFELD. S.S.S.S.:S.S.S.

GERMAN.



17.

All thy works praise thee.

ALL praise and thanks to God most high,
 The Father, whose is perfect love ;
 The God who doeth wondrously,
 The God who from his throne above
 My soul with richest solace fills,
 The God who every sorrow stills ;
 Give glory now to him, our God !

The host of heaven thy praises tell,
 All powers and thrones bow down to thee,
 And all who in thy shadow dwell,
 Alike in earth and air and sea,
 Declare and laud their Maker's might,
 Whose wisdom orders all things right :
 Give glory then to him, our God !

And for the creatures he hath made,
 Our God will ceaselessly provide,
 His grace will be their constant aid,
 And guard them round on every side ;
 His kingdom ye may surely trust,
 There all is equal, all is just,
 Give glory then to him, our God !

I sought him in my hour of need ;
 I cried, Lord God, now hear my prayer :
 For death he gave me life indeed.
 And hope and comfort for despair :
 For this my thanks shall endless be ;
 With heart and voice I sing to thee ;
 All praise and thanks to thee, our God.

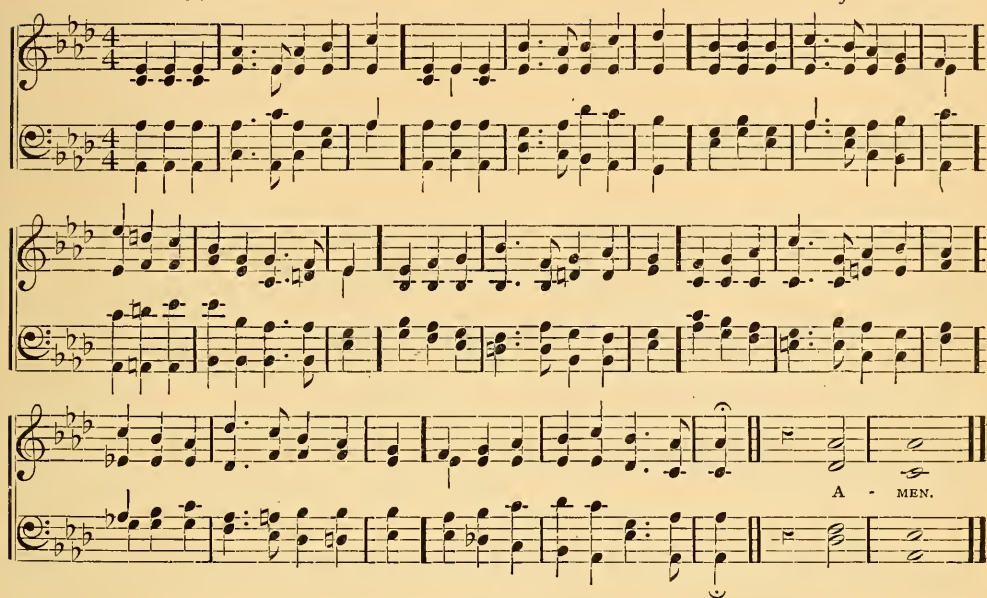
The Lord is never far away,
 Is never sundered from his flock,
 He is their Refuge and their Stay,
 He is their Peace, their Trust, their Rock,
 And with a mother's watchful love
 He guides them wheresoe'er they rove :
 Give glory then to him, our God !

Ah yes ! till life hath reached its bound,
 My faithful God, I 'll worship thee !
 The chorus of thy praise shall sound
 From henceforth over land and sea.
 Oh, soul and body, now rejoice,
 My heart, send forth a gladsome voice,
 Give glory now to him, our God ! AMEN.

Johann Jacob Schütz. 1673.
 Tr. Catherine Wentworth.

REX GLORIAE. L.M. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.

I8. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God.*

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball !
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ! —

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine." AMEN.
 Joseph Addison. 1712.

I9. *God is Love.*

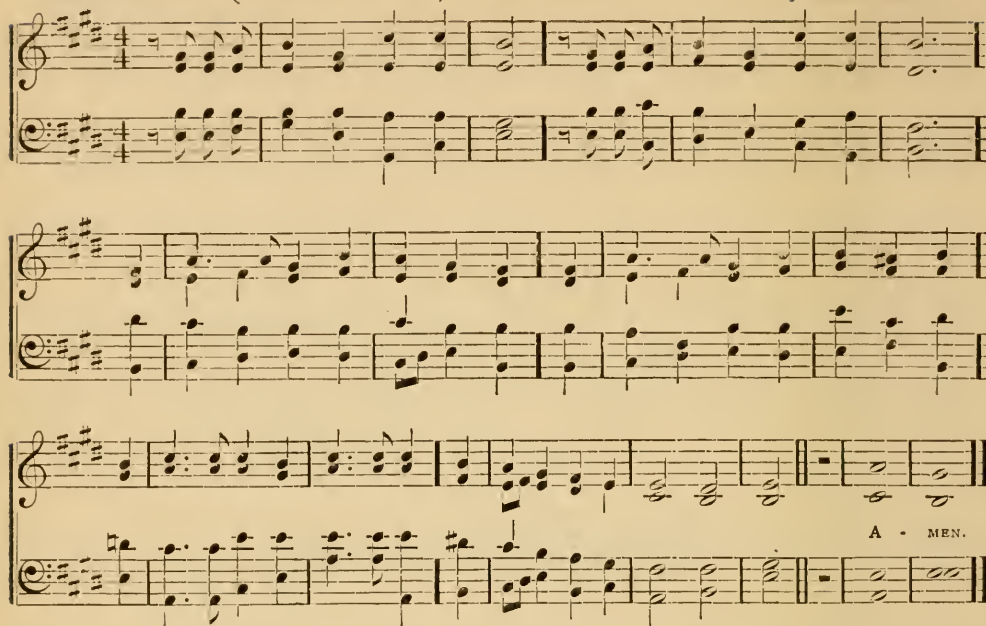
OH, lift your hearts ! Oh, tune your tongues !
 The Lord of glory claims your songs ;
 The Lord of lords, the King of kings,
 Who life to all and comfort brings ;
 The Strong, the Wonderful, the Wise,
 Who filled the seas, who spread the skies.
 Sing, saints below ; sing, hosts above ;
 Tell earth and heaven that God is love.

O God of providence and grace,
 The same in every time and place,
 Thy flock on earth are wanderers now,
 And who can guide or save, but thou ?
 Through thee refreshment round us flows,
 The desert blossoms as the rose ;
 And earth is heaven, while here we prove
 An omnipresent God of love.

Henry F. Lyte.

BRIXHAM. (BARNBY, NO. 2.) L.M. Six lines.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



20.

Psalm cxlvi.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God : he made the sky,
 And earth and seas with all their train ;
 His truth forever stands secure :
 He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor ;
 And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind :
 He sends the laboring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts.

21.

Psalm cxxxix.

How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
 O God, to me ! how great the sum !
 New every morn, they never cease ;
 They were, they are, and yet shall come,
 In number and in compass, more
 Than ocean's sand or ocean's shore.

Search me, O God, and know my heart ;
 Try me, my secret soul survey,
 And warn thy servant to depart
 From every false and evil way ;
 So shall thy truth my guidance be
 To life and immortality.

James Montgomery.

TRISTITIA. L.M. Six lines.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



22.

Thee will I Love.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all thy works, and thee alone :
 Thee will I love till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

In darkness willingly I strayed :
 I sought thee, yet from thee I roved :
 Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I loved ;
 And now, if more at length I see,
 'T is through thy light, and comes from thee.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace
 Still to press forward in thy way ;
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
 Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
 Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod ;

What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

Johann Scheffler. 1657.
 Tr. by John Wesley.

23.

God our Shepherd.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noonday walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

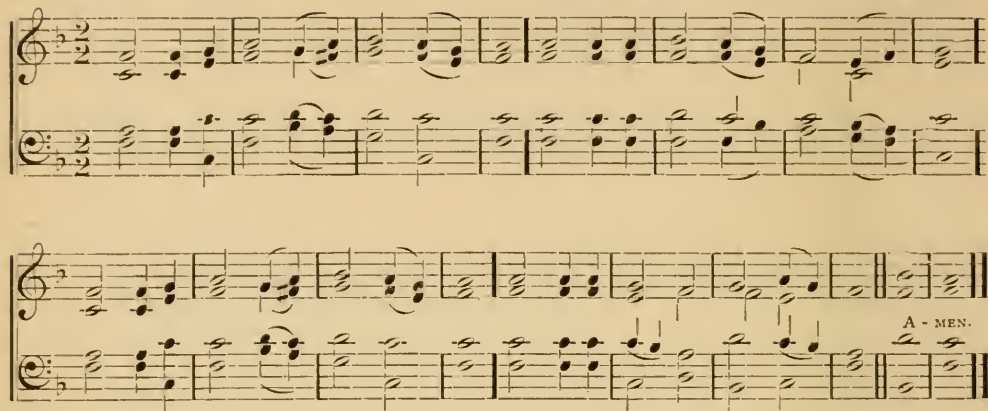
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

HAMBURG. L.M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tone I. by LOWELL MASON.



24.

Seeing the Invisible.

ETERNAL and immortal King !
 Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
 But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
 When God with all his lustre 's there.

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
 The great Invisible can see ;
 And with its tremblings mingle joy,
 In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

Then every tempting form of sin,
 Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;
 And all the glowing, raptured soul,
 The likeness it contemplates. wears.

O ever conscious to my heart.
 Witness to its supreme desire !
 Behold, it presseth on to thee,
 For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

This one petition would it urge, —
 To bear thee ever in its sight ;
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown.
 Its only portion and delight !

25.

Psalm c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone, —
 He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
 And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

ERFURT. L.M.

The melody attributed to MARTIN LUTHER.
Magdeburger Gesangbuch, 1540.

26. *"Sing unto the Lord a new song."*

SING to the Lord a joyful song ;
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;
To us his gracious gifts belong,
To him our songs of love and praise.

For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for he is good,
And praise his name, for it is fair :

For strength to those who on him wait,
His truth to prove, his will to do,
Praise ye our God, for he is great,
Trust in his name, for it is true :

For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love his sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for he is love,
Exalt his name, for it is joy :

For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die.

J. S. B. Monsell.

27. *"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands."*

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Wm. Kethe. 1561.

28. *Providence.*

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

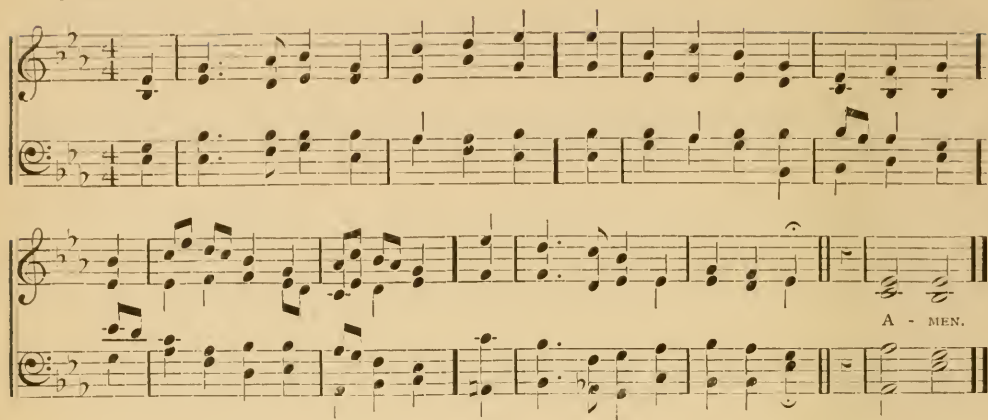
Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep :
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts. 1719

SAMSON. L.M.

HÄNDEL.

29. *The Eternal and Sovereign God.* Ps. xciii.

JEHOVAH reigns ! he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !
At thy rebuke the billows die.

Forever shall thy throne endure :
Thy promise stands forever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

Isaac Watts.

30.

"Unto the hills." Ps. cxxi.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, —
The eternal hills beyond the skies :
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day :
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

Isaac Watts.

31.

The Love of God.

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea !
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds unnumbered brood ;
We know thee truly but in this, —
That thou bestowest all our good.

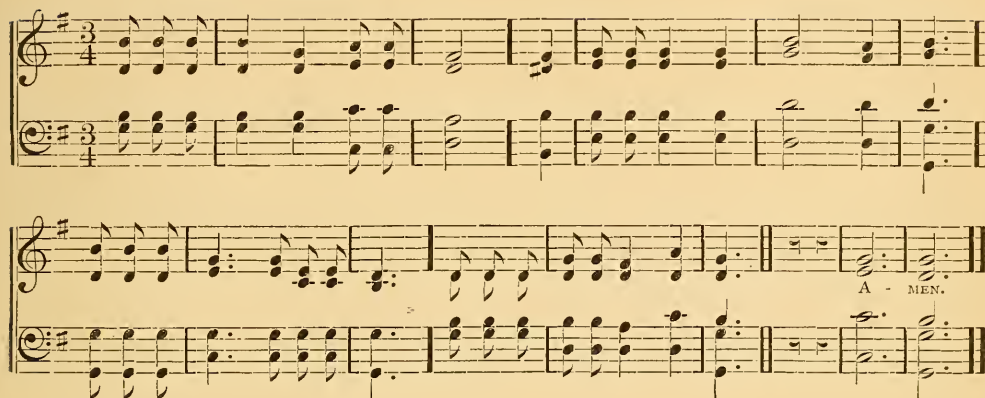
And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through thy ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well !

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe ;
Make pure thy creature's erring will,
And teach his heart to love thy law.

John Sterling. 1839.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

32. *God's Mercies of Creation and Redemption.*
Ps. cxxxvi.

GIVE to our God immortal praise !
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Through this vain world he guides our feet
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Isaac Watts.

33. *Thanks for God's Mercies.*

GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But oh, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !

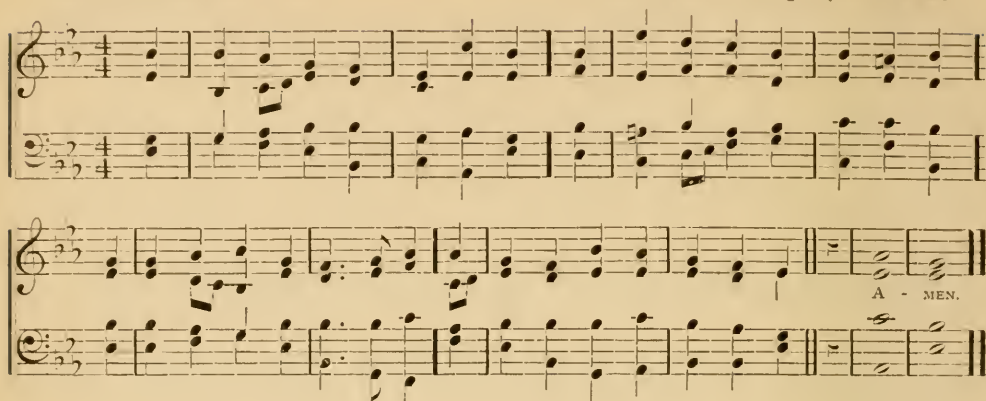
Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge.

MELCOMBE. L.M.

SAMUEL WEBBE. Arranged by W. H. MONK



34. "Surely I will remember thy wonders of old."

Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
Oh, may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known !

Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abraham, God of peace ;
Now by a dearer title known, —
Father and God of Christ his Son.

Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same ?

To thee our souls in faith arise ;
To thee we lift expecting eyes ;
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

Philip Doddridge.

35. "I will wait upon the Lord that hideth his face from the house of Jacob."

No human eyes thy face may see ;
No human thought thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow !

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek thy present aid may dare, —

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream
To see and know the Eternal Mind, —

Yet thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by thine !

And thine unceasing love gave birth
To our dear Lord, thy holy Son,
Who left a perfect proof on earth
That Duty, Love, and Truth are one.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to thee !

T. W. Higginson.

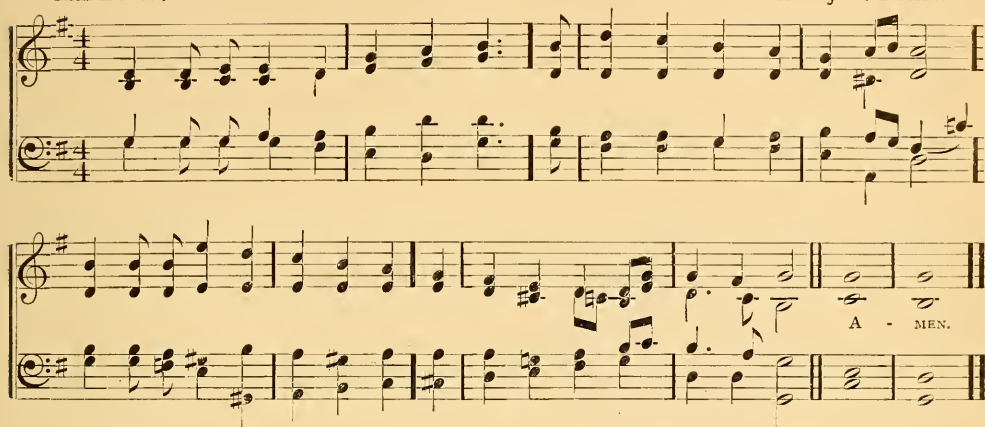
36.

Grace and Glory. Ps. xcvi.

THE Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

KEBLE. L.M.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord ;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

Isaac Watts.

37. *Omniscience and Omnipresence of God. Ps. cxxxix.*

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through :
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there !

Isaac Watts.

38.

The Lord of Life.

LORD of all being ! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life ! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day :
Star of our hope ! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign :
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

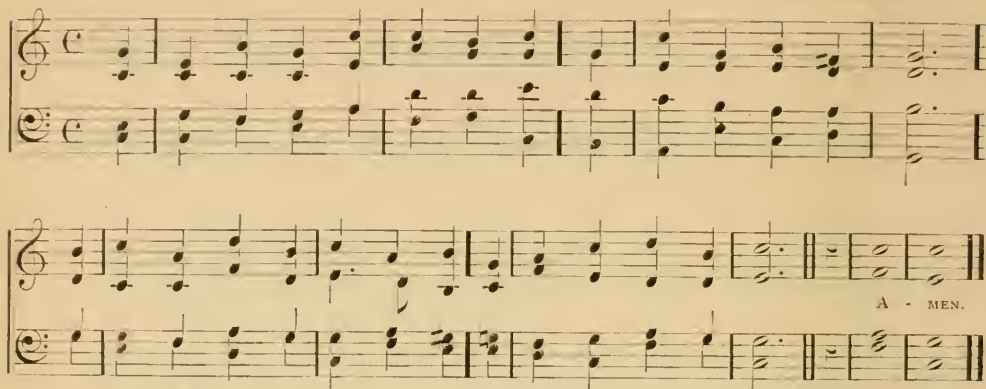
Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love ;
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1860.

ST. ANN'S. C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT.

39. *The Lord our Dwelling-place. Ps. xc.*

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 't is night.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home ! AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

40. *"The earth is full of the goodness of God."*

GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres ;
Yet, in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

He bows the heavens ; the mountains stand,
A highway for our God :
He walks amidst the desert-land ;
'T is Eden where he trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice :
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, Jehovah's voice
Is heard among the trees.

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze his spirit blows, —
The breath of life and health.

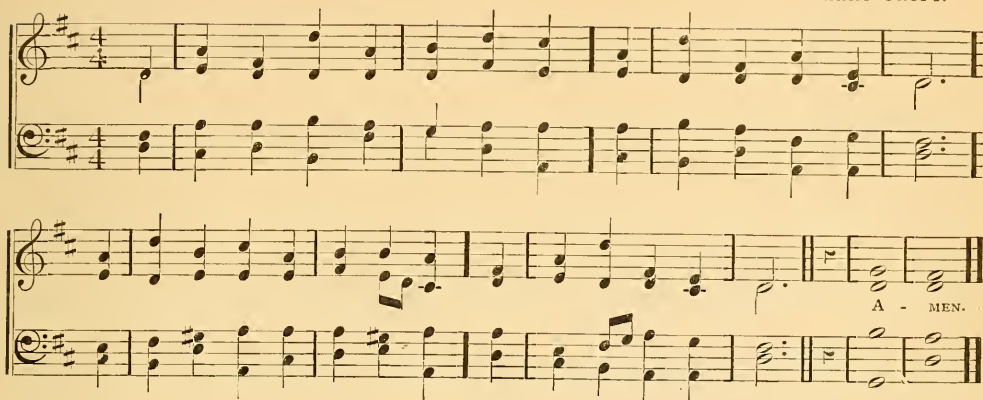
His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found !

James Montgomery

LONDON NEW. C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT.



41.

Te Deum Laudamus.

O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry :

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey ;
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.
The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Nahum Tate. 1703.

42.

Providence and Grace unsearchable.

ALMIGHTY God, thy wondrous works
Of providence and grace,
An angel's perfect mind exceed,
And all our pride abase.

Stupendous heights ! amazing depths !
Creatures in vain explore ;
Or if a transient glimpse we gain,
'T is faint, and quickly o'er.

Though all the mysteries lie concealed
Beyond what we can see,
Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,
The knowledge, Lord, of thee.

Benjamin Beddome.

43.

Seeking the Knowledge of God.

SHINE forth, eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known ;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.

Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast ;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in thy presence lost.

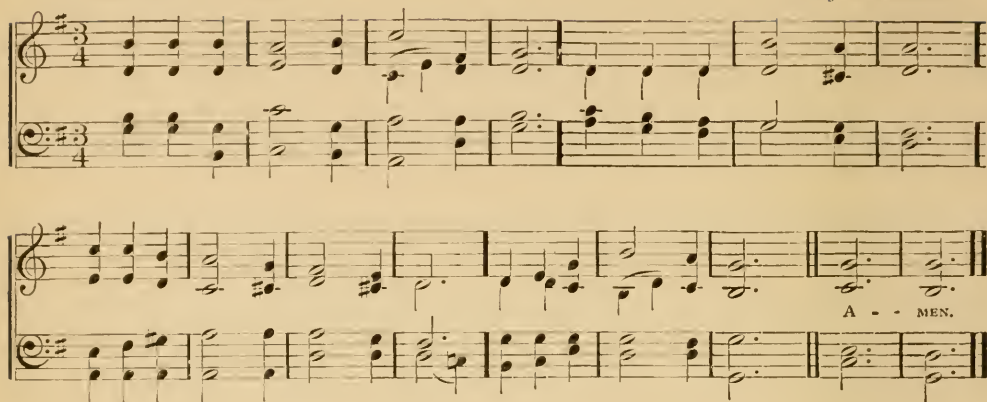
To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill ;
True science is to read thy name,
True life, to obey thy will.

For this I long, for this I pray,
And, following on, pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

Philip Doddridge.

ST. AGNES. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



44. "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !
How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored !
How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !
Oh how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears !
Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art ;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
Oh then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love thee for thyself,
And for thy glory's sake. AMEN.

Frederick W. Faber.

45. *Holiness to the Lord.*

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
Thrice holy, Lord, the angels cry ;
Thrice holy, let us sing.
The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.
Thou holy God ! preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

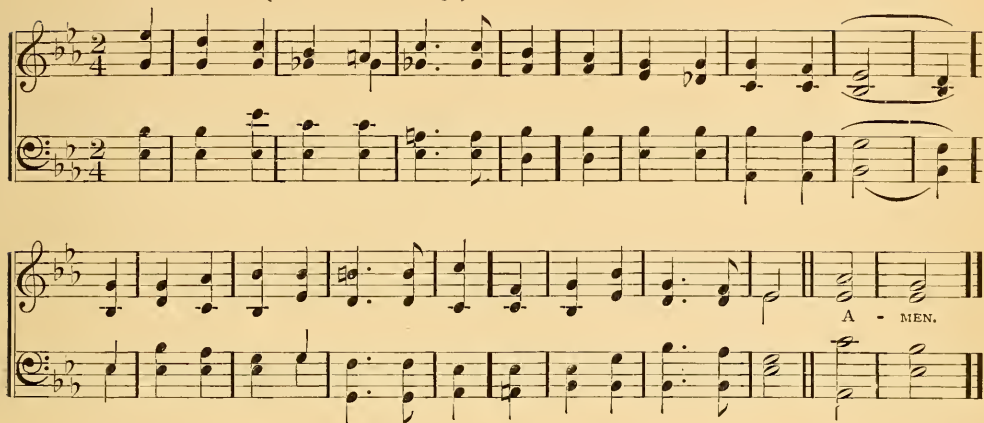
Rippon's Col

46. *The Majesty of God. Ps. xviii.*

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high ;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode ;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

CONISTON. (BARNBY, No. 3.) C.M.

J. BARNBY.



He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain ;
 And he as sovereign Lord and King
 For evermore shall reign.

The Lord will give his people strength,
 Whereby they shall increase ;
 And he will bless his chosen flock
 With everlasting peace.

Thomas Sternhold.

47.

Trust in God.

O THOU, in all thy might so far,
 In all thy love so near,
 Beyond the range of sun and star,
 And yet beside me here :

What heart can comprehend thy name,
 Or, searching, find thee out,
 Who art, within, a quickening Flame,
 A Presence round about ?

Yet though I know thee but in part,
 I ask not, Lord, for more :
 Enough for me to know thou art,
 To love thee and adore !

Oh, sweeter than all else besides,
 The tender mystery
 That like a veil of shadow hides
 The Light I may not see !

And dearer than all things I know
 The childlike faith shall be,
 That makes the darkest way I go
 An open path to thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer. 1876.

48.

The Book of Nature.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.

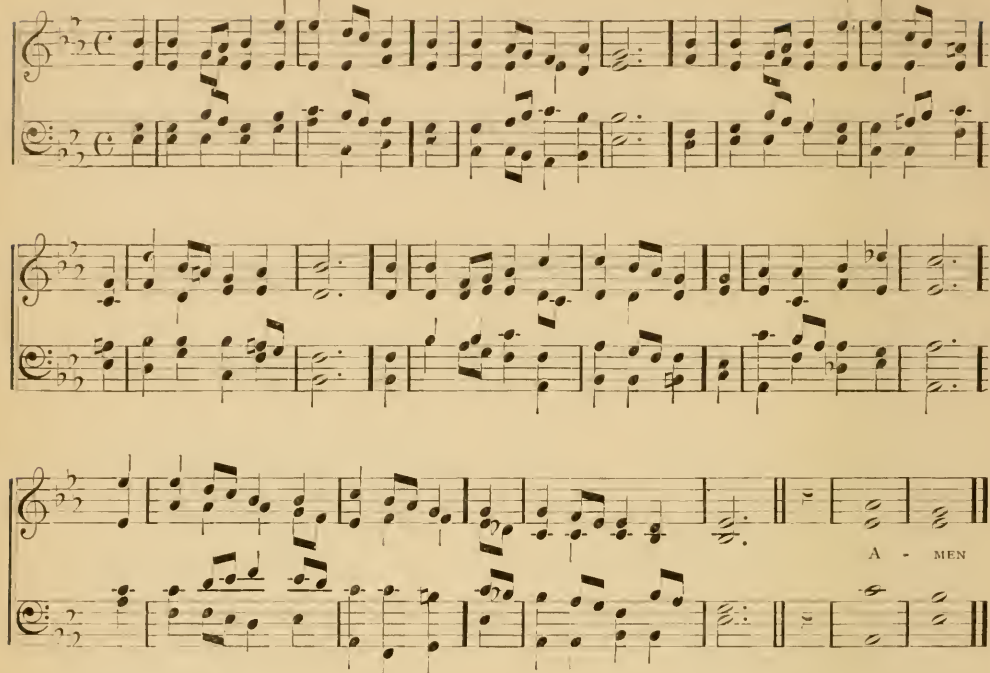
Two worlds are ours : 't is only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given us eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give us a heart to find out thee,
 And read thee everywhere. AMEN.

John Keble.

EPIPHANY. C.M. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.



49.

Through Unknown Paths.

O THOU who art of all that is
 Beginning both and end,
 We follow thee through unknown paths,
 Since all to thee must tend :
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep
 Beyond all fathom-line ;
 Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
 Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,
 And for the earth beneath,
 For hopes that blossom here below,
 And wither not with death ;
 But most we bless thee for thyself,
 O heavenly Light within,
 Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
 The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
 Our comfort when distressed ;
 Be thou by day our strength for toil,
 And thou by night our rest.
 And when these earthly dwellings fail,
 And Time's last hour is come,
 Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
 And our eternal home ! AMEN.

F. L. Hosmer.

50.

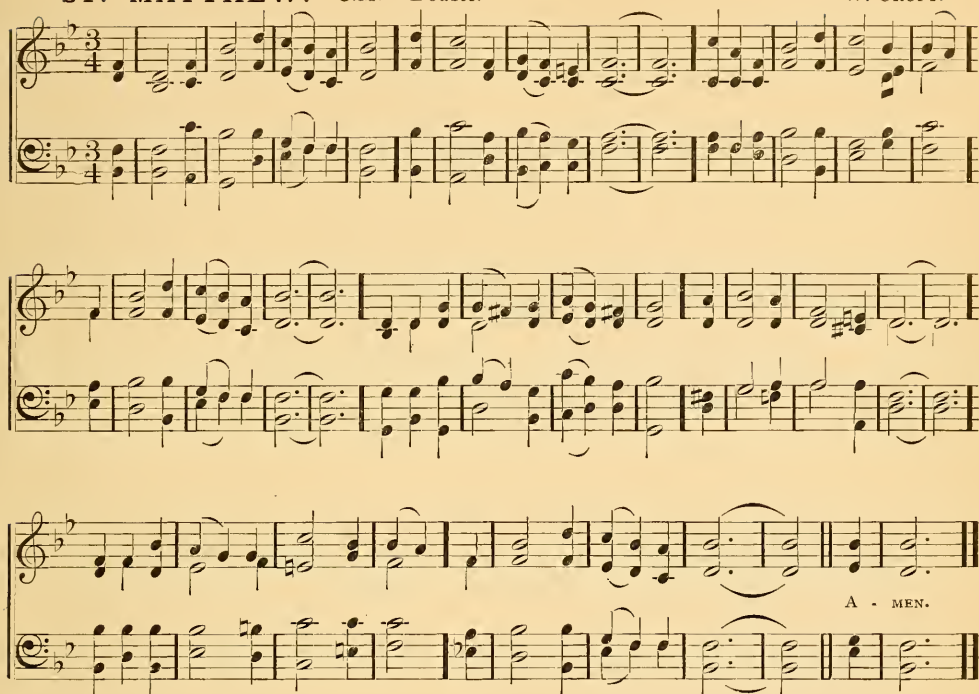
"The Lord is my light and my salvation."

My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comforts of my nights :
 In darkest shades, if he appear,
 My dawning is begun :
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,
 And he my rising sun.

Isaac Watts.

ST. MATTHEW. C.M. Double.

W. CROFT.



A - MEN.

51. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?"

O FATHER of eternal Light,
 Send out thy loveliest ray,
 And scatter our transgressions' night,
 And turn it into day!
 Make us those temples, pure and fair,
 Thy glory loveth well,
 The spotless tabernacles where
 Thou mayst vouchsafe to dwell!

The glorious hosts of peerless might
 That ever see thy face,
 Thou mak'st the mirrors of thy light,
 The vessels of thy grace:

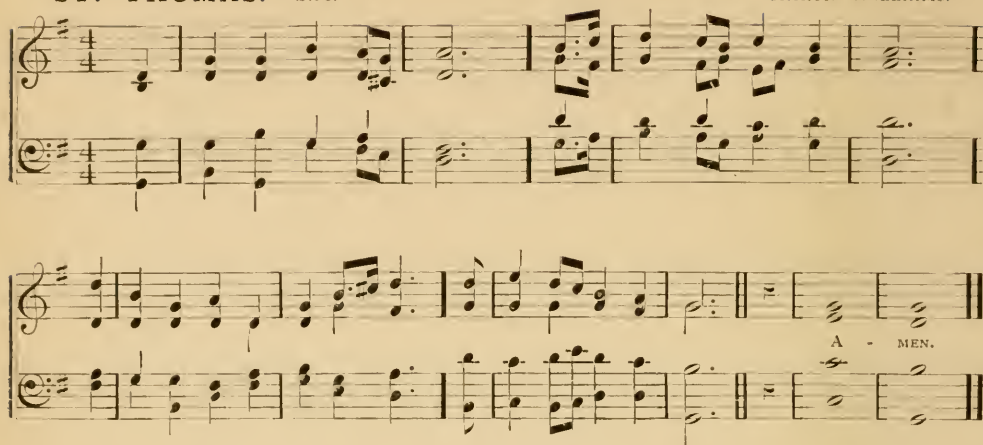
Thou, when their wondrous strain they weave
 Hast pleasure in the lay:
 Deign now our praises to receive,
 Although from lips of clay.

And yet thyself they cannot know,
 Nor pierce the veil of light
 That hides thee from the thrones below,
 As in profoundest night:
 How then can mortal accents frame
 Due tribute to their King?
 Thou, only, while we praise thy name,
 Forgive us as we sing!

Metrophanes of Smyrna. A.D. 910.
 Tr. by J. M. Neale. †

ST. THOMAS. S.M.

AARON WILLIAMS.

52. *Abounding Compassion of God.* Ps. ciii.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

53. *Seeking God.*

My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this, —
To serve and please the Lord.

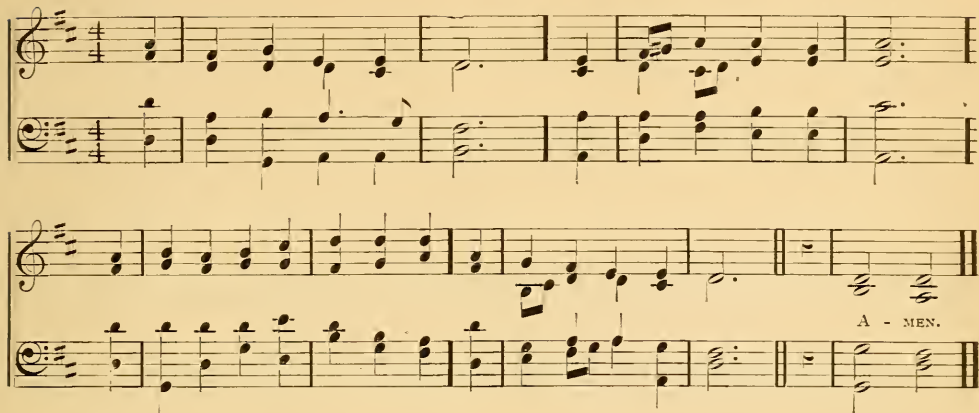
Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies.
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Isaac Watts.

SWABIA. S.M.

German. Arranged by the Rev. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.

54. *Praising God for Mercies. Ps. ciii.*

OH, bless the Lord, my soul !
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue, to bless his name
 Whose favors are divine.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul !
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

'T is he forgives thy sins ;
 'T is he relieves thy pain ;
 'T is he that heals thy sicknesses.
 And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave :
 He that redeemed my soul from death
 Hath sovereign power to save.

He fills the poor with good ;
 He gives the sufferers rest :
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for the oppressed.

His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

Isaac Watts.

55. *God our Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.*

THE Lord my Shepherd is ;
 I shall be well supplied :
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside ?

He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.

While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear :
 Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My shepherd's with me there.

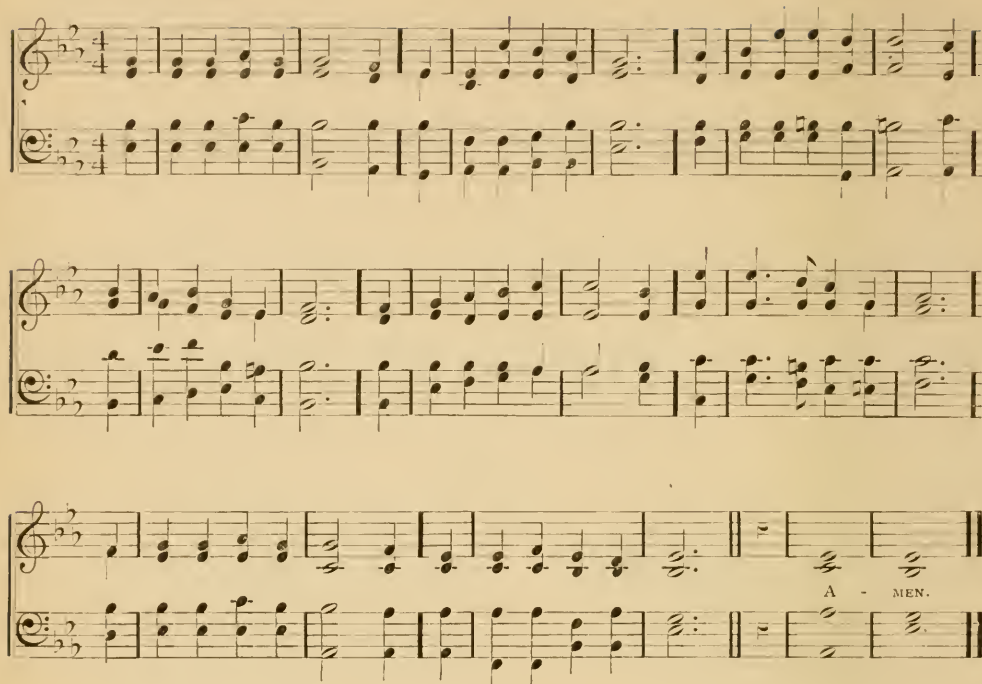
In sight of all my foes
 Thou dost my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days ;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts

AURELIA. 7.6. Double.

S. S. WESLEY.



56. "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

REJOICE, rejoice, believers !
 And let your lights appear ;
 The evening is advancing,
 And darker night is near.
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon he will draw nigh ;
 Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle !
 At midnight comes the cry.

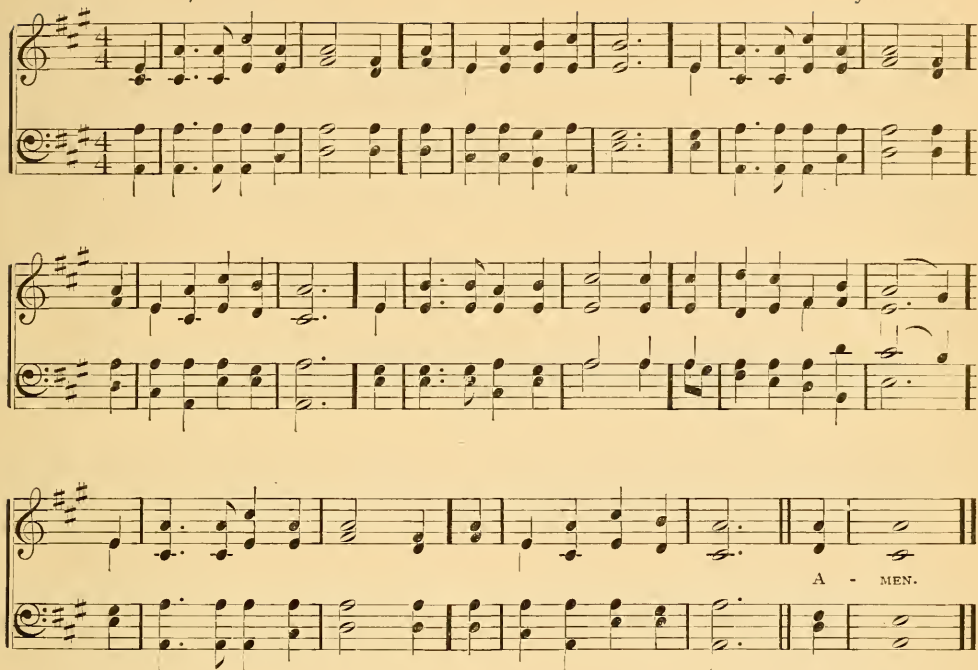
See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil ;
 Look now for your salvation,
 The end of sin and toil.
 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
 Go meet him as he cometh,
 With alleluias clear.

O wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Till in your jubilations
 Ye meet the angel choir.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand ;
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory !
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear ,
 Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere !
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 And ever be with thee. AMEN.

WEBB. 7.6. Double.

G. J. WEBB.

57. *"He shall have domain from sea to sea."*

HAIL to the Lord's anointed, —
Great David's greater Son !

Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

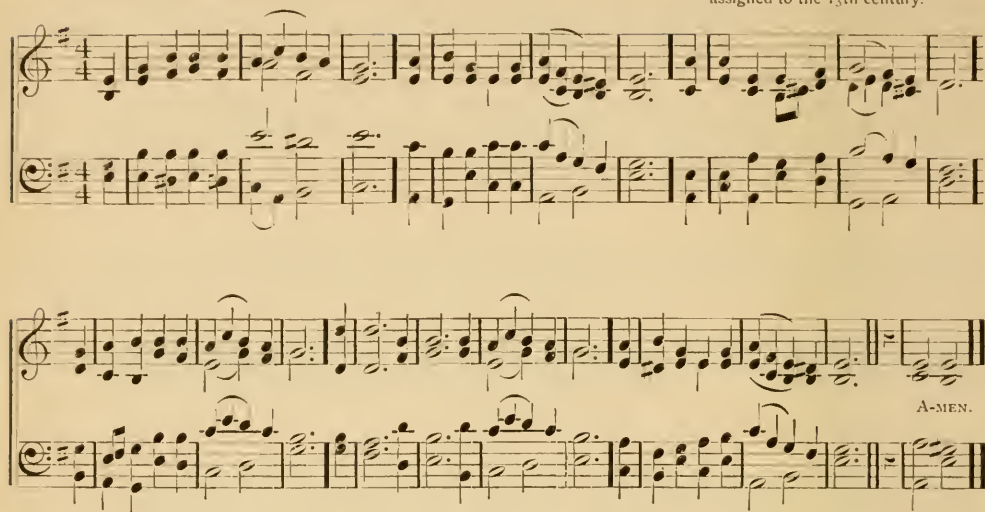
He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
That name to us is — Love.

James Montgomery

VENI EMMANUEL. L.M. Six lines.

From a French Missal in the National Library, Lisbon. Ancient melody assigned to the 13th century.



58. *"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of glory shall come in."*

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here ;
Life and salvation doth he bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing.

Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confest !
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes !
The cloudless Sun of joy he is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy ;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Redeemer, come ! I open wide
My heart to thee ; here, Lord, abide !
Let me thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal ;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal is won !

Weiszel. 1635. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

59. *"The Redeemer shall come to Zion."*

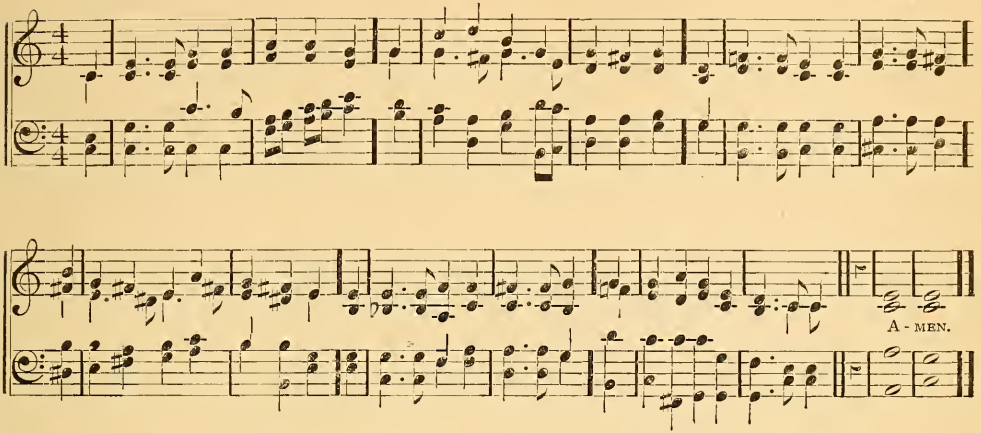
Oh come, oh come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel.
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel !

Oh come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here ;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel !

Latin Hymn. 12th Century.
Tr. J. M. Neale.

MELITA. L.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



60.

"Behold, I come quickly."

Oh, quickly come, dread Judge of all ;
 For, awful though thine advent be,
 All shadows from the truth will fall,
 And falsehood die in sight of thee :
 Oh, quickly come ; for doubt and fear
 Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

Oh, quickly come, great King of all ;
 Reign all around us, and within ;
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin :
 Oh, quickly come : for thou alone
 Canst make thy scattered people one.

Oh, quickly come, true Life of all ;
 For death is mighty all around,
 On every home his shadows fall,
 On every heart his mark is found :
 Oh, quickly come : for grief and pain
 Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all,
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;
 And weakly souls begin to fall,
 With weary watching for the day :
 Oh, quickly come : for round thy throne
 No eye is blind, no night is known. AMEN.

Lawrence Tuttielt. 1868.

61.

*"The Sun of Righteousness shall rise with healing
in his wings."*

O DAYSPRING and eternal Light !
 Pierce through the gloom of error's night ;
 O heavenly Sun of Righteousness !
 Haste with thy rising beams to bless.
 Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell ;
 In mercy save thine Israel.

O King, Desire of nations ! come,
 Lead sons of earth to heaven's high home ;
 Thou chief and precious Corner-stone,
 Binding the severed into one.
 Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell ;
 In mercy save thine Israel. AMEN.

Tr. from the Latin by Earl Nelson.

MACFARREN. 14.14:14.14.

Sir G. A. MACFARREN.

62.

"Blessed is he, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find watching."

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
 And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright ;
 But woe to that dull servant whom the Master shall surprise
 With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
 Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown ;
 But see that thou art sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
 Cry, " Holy, Holy, Holy God, have mercy upon us."

That day, the day of fear, shall come ; my soul, slack not thy toil,
 But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil ;
 Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide.

" Behold the Bridegroom comes. Arise ! Go forth to meet the Bride ! "

IRBY. 8.7:8.7:7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



63.

The Child Jesus.

ONCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
 Where a mother laid her baby
 In a manger for his bed ;
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.

And he is our childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us he grew,
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us he knew :
 And he feeleth for our sadness,
 And he shareth in our gladness.

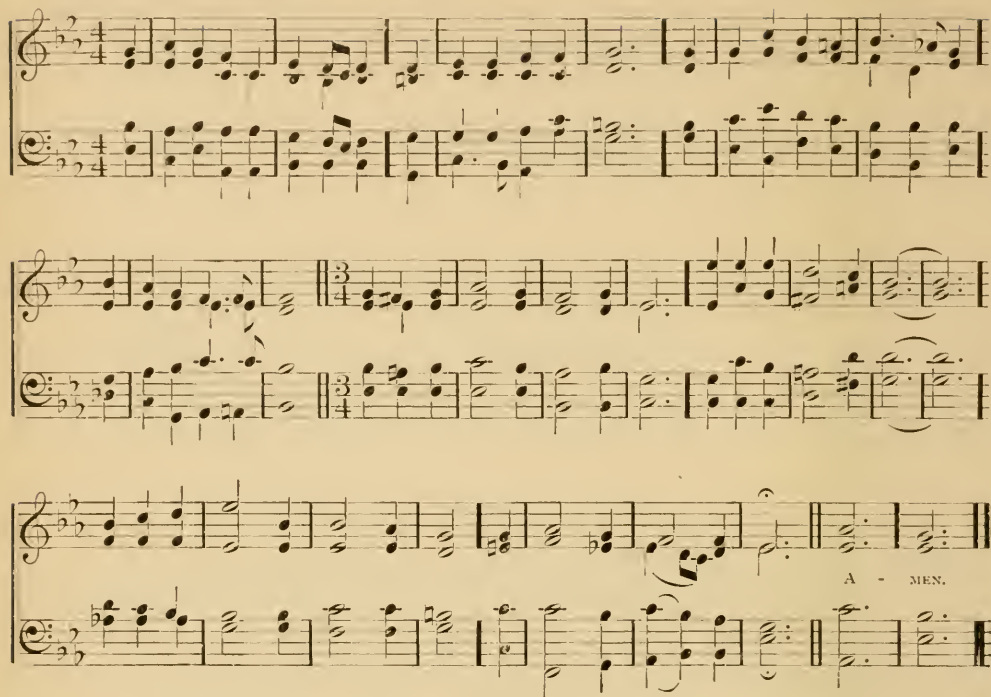
And our eyes at last shall see him,
 Through his own redeeming love,
 For that child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above ;
 And he leads his children on
 To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see him ; but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high ;
 When like stars his children crowned
 All in white shall wait around.

Cecil F. Alexander.

CASTLE RISING. C.M. Double.

F. A. J. HERVEY.



64.

The Dayspring from on High.

THY servants in the temple watched
 The dawning of the day,
 Impatient with its earliest beams
 Their holy vows to pay ;
 And chosen saints far off beheld
 That great and glorious morn,
 When the glad Dayspring from on high
 Auspiciously should dawn.

On us the Sun of Righteousness
 Its brightest beams hath poured ;
 With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
 Lord, be thy love adored ;
 And let us look with joyful hope
 To that more glorious day,
 Before whose brightness sin and death
 And grief shall flee away.

Spirit of the Psalms.

65.

The Guiding Star.

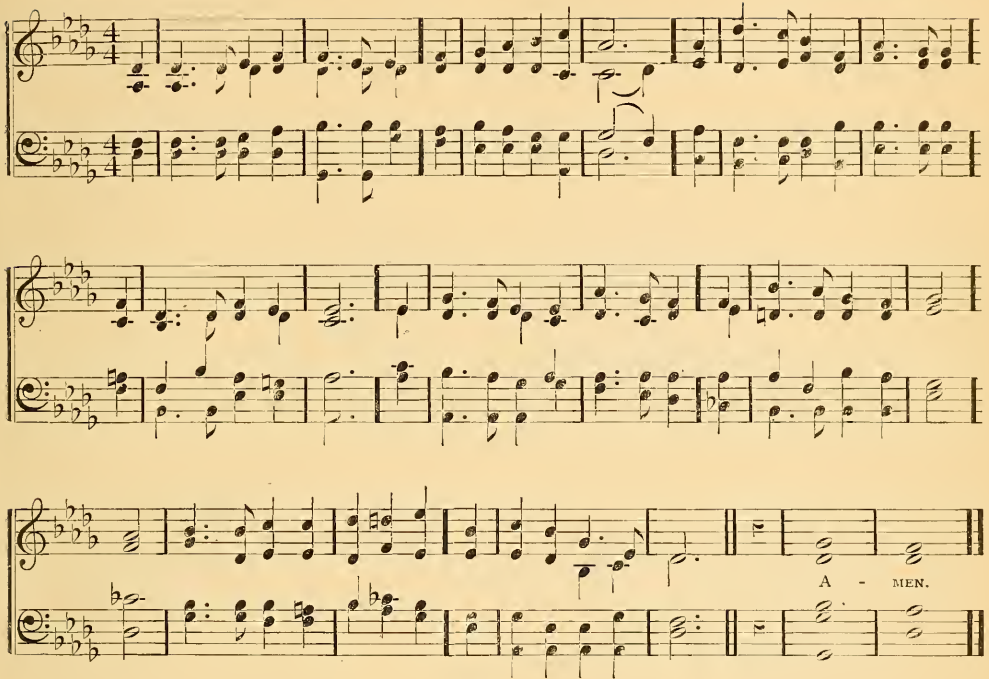
BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
 With mild, benignant ray,
 The Gentiles to the lowly shed
 Where the Redeemer lay.
 But, lo ! a brighter, clearer light,
 Now points to his abode :
 It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
 To guide us to our Lord.

Oh, haste to follow where it leads !
 The gracious call obey,
 Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
 The Christian's destined way.
 Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,
 While light and grace are given !
 Who meekly follow Christ on earth
 Shall reign with him in heaven.

Harriet Auber. 1827

DELIVERANCE. C.M. Double.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



66.

Peace on Earth.

It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth,
 To touch their harps of gold :
 "Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's all-gracious King."
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

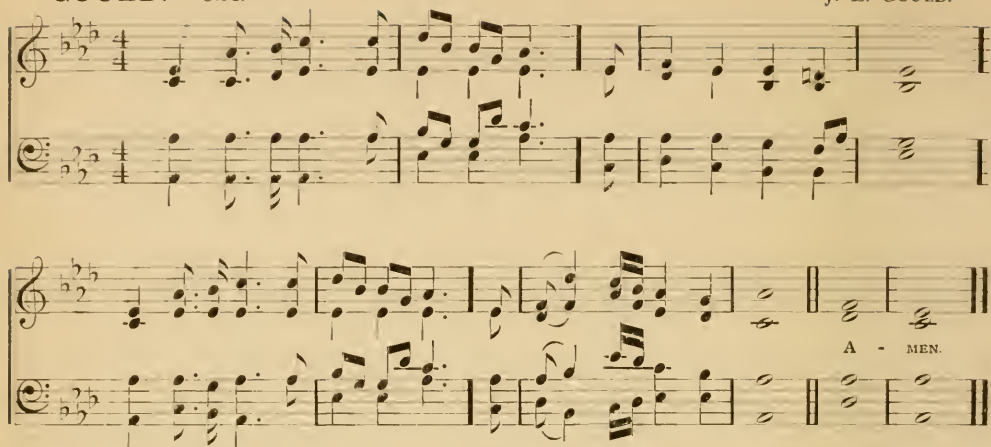
Still through the cloven skies they come,
 With peaceful wings unfurled ;
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world :
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way,
 With painful steps and slow. —
 Look now ; for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing :
 Oh, rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing !

For, lo ! the days are hastening on
 By prophet bards foretold,
 When with the ever circling years
 Comes round the age of gold :
 When Peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling.
 And the whole world give back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

GOULD. C.M.

J. E. GOULD.



67.

Glory to God.

CALM, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Dayspring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm ;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring ;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King !"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !

The Saviour now is born !
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Edmund Hamilton Sears.

68.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me."

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long :
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

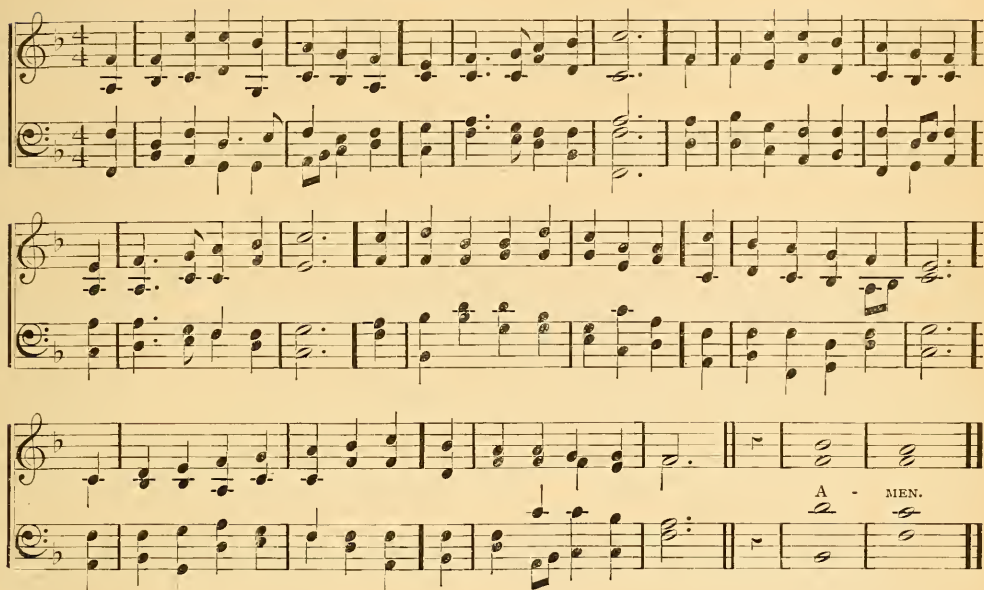
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL. C.M. Double.

TRADITIONAL.



69.

"The Lord reigneth"

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:

Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:

Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

70.

Glad Tidings.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign, —

"The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

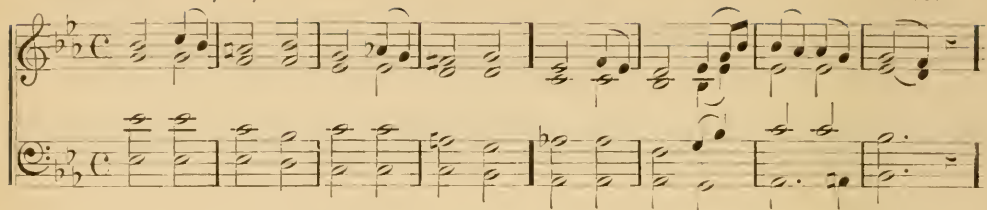
Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high!
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

Nahum Tate. 1703

DERBY. 8.7:8.7.

F. BOOTT.



71.

"Glory in the highest."

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest; glory,
Glory be to God most high.

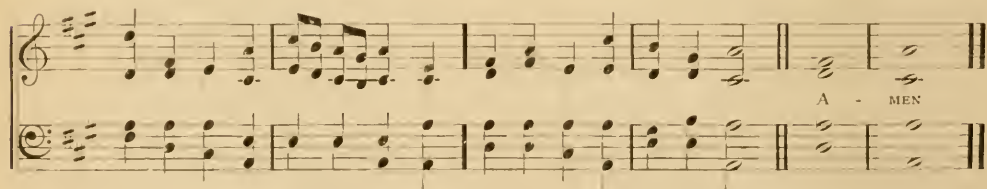
"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven, —
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

John Cawood. 1819.

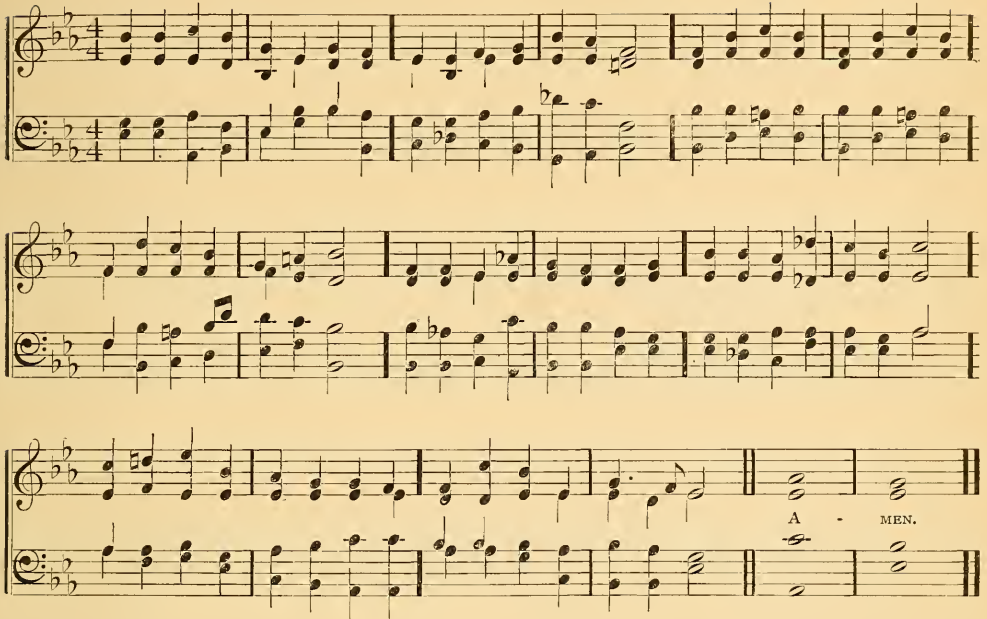
WILMOT. 8.7:8.7.

Arranged from WEBER.



ST. ANDREWS. (BARNBY, No. 4.) 8.7. Double.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



72.

The Desire of all Nations.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free, —
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver, —
 Born a child, and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
 By thine own indwelling Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

73.

"We have seen his star in the east."

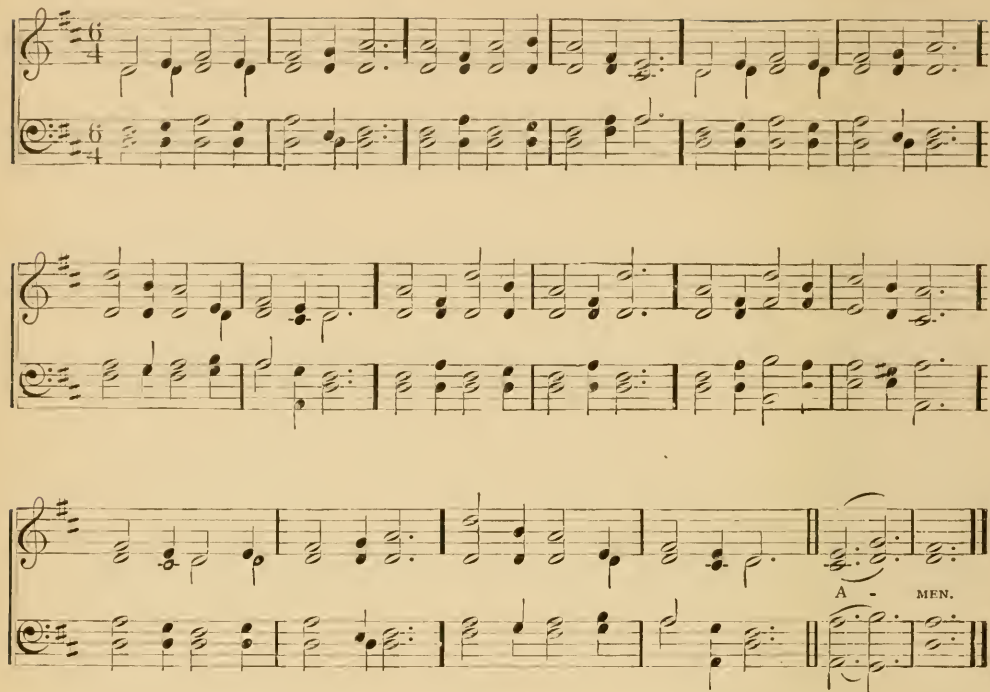
HIGH above a star is shining,
 And the wise men haste from far;
 Come, glad hearts and spirits pining,
 For you all has risen the star;
 Let us bring our poor oblations, —
 Thanks and love, and faith and praise;
 Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
 All in all draw nigh and gaze.

Come, ye gentle hearts and tender,
 Come, ye spirits keen and bold;
 All in all your homage render,
 Weak and mighty, young and old.
 Hark! the heaven of heavens is ringing,
 "Christ the Lord to man is born!"
 Are not all our hearts too singing,
 "Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn!"

Archer Thompson Gurney.

WATCHMAN. 7. Double.

LOWELL MASON.



74.

For Advent or Christmas.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, —
 What its signs of promise are ;
 Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star !
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
 Traveller, yes ; it brings the day, —
 Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night :
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveller, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller, ages are its own :
 See ! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night ;
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease :
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller, lo ! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God, is come.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

75.

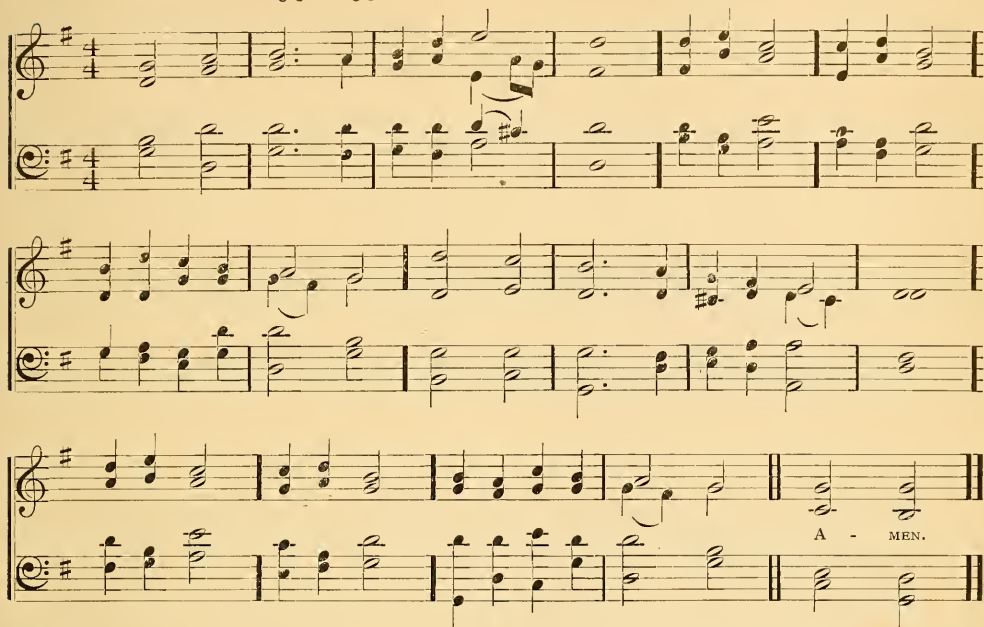
"Peace and good-will."

ANGELS bending from the sky
 Chanted at the glorious birth :
 "Glory be to God on high,
 Peace, good-will to men on earth."
 Join we then our feeble lays
 To the chorus of the sky ;
 And, in songs of grateful praise,
 Glory give to God on high.

Harriet Auber.

LÜNEBURG. 8.3.3.6:8.3.3.6.

JOHANN GEORG EBELING.



76.

"Christ is born."

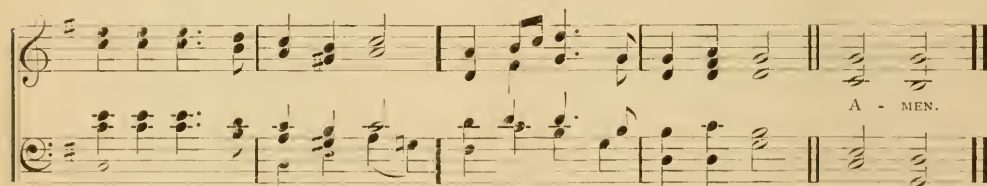
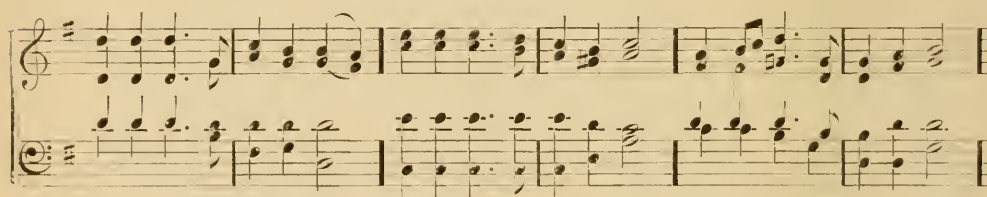
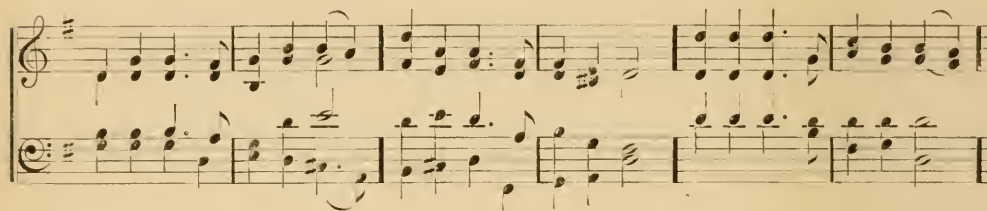
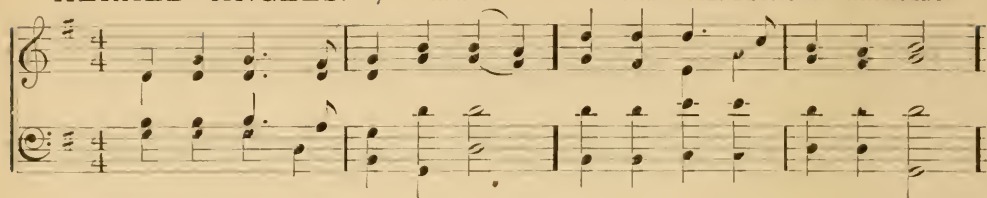
ALL my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear,
 Far and near,
 Sweetest angel voices ;
 "Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
 Till the air,
 Everywhere,
 Now with joy is ringing.
 Hark, a voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet,
 Doth entreat,
 "Flee from woe and danger ;
 Brethren, come ; from all that grieves you
 You are freed ;
 All you need
 I will surely give you."
 Come, then, let us hasten yonder ;
 Here let all,
 Great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder ;

Love him who with love is yearning ;
 Hail the Star
 That from far
 Bright with hope is burning.
 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
 Weep no more,
 For the Door
 Now is found of gladness :
 Cling to him, for he will guide you
 Where no cross,
 Pain or loss,
 Can again betide you.
 Blessed Saviour, let me find thee ;
 Keep thou me
 Close to thee,
 Cast me not behind thee ;
 Life of life, my heart thou stillest,
 Calm I rest
 On thy breast,
 All this void thou fillest.

Paul Gerhardt. 1656.
 Tr. by Miss Winkworth.

HERALD ANGELS. 7. Ten lines.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



ORG.

A - MEN.

77.

Herald Angels.

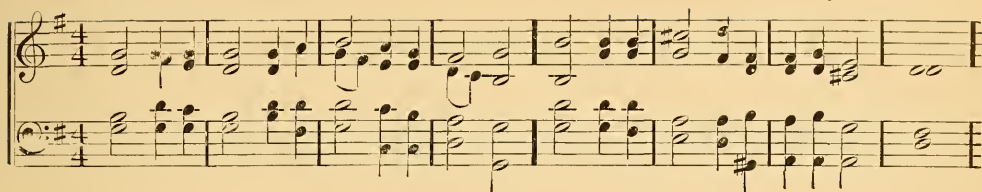
HARK ! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King :
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 God and sinners reconciled."
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
 Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King."

Gracious bond of earth and sky,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Hark ! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Charles Wesley,† 1739.

ST. NINIAN. 11.10: 11.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



78.

Star of the East.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Master and Monarch and Saviour of all.

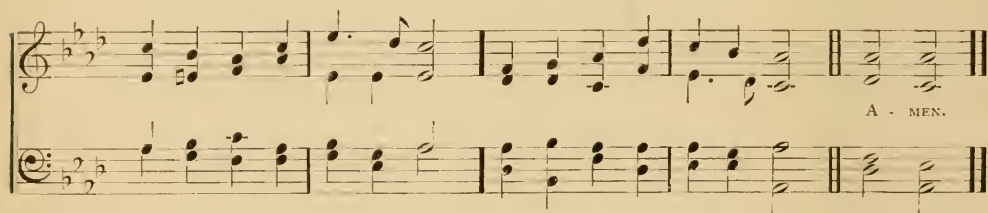
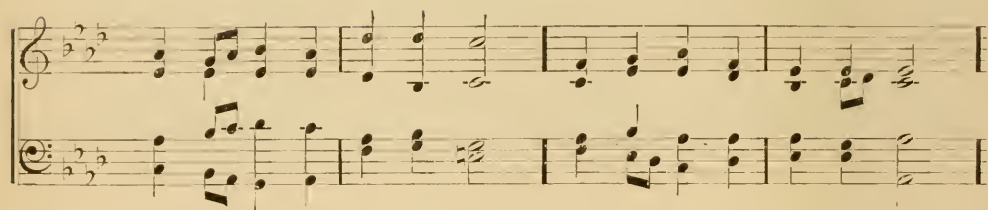
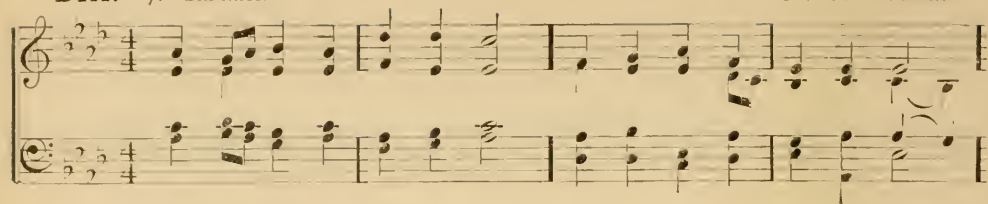
Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would his favors secure :
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

DIX. 7. Six lines.

CONRAD KOCHER.



79. "When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to thee our heavenly King.

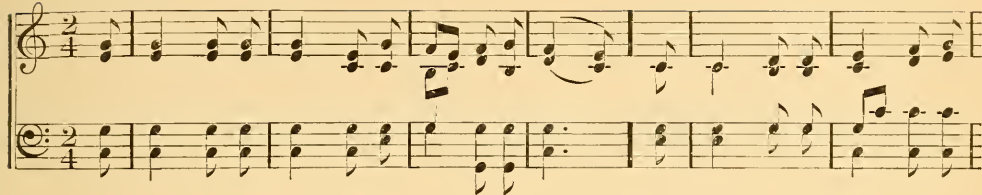
Holy Jesus ! every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. AMEN.

William Chatterton Dix

FOLSOM. II.II : II.II.

From MOZART.



80.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill :
 "The Lord is advancing ! prepare ye the way !
 The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
 And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

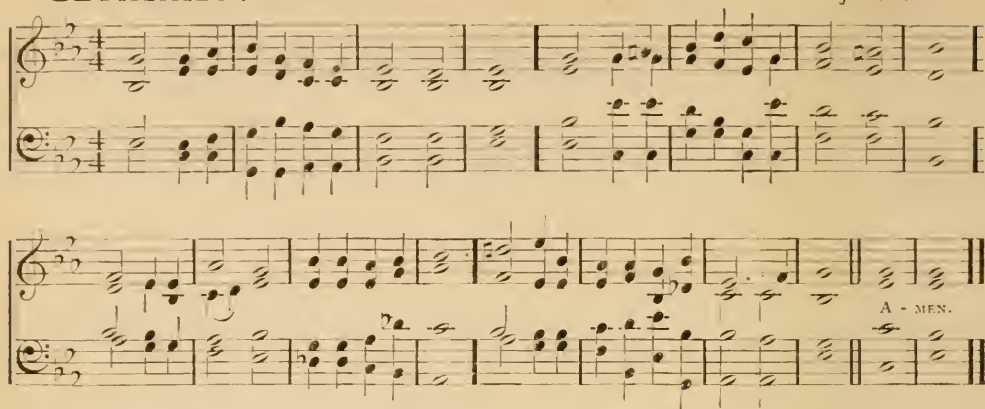
"Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
 And be the low valley exalted on high ;
 The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
 For, Zion, your King, your Redeemer, is nigh.

"The beams of salvation his progress illumine ;
 The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord ;
 The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
 And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad."

Drummond.

BETHSAIDA. 10.10: 10.10.

J. BARNBY.



81.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise ;
 Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes ;
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !
 See thy bright altars, thronged with prostrate kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings !

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word ; his saving power remains ;
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Alexander Pope.†

82.

"The Way, the Truth, and the Life"

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
 Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
 And call thy brethren forth from want and woe !

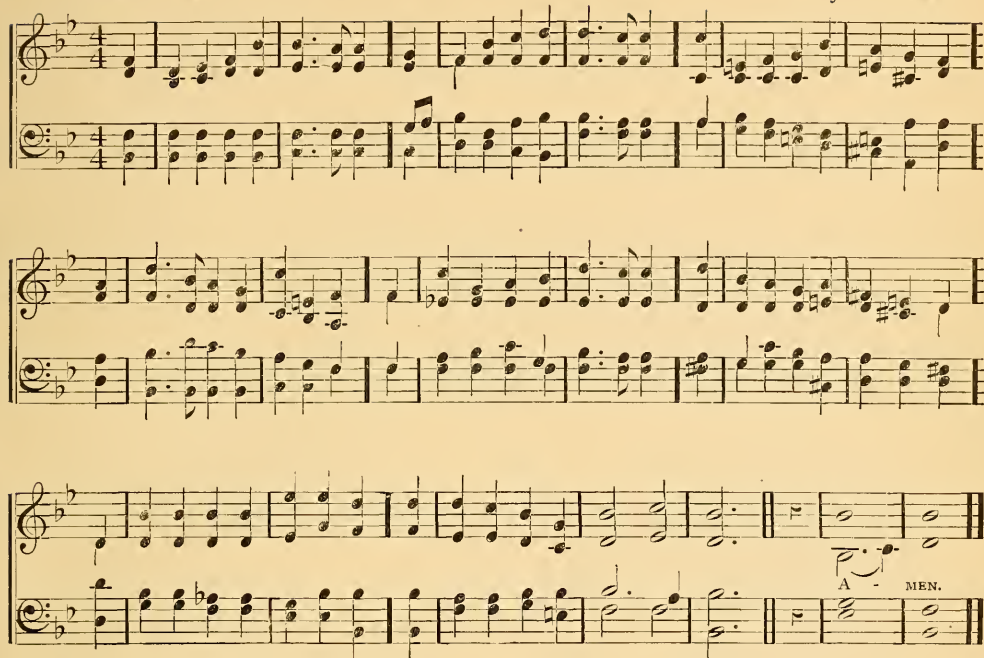
We look to thee : thy truth is still the light
 Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes : thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way
 The holiest know, — Light, Life, and Way of heaven ;
 And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
 Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

GOSS. L.M. Double.

Sir JOHN GOSS.



83.

"The Lord is come."

THE Lord is come ! On Syrian soil
 The child of poverty and toil ;
 The Man of Sorrows, born to know
 Each varying shade of human woe ;
 His joy, his glory, to fulfil
 In earth and heaven his Father's will ;
 On lonely mount, by festive board,
 On bitter cross, despised, adored.

The Lord is come ! Dull hearts to wake,
 He speaks, as never man yet spake,
 The truth which makes his servants free,
 The royal law of liberty.
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
 His living words our spirits stay,
 And from his treasures, new and old,
 The eternal mysteries unfold.

Arthur P. Stanley.

84.

"Full of grace and truth."

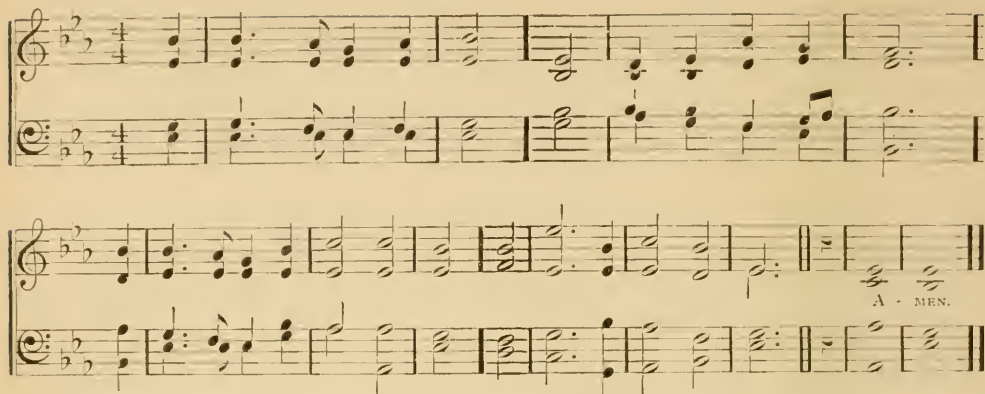
THE Lord is come ! In him we trace
 The fulness of God's truth and grace ;
 Throughout those words and acts divine,
 Gleanings of the eternal splendor shine ;
 And from his inmost spirit flow,
 As from a height of sunlit snow,
 The rivers of perennial life,
 To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

The Lord is come ! In every heart
 Where truth and mercy claim a part,
 In every land where Right is Might,
 And deeds of darkness shun the light,
 In every church where faith and love
 Lift earthward thoughts to things above,
 In every holy, happy home, —
 We thank thee, Lord, that thou art come ?

Arthur P. Stanley.

OLNEY. S.M.

LOWELL MASON.



85.

Love and Duty.

A voice by Jordan's shore !
 A summons stern and clear :
 Reform ! be just ! and sin no more !
 God's judgment draweth near !

A voice by Galilee,
 A holier voice I hear :
 Love God ! thy neighbor love ! for see,
 God's mercy draweth near !

O voice of Duty, still
 Speak forth : I hear with awe ;
 In thee I own the sovereign will,
 Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love !
 Yet speak thy word in me ;
 Through Duty let me upward move
 To thy pure liberty ! AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow. 1864.

86.

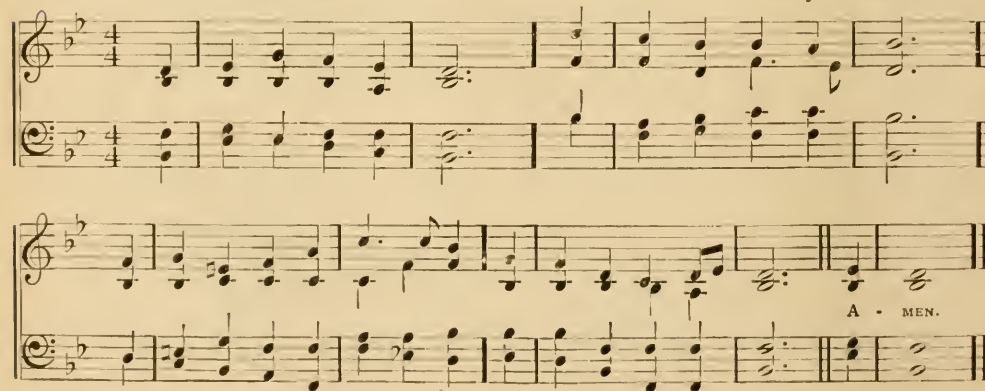
"Follow me."

THOU say'st, "Take up thy cross.
 O man, and follow me."
 The night is black, the feet are slack,
 Yet we would follow thee.

But, O dear Lord, we cry,
 That we thy face could see !
 Thy blessed face one moment's space, —
 Then might we follow thee !

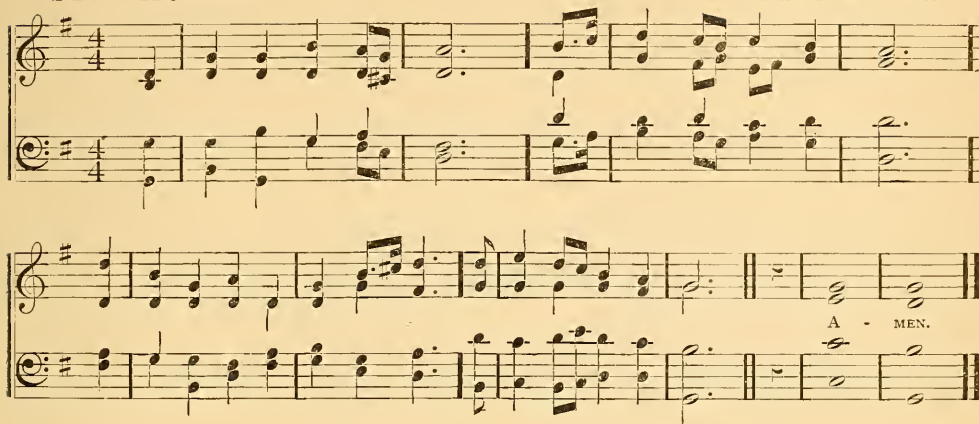
ST. GEORGE. S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



ST. THOMAS. S.M.

AARON WILLIAMS.



Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me ;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change ;
How can we follow thee ?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee ;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades ;
How should we follow thee ?

Ah, sense-bound heart and blind !
Is nought but what we see ?
Can time undo what once was true ?
Can we not follow thee ?

O heavy cross — of faith
In what we cannot see !
As once of yore thyself restore,
And help to follow thee !

If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be ;
Set up thy throne within thine own, —
Go, Lord : we follow thee. AMEN.

F. T. Palgrave.

87.

"The Word was made flesh."

WE meditate the day
Of triumph and of rest,
When, shown of God and shaped in clay,
The Word was manifest.
The angels saw and sung ;
Earth listened far and wide ;
Believed and preached, — a faith, a tongue,
The Word was glorified.

Lord, give it gracious sweep,
And here its errand bless,
Whose mercy sent it o'er the deep
To glad a wilderness.

Shoot forth its starry light
To guide our pilgrim way, —
A sign of hope through this world's night,
And brighter than its day.

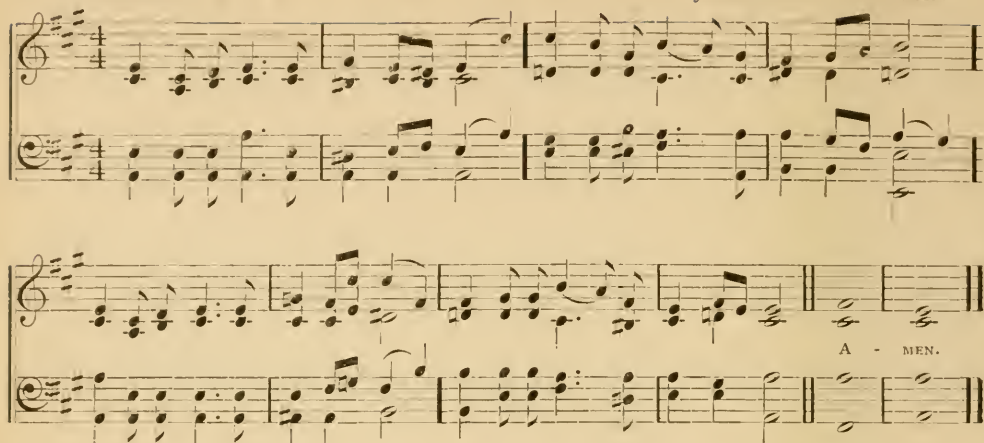
Again thy witness-voice !
Again thy spirit-dove !
That hearts may in its trust rejoice,
And soften with its love.

Send down its blessed cup,
As once in Galilee ;
And catch our dull affections up
To heaven, and Christ, and thee.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

VICARIA. L.M.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.



From "New Songs unto the Lord." By permission of the author.

88. "He hath not where to lay his head."

O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.
The weary bird has left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest ?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race ;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

William Russell. 1826.

89. "Leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps."

How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God !

Oh, who like thee so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of Man, thou Light of Light ?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe ?

Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility.

Even death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee ;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe ;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God ! AMEN.

A. C. Cox.

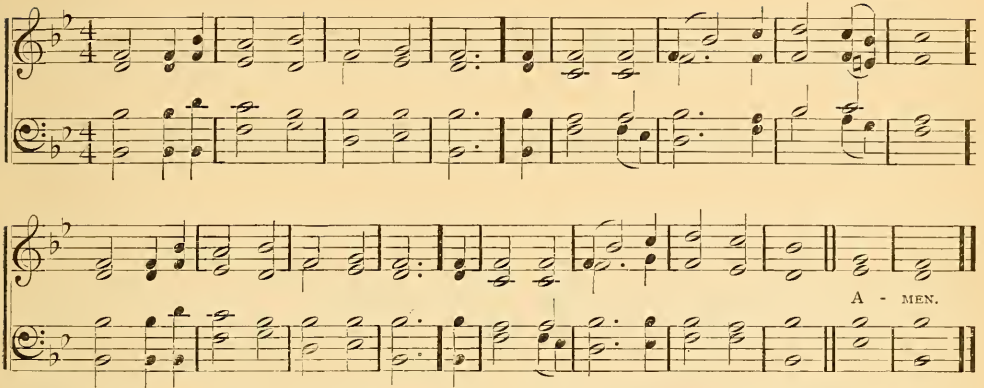
90. *Jesus preaching the Gospel.*

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place !

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

WARD. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home ;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Sir John Bowring.

91.

Walking with Christ.

O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free :
Tell me thy secret ; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care ;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
Teach me thy patience ; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong ;
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way ;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live ! AMEN.

Washington Gladden.

92.

*"Leaving us an example that we should follow
his steps."*

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love ;
Oh, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

Anne Steele.

93.

Example of Christ.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine, —
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

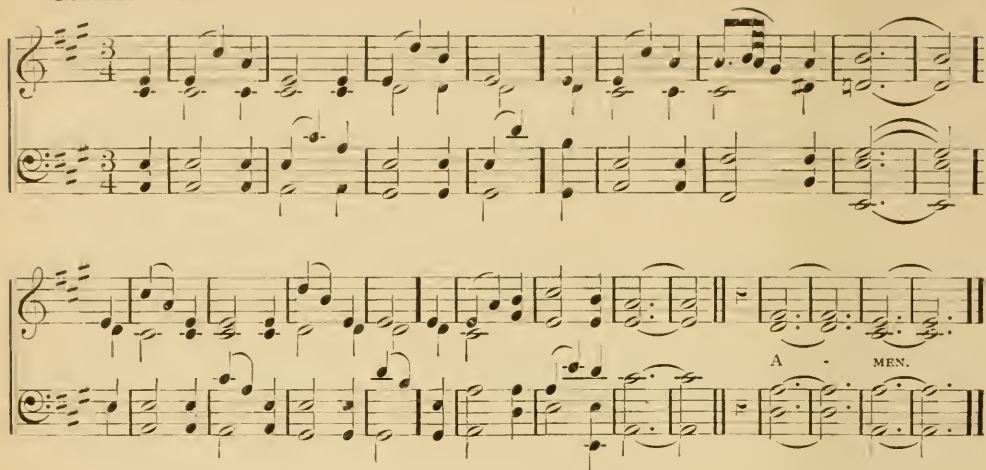
Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern : may I bear
More of thy gracious image here !
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb. AMEN.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

GEER. C.M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



94.

"Thy will be done."

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven! AMEN.
John Hampden Gurney. 1803-1862.

95.

Example of Christ.

IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace:
As he hath done, so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.

Inflamed with zeal, 't was his delight
To do his Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil!

Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all his conduct shine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine! AMEN.
Benjamin Beddome.

96.

Jesus hasting to suffer.

THE Saviour, — what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!

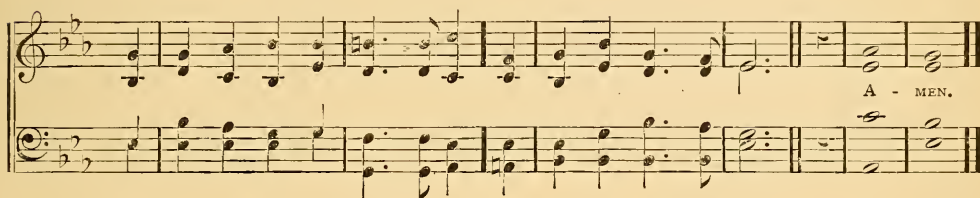
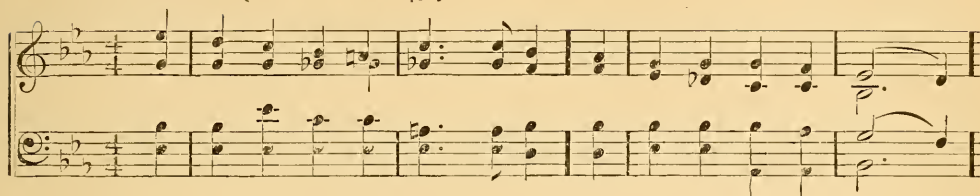
With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'T was love that urged him on.

Lord, while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

William Cowper.

CONISTON. (BARNBY, No. 3.) C.M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



A - MEN.

97.

The Image of the Earthy.

OH, mean may seem this house of clay,
Yet 't was the Lord's abode ;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die :
O vanquished world ! O glorious shame !
O hallowed agony !

O vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell !
O holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emmanuel !

Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven :
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

Thomas H. Gill. 1860.

98.

The Image of the Heavenly.

'T is not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to thee ;
Not always in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

Thou to our woe who down didst come,
Who one with us wouldst be,
Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with thee.

Our earthly garments thou hast worn,
And we thy robes shall wear ;
Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,
And we thy bliss may bear !

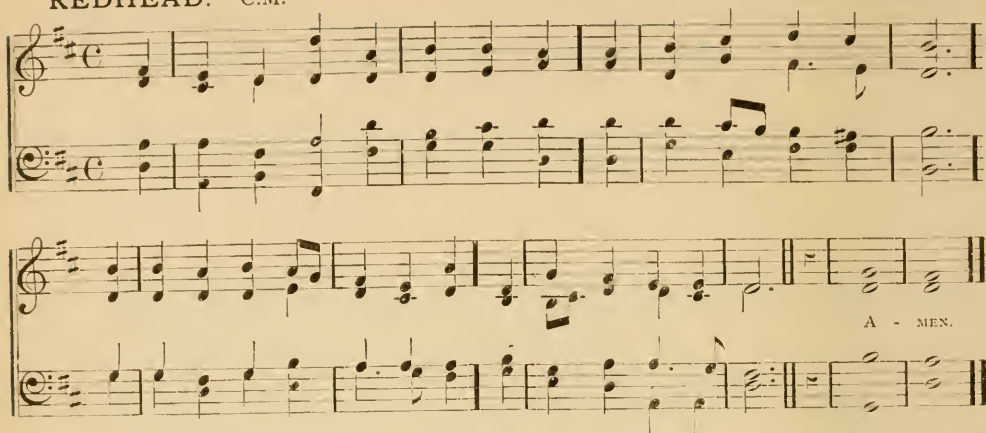
O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine !
O mighty grace, thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to thine !

Oh, strange the gifts, and marvellous,
By thee received and given !
Thou tookest woe and death from us,
Thou givest us thy heaven.

Thomas H. Gill. 1860.

REDHEAD. C.M.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



A - MEN.

99.

Immortal Love.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
 Forever flowing free,
 Forever shared, forever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea !

We may not climb the heavenly steep
 To bring the Lord Christ down :
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For him no depths can drown.

And not for signs in heaven above
 Or earth below they look,
 Who know with John his smile of love,
 With Peter his rebuke.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
 Nor dream of bards and seers,
 No dead fact stranded on the shore
 Of the oblivious years, —

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is he ;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain ;
 We touch him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame,
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with his name.

John G. Whittier.

100.

We hear thy call.

O LORD and Master of us all !
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
 We test our lives by thine.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight ;
 And, naked to thy glance,
 Our secret sins are in the light
 Of thy pure countenance.

To thee our full humanity,
 Its joys and pains, belong ;
 The wrong of man to man on thee
 Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee, who loves becomes
 Therein to thee allied ;
 All sweet accords of hearts and homes
 In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
 Within our earthly sod,
 Most human and yet most divine,
 The flower of man and God ! AMEN.

John G. Whittier.

ST. AGNES. C.M

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



101. *The Light, the Truth, the Way.*

O LOVE ! O Life ! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one :
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee,
The Light, the Truth, the Way !

The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own ;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

Alone, O Love ineffable !
Thy saving name is given ;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven !

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord ;
What may thy service be ? —
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

John G. Whittier.

102. "So shall ye be my disciples."

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below ;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe !

For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung ;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove,
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

Oh, give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee. AMEN.

Sir Edward Denny.

PAX DEI. 10.10: 10.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

103.

"Ye are the temple of the living God."

DESCEND to thy Jerusalem. O Lord !
 Her faithful children cry with one accord ;
 Come, ride in triumph on ! behold, we lay
 Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way !

Thy road is ready, Lord ! — thy paths, made straight,
 In longing expectation seem to wait
 The consecration of thy beauteous feet :
 And hark ! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet !

Welcome, oh, welcome to our hearts, Lord ! here
 Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
 As that in Zion, and as full of sin :
 How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein ?

Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor !
 Destroy their strength, that they may never more
 Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
 Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
 In praises of thy finished victory,
 The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
 Hosanna ! and thy glorious footsteps greet !

ST. DROSTANE. L.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



104.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

Ride on, ride on in majesty :
 Hark ! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry :
 Thine humble beast pursues his road,
 With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
 In lowly pomp ride on to die :
 O Christ ! thy triumphs now begin,
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

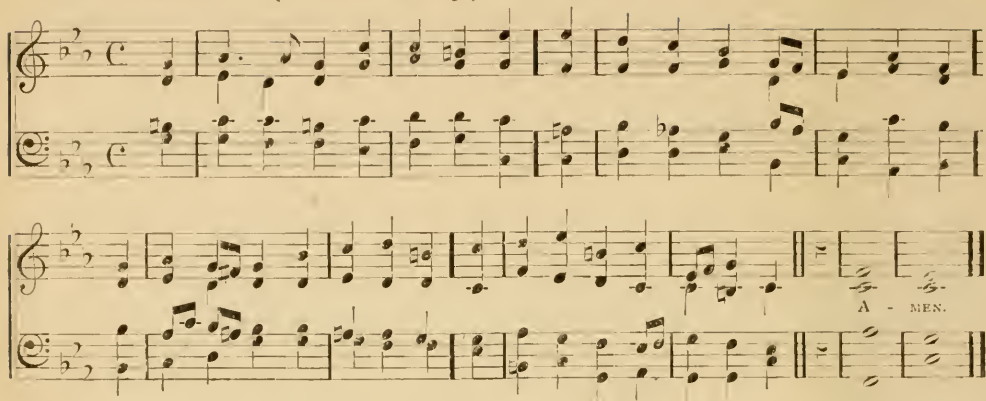
Ride on, ride on in majesty :
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes
 To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :
 The Father, on his sapphire throne,
 Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;
 In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
 Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O Christ ! thy power, and reign. AMEN.

EGREMONT. (BARNBY, NO. 5.) L.M.

J. BARNEY.



105.

"With his stripes we are healed."

A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
"O Father! take this cup away."

Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth, for all her children, saith,
"O God! take not this cup away!"

O Lord of sorrow! meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above:
And when we go the last lone way,
Oh, give the welcome of thy love! AMEN.

Anon. 1840

106.

Glorying in the Cross.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts. 1709

107.

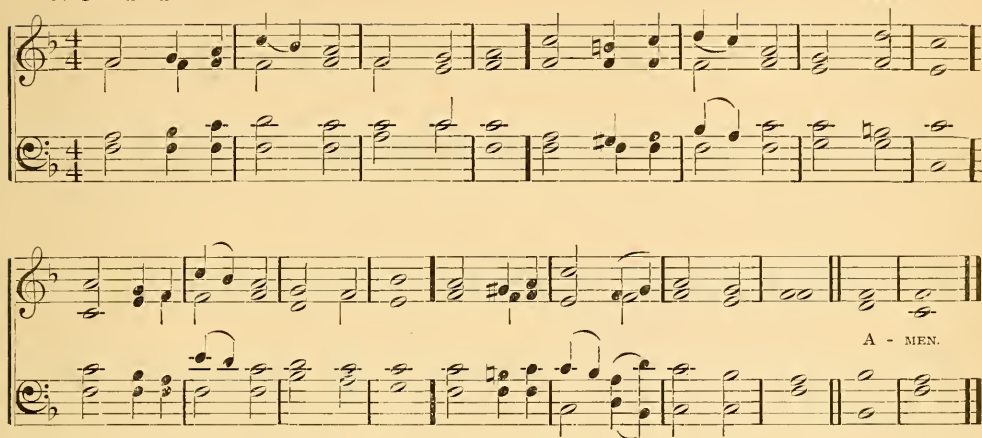
Made perfect through Suffering.

O SUFFERING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

HUMILITY. L.M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.



Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came ;
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame ?

Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day ! AMEN.

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch. 1832.

108.

Christ's Passion.

THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer :
Through yielding glooms behold his face ;
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

Last eve, by those he called his own,
Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

No guile within his mouth is found ;
He neither threatens nor complains :
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb midst his murderers he remains.

But hark ! He prays, — 't is for his foes ;
He speaks, — 't is comfort to his friends ;
Answers, — and Paradise bestows ;
He bows his head ; the conflict ends.

James Montgomery.

109.

Christ suffering on the Cross.

"T is finished ! " so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died ;
"T is finished ! " yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

"T is finished ! " all that Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old ;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

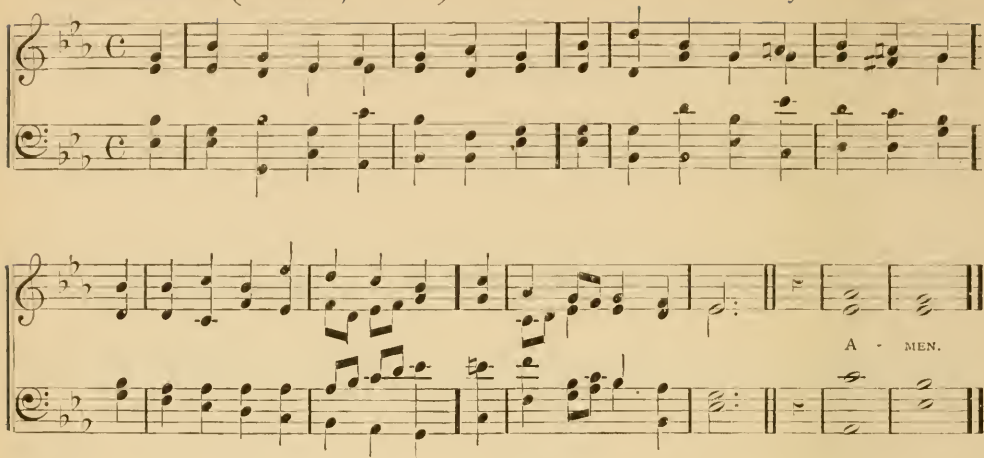
"T is finished ! " Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

"T is finished ! " let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round ;
"T is finished ! " let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus to the skies.

Samuel Stennett.

FAIRFAX. (BARNBY, NO. 6.) S.S: S.6.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



II.

"Lovest thou me?"

FORSAKEN once, and thrice denied,
The risen Lord gave pardon free,
Stood once again at Peter's side,
And asked him, "Lov'st thou me?"

How many times with faithless word
Have we denied his holy name, —
How oft forsaken our dear Lord,
And shrunk when trial came !

Saint Peter, when the cock crew clear,
Went out and wept his broken faith ;
Strong as a rock through strife and fear,
He served his Lord till death.

How oft his cowardice of heart
We have without his love sincere, —
The sin without the sorrow's smart,
The shame without the tear !

Oh, oft forsaken, oft denied,
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin ;
Look on us from thy Father's side,
And let that sweet look win.

Hear when we call thee from the deep ;
Still walk beside us on the shore ;
Give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
And hearts to love thee more. AMEN.

Cecil F. Alexander.

III.

"Could ye not watch one hour?"

SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And his appointed way?

Alas! a deeper test of faith
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer ;
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save ;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour
Forgetful of thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee ! AMEN.

John G. Whittier.

STABAT MATER. 8.8.7:8.8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

A • MEN

II2.

Strength from the Cross.

"It is finished!" Man of sorrows!
 From thy cross our frailty borrows
 Strength to bear and conquer thus.
 While extended there we view thee,
 Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee,—
 Sufferer victorious!

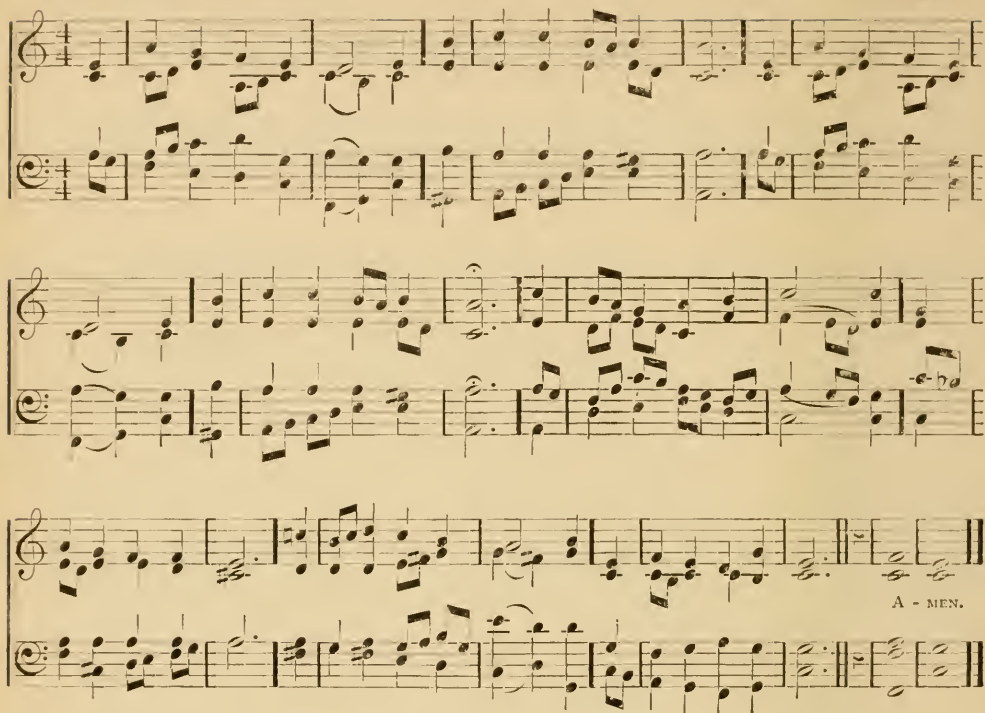
Not in vain for us uplifted,
 Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
 May that sacred emblem be!
 Lifted high amid the ages,
 Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
 May it guide us still to thee!

Still to thee, whose love unbounded
 Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
 Perfected by conflicts sore.
 Honored be thy cross forever;
 Star, that points our high endeavor
 Whither thou hast gone before!

Frederic H. Hedge

PASSION CHORALE. 7.6. Double.

HASSLER.



II 3.

"O Sacred Head!"

O SACRED head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down,
 So scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thine only crown, —
 How art thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn!
 How do those features languish
 Which once were fair as morn!

What language shall I borrow
 To thank thee, dearest friend,
 For this thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!

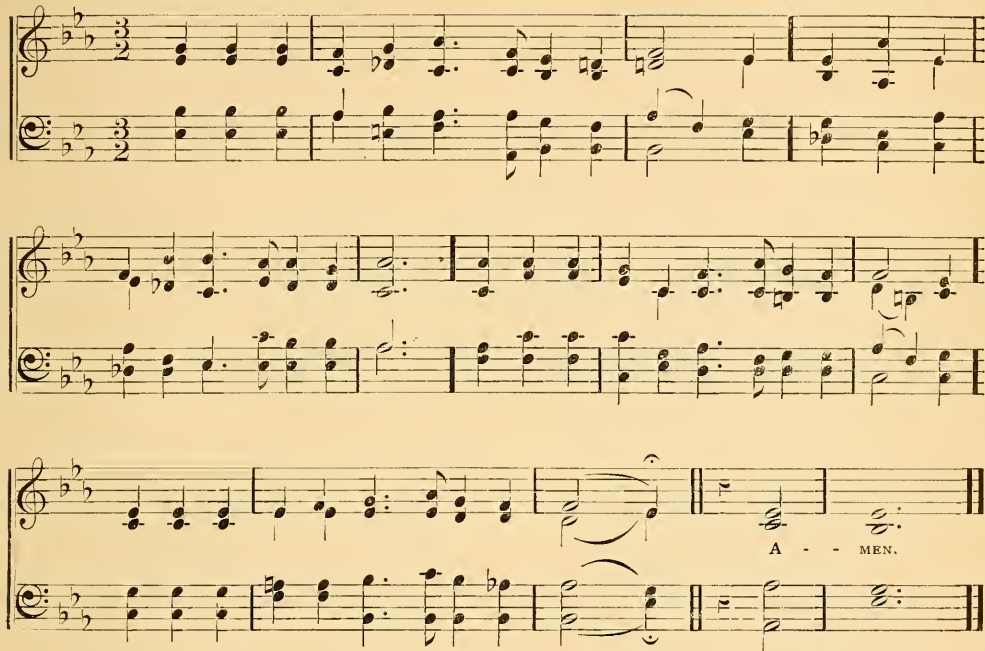
Oh, make me thine forever!
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to thee!

Be near me when I'm dying,
 Oh, show thy cross to me:
 And to my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free.
 These eyes new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely through thy love.

St. Bernard. Paul Gerhardt.
 Tr. Dr. James W. Alexander.

COMMENDATIO. II. 10: II. 10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



II 4.

"Into thy hands I commit my spirit."

AND now, beloved Lord, thy soul resigning
 Into thy Father's arms with conscious will,
 Calmly, with reverend grace, thy head reclining,
 The throbbing brow and laboring breast are still.

Freely thy life thou yielddest, meekly bending
 E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
 Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending
 Thy spirit to thy Father and thy God.

Sweet Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
 When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night,
 Oh, breathe thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish;
 At that dread eventide let there be light.

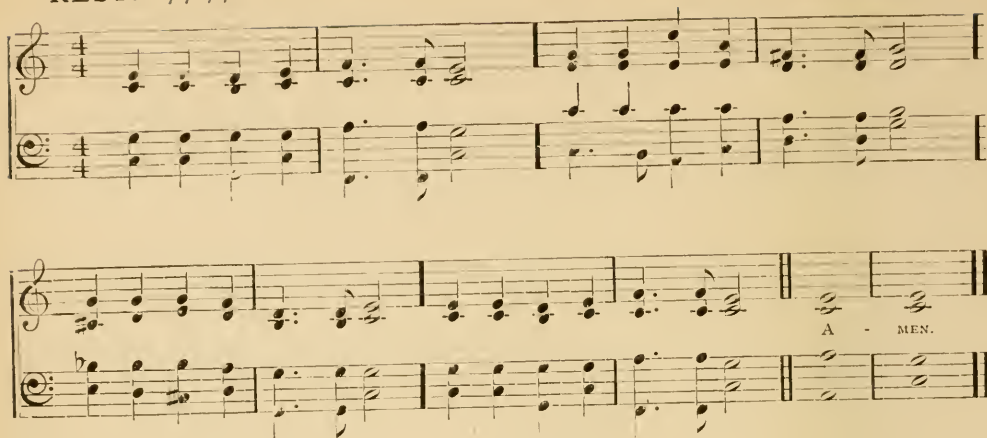
To thy dear cross turn thou my eyes in dying;
 Lay but my fainting head upon thy breast;
 Those outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;
 And then, oh then, thine everlasting rest!

AMEN.

Eliza Sibbald Alderson.

REST. 7:7:7:7.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



115.

"It is finished."

"It is finished!" — all the pain,
All the sorrow, all the strain;
Death has freed the Lord of life
From the burden of his strife.

"It is finished!" — all the days
Led through many weary ways;
Now at last his eyelids close
On the hatred of his foes.

"It is finished," — all the toil
Sin and trial could not spoil;
Never could his spirit fleet
Till the work was all complete.

"It is finished," — all the word
Poor and sinners gladly heard;
All the Father's love made known,
Human goodness fully shown.

"It is finished," — all the love,
Deep as his who dwells above;
Saving others, all he gave,
But himself he would not save.

"It is finished!" — Hark! the cry,
Uttered in Love's agony,
Is the seal, below, above,
Of the Victory of Love.

Stopford A. Brooke.

116.

Christ's Sufferings our Strength.

WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless one
Weeping, praying, there alone.

When my love for Christ grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;

There behold his agony.
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again;
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

Anon.

ST. BRIDE. S.M.

SAMUEL HOWARD.

II 7.

"If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me."

BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony !

For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne ?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn ?

For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died ;
'T was love that bowed his fainting head
And oped his gushing side.

I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love ;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine.
With cheerful ardor to confess
The energy divine.

In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight,
To thy triumphant throne.

Philip Doddridge.

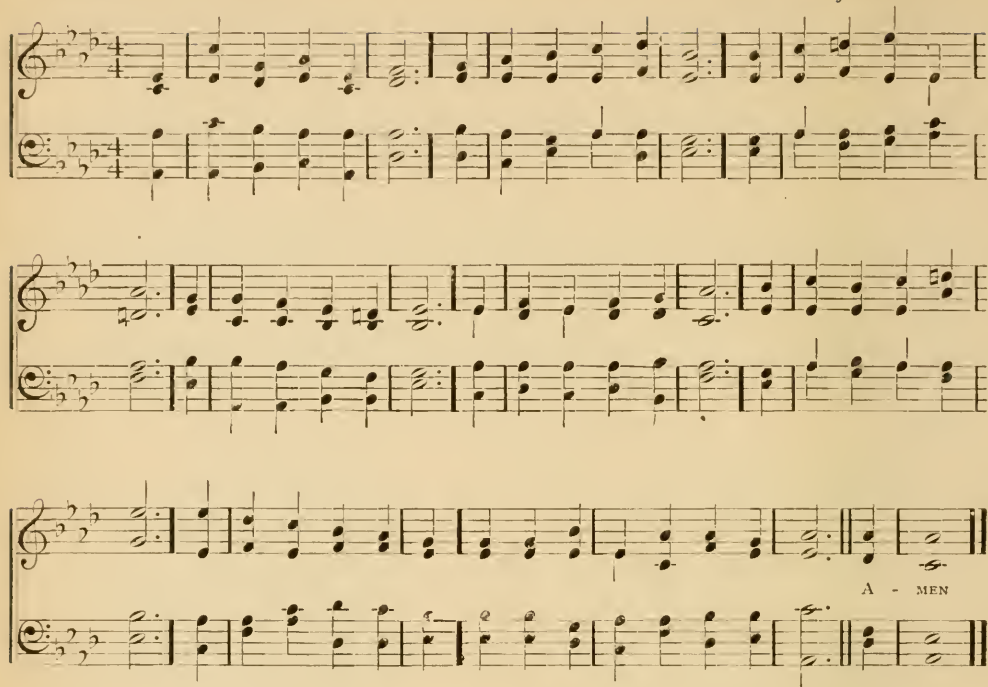
CHATHAM (SEYMOUR). 7:7:7:7.

Arranged from WEBER.

(Hymns on opposite page.)

PEACE. 6.6.6.6:6.6.6.8.

SIR GEORGE JOB ELVEY.



118.

Where shall we learn to live?

WHERE shall we find the Lord?
 Where seek his face adored?
 Is it apart from men
 In deep sequestered den,
 By Jordan's desert flood,
 Or mountain solitude,
 Or lonely mystic shrine,
 That Heaven reveals the Life Divine?

What was the blest abode
 Where dwelt the Son of God?
 Beside the busy shore,
 Where thousands pressed the door,
 Where town with hamlet vied,
 Where eager traffic plied, —
 There with his calm design
 Was wrought and taught the Life Divine.

What were the souls he sought?
 What moved his inmost thought?
 The friendless and the poor,
 The woes none else could cure,
 The grateful sinner's cry,
 The heathen's heavenward sigh, —
 Each in his lot and line
 Drew forth the Love and Life Divine.

O thou who once didst come,
 In holy, happy home,
 Teaching and doing good,
 To bless our daily food;
 Compassionating mind,
 That grasped all human kind,
 Even now amongst us shine,
 True glory of the Life Divine. AMEN.

119.

Where shall we learn to die?

WHERE shall we learn to die?
 Go, gaze with steadfast eye
 On dark Gethsemane,
 Or darker Calvary,
 Where, through each lingering hour,
 The Lord of grace and power,
 Most lowly and most high,
 Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade
 His long last prayer he prayed ;
 When on the cross to heaven
 His parting spirit was given,
 He showed that to fulfil
 The Father's gracious will,
 Not asking how or why,
 Alone prepares the soul to die.

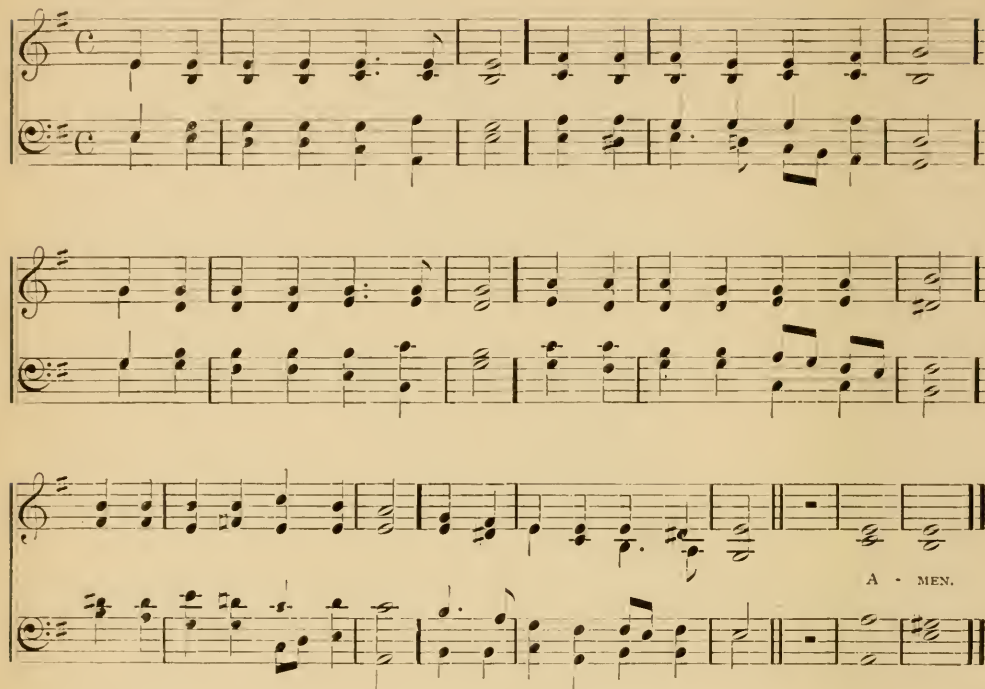
No word of angry strife,
 No anxious cry for life ;
 By scoff and torture torn,
 He speaks not scorn for scorn ;
 Calmly forgiving those
 Who deem themselves his foes,
 In silent majesty
 He points the way at peace to die.

Oh, by those weary hours
 Of slowly ebbing powers ;
 By those deep lessons heard
 In each expiring word ;
 By that unfailing love
 Lifting the soul above,
 When our last end is nigh,
 So teach us, Lord, with thee to die. AMEN.

Arthur P. Stanley.

GETHSEMANE. 7. Six lines.

Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY.



120.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel temptation's power,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see :
 Watch with him one bitter hour :
 Turn not from his griefs away ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall ;
 View the Lord of life arraigned :
 Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
 Oh, the pangs his soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss :
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

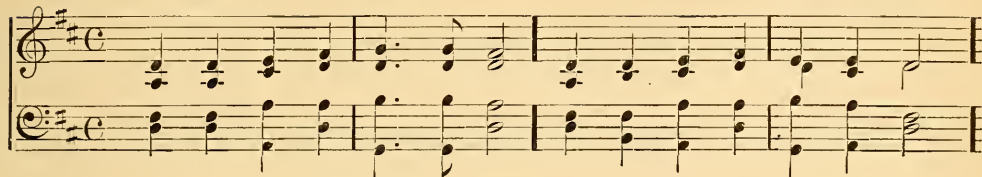
Calvary's mournful mountain climb :
 There, admiring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 Love's own sacrifice complete ;
 "It is finished," hear him cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 Who has taken him away ?
 Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes :
 Saviour, teach us so to rise. AMEN.

James Montgomery.

GETHSEMANE. 7. Six lines.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



121.

In the Sepulchre.

RESTING from his work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
Still he slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene ;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

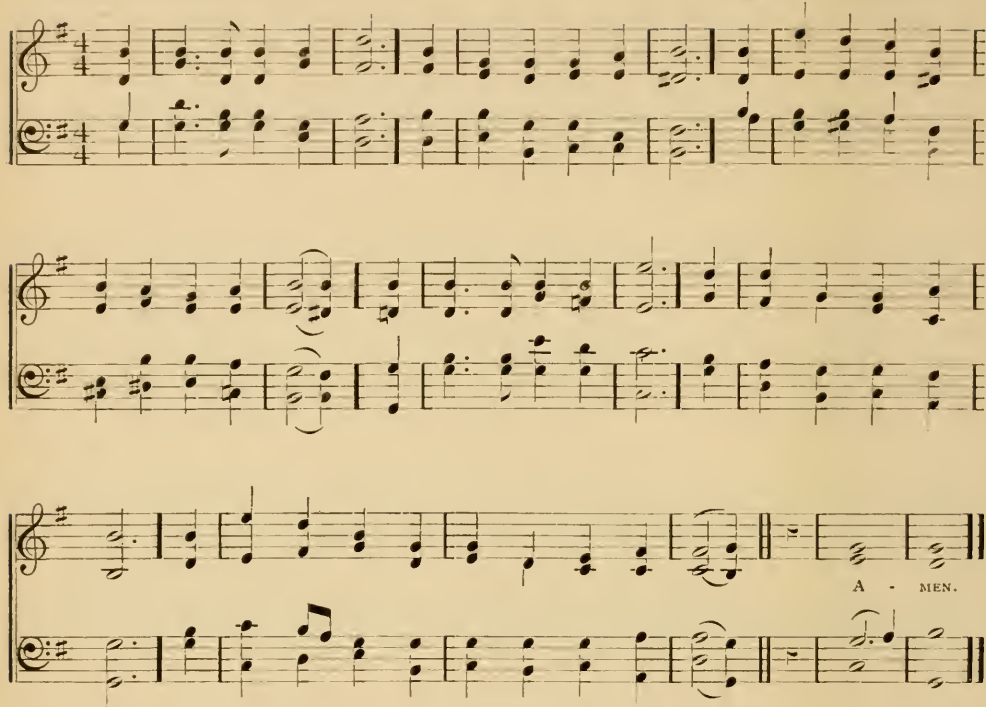
So with thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend :
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Thomas Whytehead. † 1815-1842.

EASTER EVE. 66.11:66.11.

Mrs. H. R. KRAUTH.



From the "Church Book for the use of Evangelical Lutheran Congregations," by permission.

I22.

Rest of the Weary.

REST of the weary ! Thou
Thyself art resting now,
Where lowly in thy sepulchre thou liest :
From out her deathly sleep
My soul doth start, to weep
So sad a wonder, that thou, Saviour, diest !

O Prince of Life ! I know
That when I too lie low,
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken :
Wherefore I will not shrink
From the grave's awful brink ;
The heart that trusts in thee shall ne'er be
shaken.

To me the darksome tomb
Is but a narrow room
Where I may rest in peace, from sorrow free.
Thy death shall give me power
To cry in that dark hour,
O Death ! O Grave ! where is your victory ?

My Jesus, day by day
Help me to watch and pray
Beside the tomb where in my heart thou 'rt
laid.
Thy bitter death shall be
My constant memory,
My guide at last into death's awful shade.

Solomon Frank. 1711.

REQUIEM. 8.7:8.7:7.7.

W. SCHULTHES.

123.

All is Over.

ALL is o'er, — the pain, the sorrow,
 Mocking taunts and cruel spite ;
 Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
 Of the prey he grasps to-night :
 Yet once more, his own to save,
 Christ must sleep within the grave.

Dark and still the tomb that holds him,
 While in brief repose he lies ;
 Deep the slumber that infolds him,
 Veiled awhile from mortal eyes ;
 Slumber such as needs must be
 After hard-won victory.

So this night, with plaintive voicing,
 Chant his requiem soft and low ;
 Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
 From to-morrow's harps shall flow :
 "Death and hell at length are slain !
 Christ hath triumphed ! Christ doth reign !"'

John Moultrie. †

CALKIN. (ARIMATHEA.) 4.4:7.7.6.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN.

124.

Easter Eve.

THOU, sore oppressed,
 The Sabbath rest
 In yon still grave art keeping ;
 All thy labor now is done,
 Past is all thy weeping.

Thou awful tomb
 Once filled with gloom,
 How blessed and how holy
 Art thou now, since in the grave
 Slept the Saviour lowly !

How calm and blest
 The dead now rest
 Who in the Lord departed ;
 All their works do follow them,
 Yea, they sleep glad-hearted !

O Lord, our Rock,
 Soon grant thy flock
 To see thy Sabbath morning !
 Strife and pain will all be past
 When that day is dawning.

Victor Friedrich von Strauss. Tr. Catherine Winkworth

REX GLORIÆ. (SMART.) 8.7. Double.

HENRY SMART.

125.

The First-fruits.

ALLELUIA! Alleluia!

Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise.

Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On the holy Easter morn.

Christ is risen; we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of thy face;

That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And, by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with thee.

Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By his mighty enterprise;
We with Christ, to life eternal,
By his resurrection rise.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glory be to God on high;

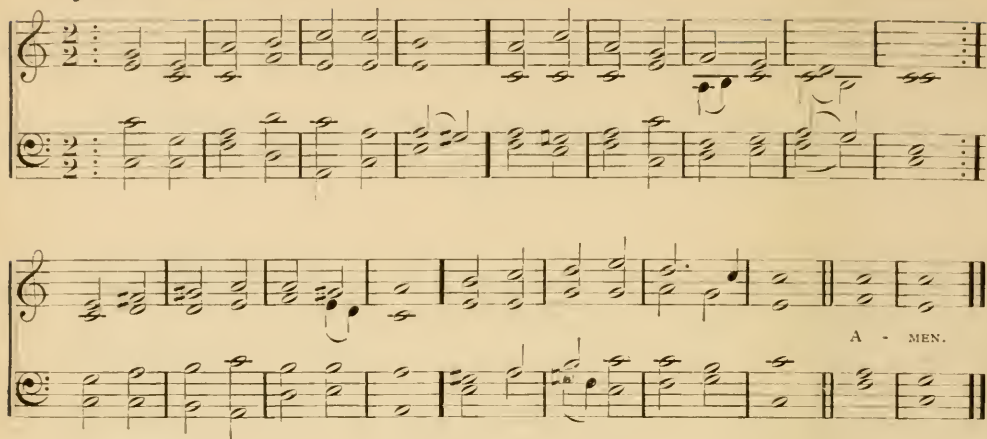
Alleluia! to the Saviour,

Who has gained the victory! AMEN.

Christopher Wordsworth.

"JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT." 7.8:7.8:7.7.

From the German



126.

The Resurrection and the Life.

JESUS CHRIST, my sure defence,
And my Saviour, ever liveth ;
Knowing this, my confidence
Rests upon the hope it giveth,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives !
I, too, unto life must waken :
He will have me where he is :
Shall my courage, then, be shaken ?
Shall I fear ? Or could the Head
Rise and leave its members dead ?

Nay, too closely am I bound
Unto him by hope forever ;
Faith's strong hand the rock hath found,
Grasped it, and will leave it never :
Not the ban of death can part
From its Lord the trusting heart.

Saviour, draw away our heart
Now from pleasures base and hollow,
Let us there with thee have part,
Here on earth thy footsteps follow.
Fix our hearts beyond the skies,
Whither we ourselves would rise. AMEN.

UNSER HERRSCHER. 8.7:8 7:7.7.

JOACHIM NEANDER.

127.

"He is risen."

He is risen ! he is risen !
 Tell it with a joyful voice ;
 He has burst his three days' prison !
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice ;
 Death is conquered, man is free,
 Christ has won the victory.

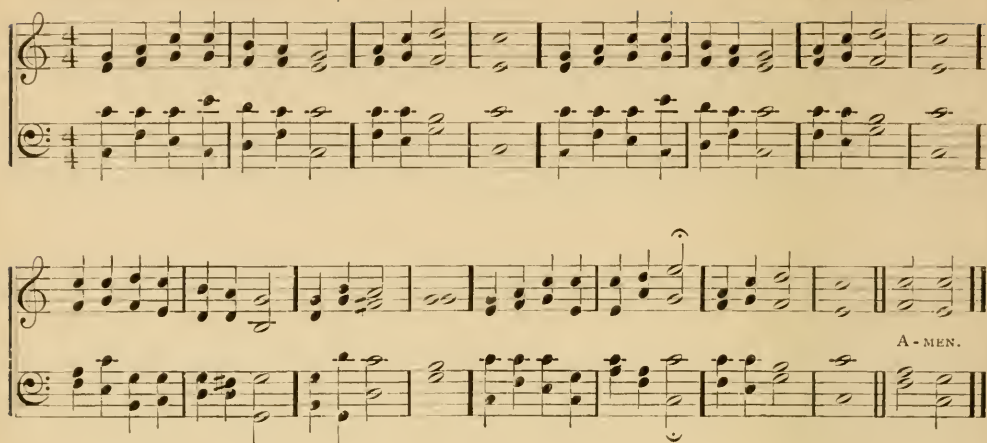
Come, with high and holy hymning,
 Chant our Lord's triumphant lay ;
 Not one darksome cloud is dimming
 Yonder glorious morning ray,
 Breaking o'er the purple east,
 Symbol of our Easter feast.

He is risen ! he is risen !
 He has opened heaven's gate !
 We are free from sin's dark prison !
 Risen to a holier state ;
 And a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

Cecil F. Alexander.

EASTER HYMN. 7. With Alleluia.

W. H. MONK.



128.

"O Death, where is thy sting?"

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Alleluia !

Sons of men and angels say :
Alleluia !

Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Alleluia !

Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
Alleluia !

Lives again our glorious King ;
Alleluia !

"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Alleluia !

Once he died our souls to save ;
Alleluia !

"Where thy victory, O grave?"
Alleluia !

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Alleluia !

Following our exalted Head ;
Alleluia !

Made like him, like him we rise ;
Alleluia !

Ours the cross, the grave, the skies !
Alleluia ! AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

WORGAN. 7. With Alleluia.

HENRY CAREY.

Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

129.

"He is risen."

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Alleluia!
 Our triumphant holy day: Alleluia!
 Love's redeeming work is done; Alleluia!
 Fought the fight, the victory won. Alleluia!

Lo! he rises, mighty King! Alleluia!
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!

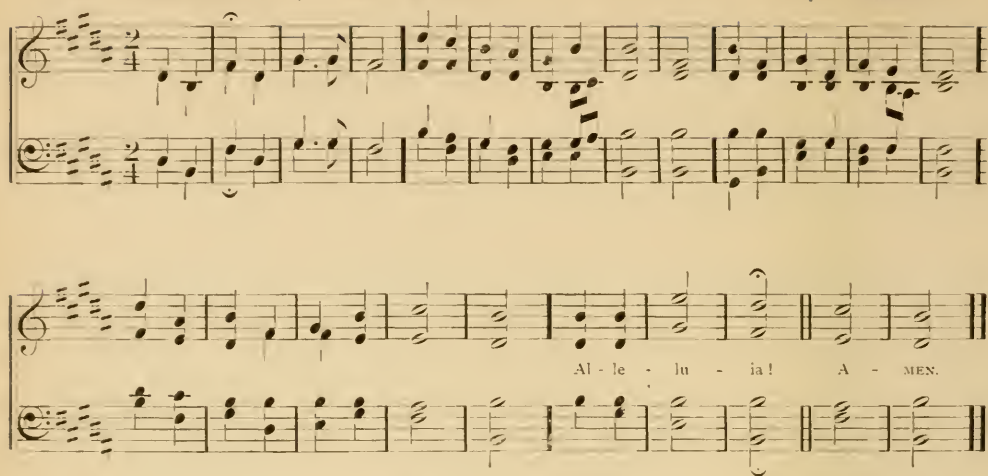
Lo! he claims his native sky! Alleluia!
 Grave, where is thy victory? Alleluia!

Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!
 Our triumphant holy day: Alleluia!
 Loud the song of victory raise, Alleluia!
 Shout the great Redeemer's praise! Alleluia!

Old Latin Hymn.

ST. ALBINUS. 7.S. With Alleluia.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



130.

"I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore. Amen."

Jesus lives : thy terrors now
 Can, O Death, no more appall us ;
 Jesus lives : by this we know
 Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
 Alleluia !

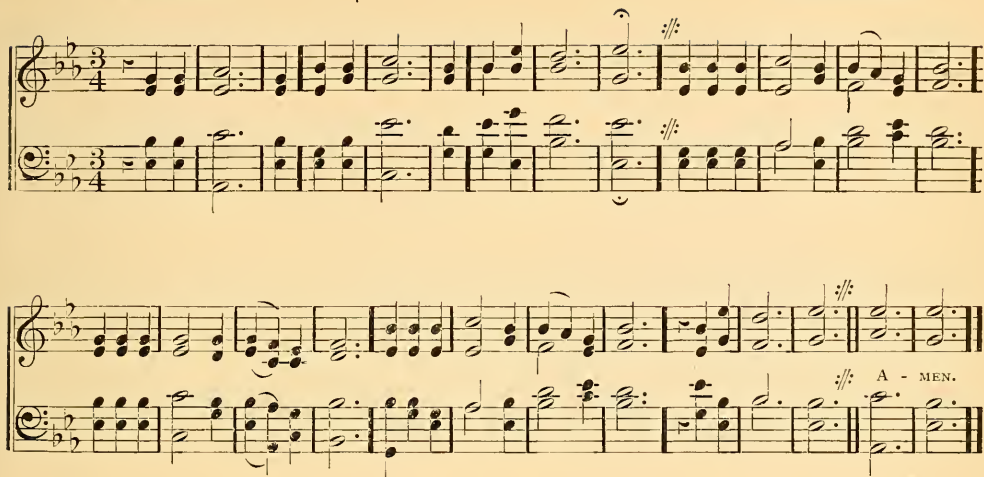
Jesus lives : henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal ;
 This shall calm our trembling breath
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives : for us he died :
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives : our hearts know well
 Nought from us his love shall sever ;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from his keeping ever.
 Alleluia !

PALESTRINA. S.S.S.:4.

From PALESTRINA.



131.

Captivity led Captive.

ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !

The strife is o'er, the battle done !

The victory of life is won ;

The song of triumph has begun.

Alleluia !

The powers of death have done their worst,

But Christ their legions hath dispersed ;

Let shouts of holy joy outburst.

Alleluia !

The three sad days are quickly sped,

He rises glorious from the dead ;

All glory to our risen Head !

Alleluia !

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,

From death's dread sting thy servants free,

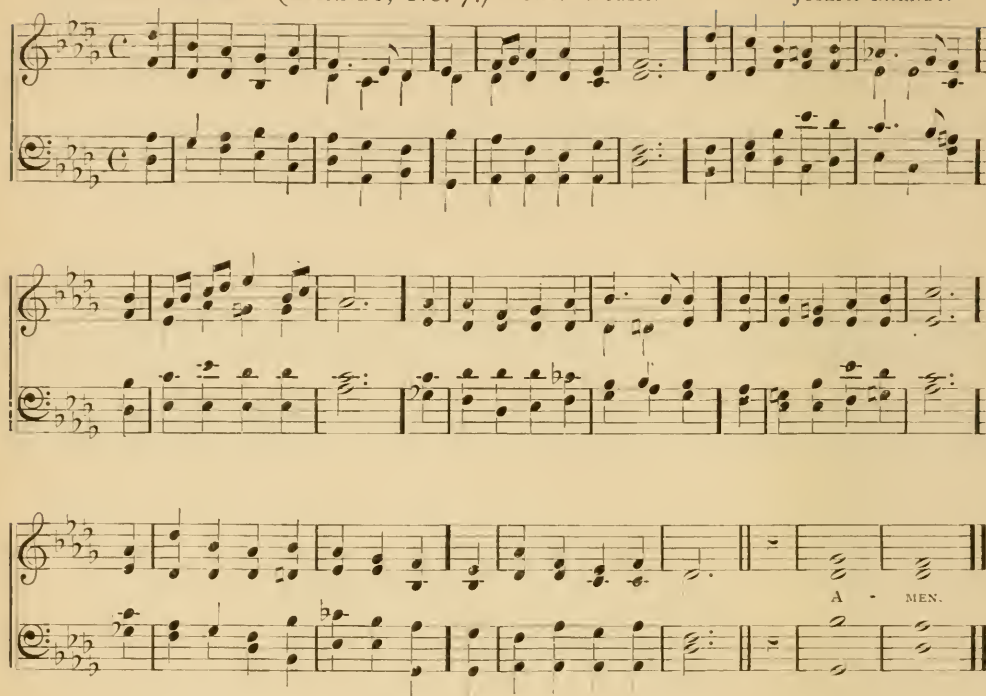
That we may live and sing to thee.

Alleluia ! AMEN.

Latin Hymn, 12th Century. Tr. Francis Pott. 1860

GRANTHAM. (BARNBY, No. 7.) C.M. Double.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



132.

"Death is swallowed up in victory."

AWAKE, glad soul ! awake ! awake !

Thy Lord hath risen long ;

Go to his grave, and with thee take

Both tuneful heart and song ;

Where life is waking all around,

Where love's sweet voices sing.

The first bright blossom may be found

Of an eternal spring.

The shade and gloom of life are fled

This Resurrection-day ;

Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,

The grave hath no more prey :

In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,

In Christ we wake and rise ;

And the sad tears death makes us weep,

He wipes from all our eyes.

Then wake, glad heart ! awake ! awake !

And seek thy risen Lord ;

Joy in his resurrection take,

And comfort in his word ;

And let thy life, through all its ways,

One long thanksgiving be,

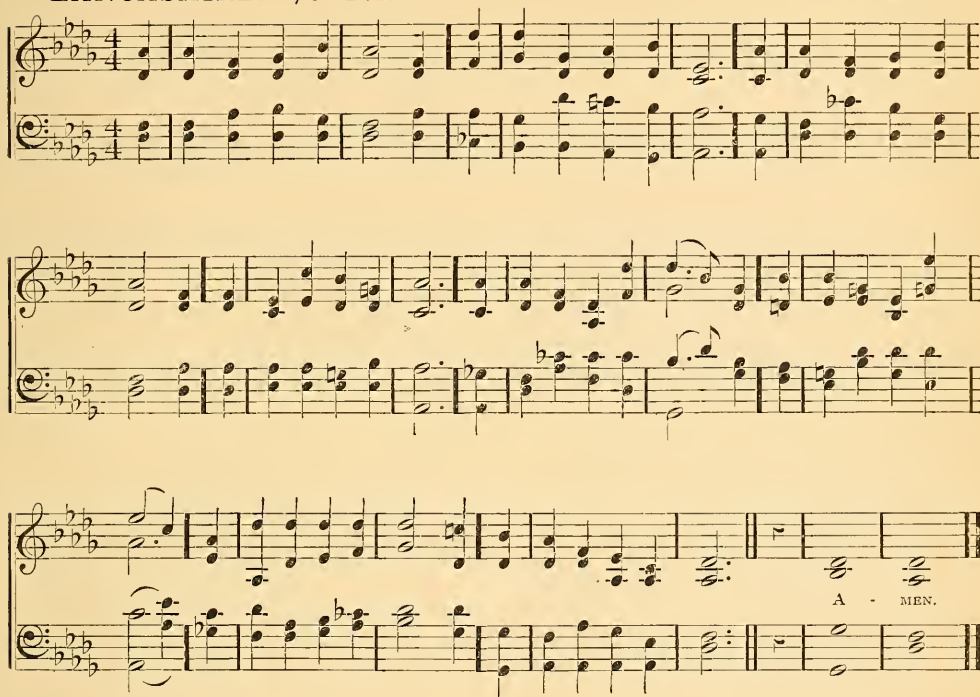
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,

" Christ died, and rose for me."

J. B. S. Monsell

LANCASHIRE. 7.6. Double.

HENRY SMART.



133.

"The Lord is risen indeed."

THE day of resurrection,
 Earth, tell it out abroad :
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God.
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light ;

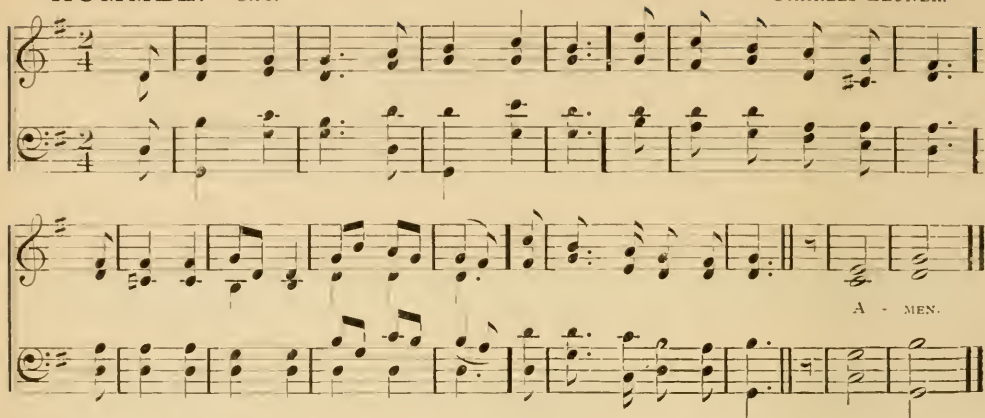
And, listening to his accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail !" and, hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin ;
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein ;
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend ;
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end. AMEN.

Saint John of Damascus. 760. Tr. J. M. Neale

HUMMEL. C.M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

**I34.** *Singing the Song of the Redeemed.*

SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day, the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock, appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng ;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The church triumphant's song.

"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love."

"Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save ;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?"

Then hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the song in heaven ! AMEN.

James Montgomery.

I35. *"He is risen."*

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with reverence down, to see
The place where Jesus lay.

Thus low the Lord of life was brought, —
Such wonders love can do !
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbbed and bled for you.

But dry your tears and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again ;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

With joy like his, shall every saint
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Through all his shining way.

Philip Doddridge.

I36. *For Easter Sunday*

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
Oh what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

LONDON NEW. C.M.

W. CROFT.



This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

Your faith by holy tempers prove;
By actions show your sins forgiven;
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

I37. *The Power of his Resurrection.*

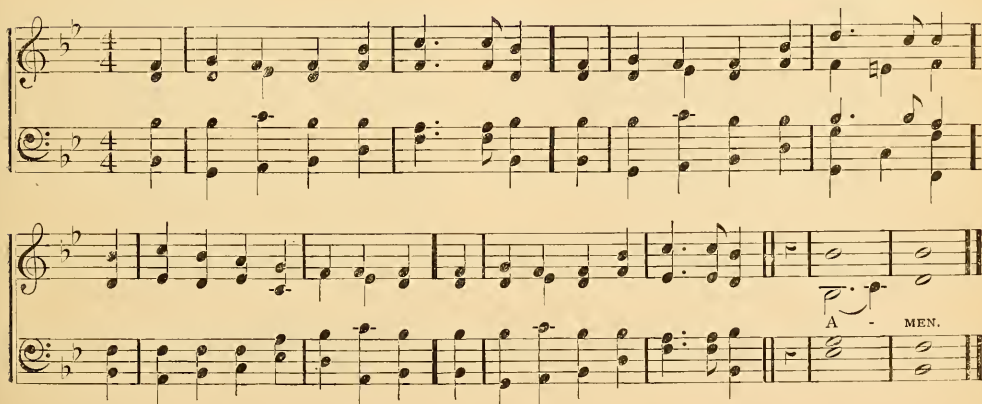
YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

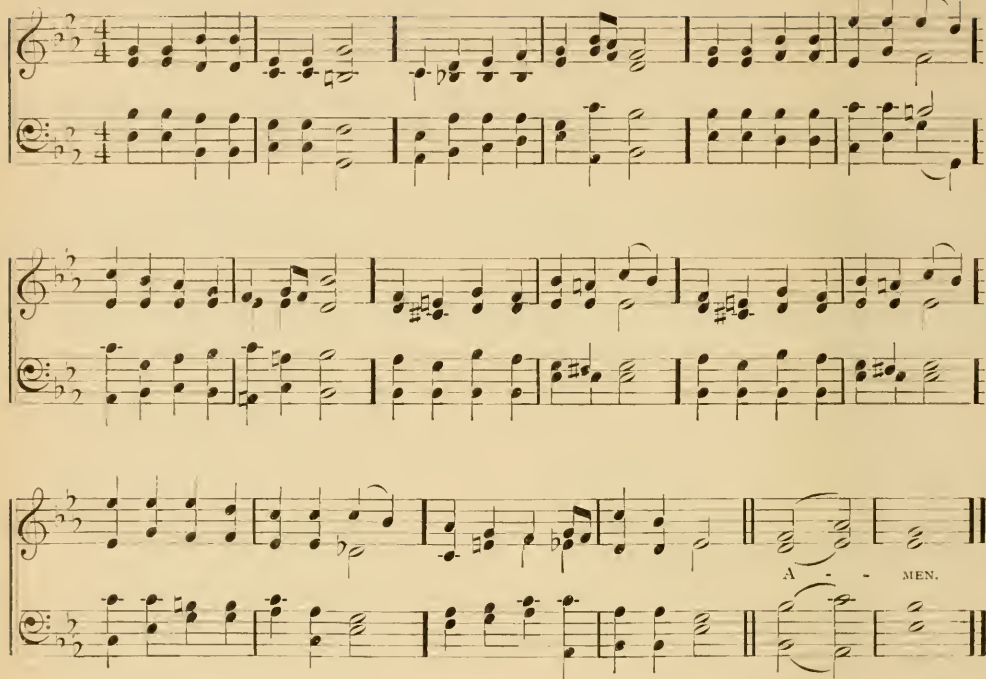
LAUDS. L.M.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



SORRENTO. 7. Double.

J. H. DEANE.



138.

"A cloud received him out of their sight."

He is gone ; a cloud of light
 Has received him from our sight,
 High in heaven where eye of men
 Follows not, nor angels' ken ;
 Through the veils of time and space,
 Passed into the holiest place ;
 All the toil, the sorrow done,
 All the battle fought and won.

He is gone ; and we remain
 In this world of sin and pain,
 In the void which he has left ;
 On this earth, of him bereft,
 We have still his work to do,
 We can still his path pursue ;
 Seek him both in friend and foe,
 In ourselves his image show.

He is gone ; but we once more
 Shall behold him as before.
 In the heaven of heavens the same
 As on earth he went and came ;
 In the many mansions there
 Place for us he will prepare ;
 In that world unseen, unknown,
 He and we may yet be one.

He is gone, but not in vain ;
 Wait until he comes again ;
 He is risen, he is not here ;
 Far above this earthly sphere,
 Evermore in heart and mind,
 There our peace in him we find ;
 To our own Eternal Friend
 Thitherward let us ascend.

OLIVET. S.M. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

139.

"Who is gone into heaven."

Thou art gone up on high
 To mansions in the skies ;
 And round thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise :
 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed ;
 Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high ;
 But thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery,
 To pass unto thy crown ;

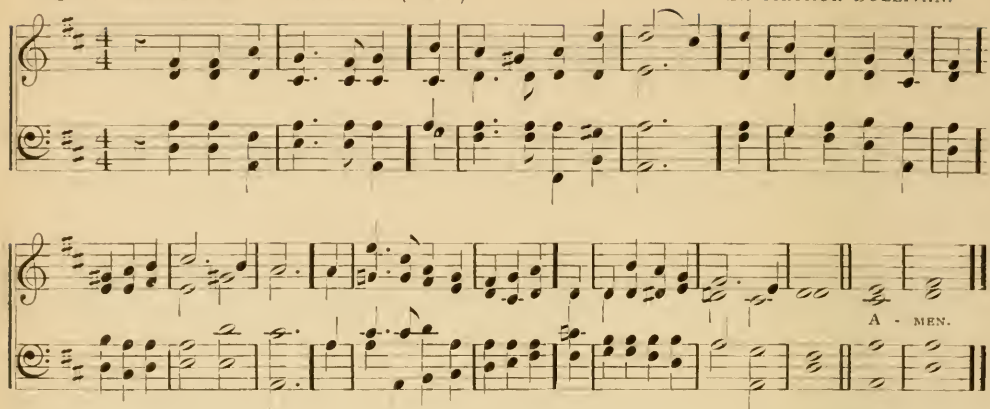
And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be ;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to thee.

Thou art gone up on high ;
 But thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in thy train.
 Oh, by thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,
 At thy right hand on high. AMEN.

Emma Toke.

ST. MAURA. 6.6.6.6 : S.S. (H.M.)

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



I40.

"That they all may be one."

ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above,
 One faith, one hope divine,
 One only watchword, — Love :
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

Head of thy Church beneath,
 The catholic. the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew !
 Then shall thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson. 1842.

I41.

Whitsunday.

COME deck our feast to-day,
 With flowers and wreaths of May :
 The Spirit of all grace
 Makes earth his dwelling-place.
 Come with white souls your Lord to meet,
 And bring an offering pure and sweet.

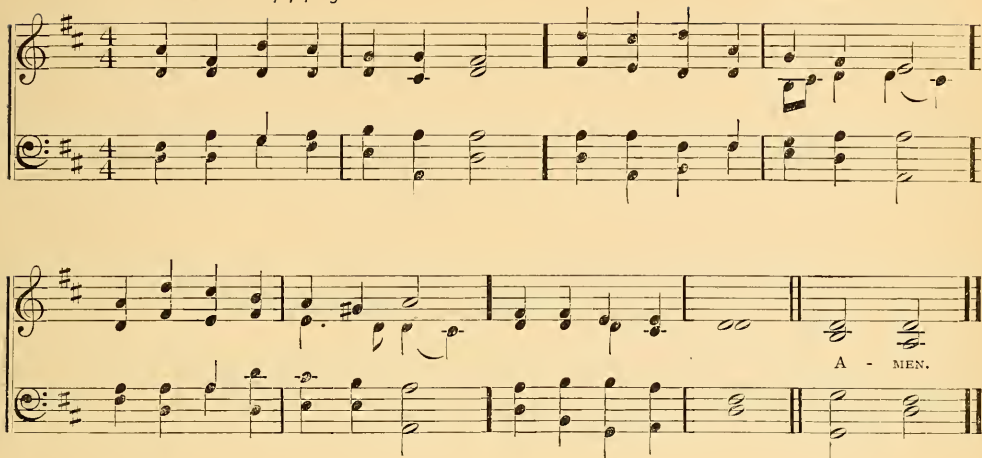
And oh, thou trackless wind,
 Breathe quickening o'er our mind ;
 O sunshine of pure Love.
 Thy glow within us move ;
 Thy life our waiting souls inspire :
 Touch heart and tongue with living fire !

O Spirit, stir our will
 Its high aims to fulfil :
 Deep in our spirits dwell,
 And in their inmost cell
 Make thou thy temple and thy home !
 Be with us when we go or come ! AMEN.

B: Schmolck.

CAPETOWN. 7-7-7:5.

FRIEDRICH FILITZ.



142.

The Spirit of Love.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most,
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly Love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love, than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

Christopher Wordsworth.

143.

The Comforter.

HOLY Spirit, Infinite,
Come to our poor nature's night,
With thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine!

We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint: thy strength afford;
Lost, — until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

Orphans are our souls, and poor;
Give us from thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine!

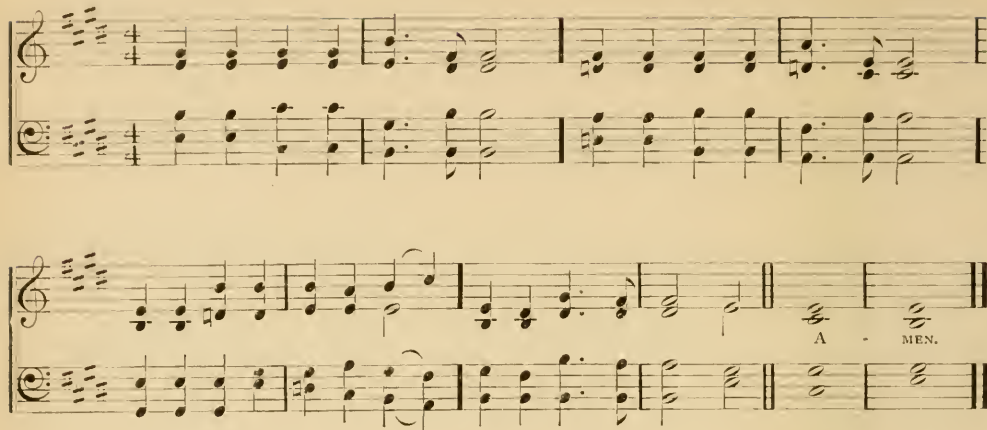
Like the dew, thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

Gentle, holy, awful Guest,
Make thy temple in each breast,
Shrine of purity confessed,
Comforter Divine! AMEN.

George Rawson. 1853.

MERCY. 7-7:7:6.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

**I44.** *The Spirit of Strength.*

HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve thee, patient still.
Hear us, Holy Spirit. AMEN.

Thomas B. Pollock.

I45. *The Spirit of Understanding.*

COME to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

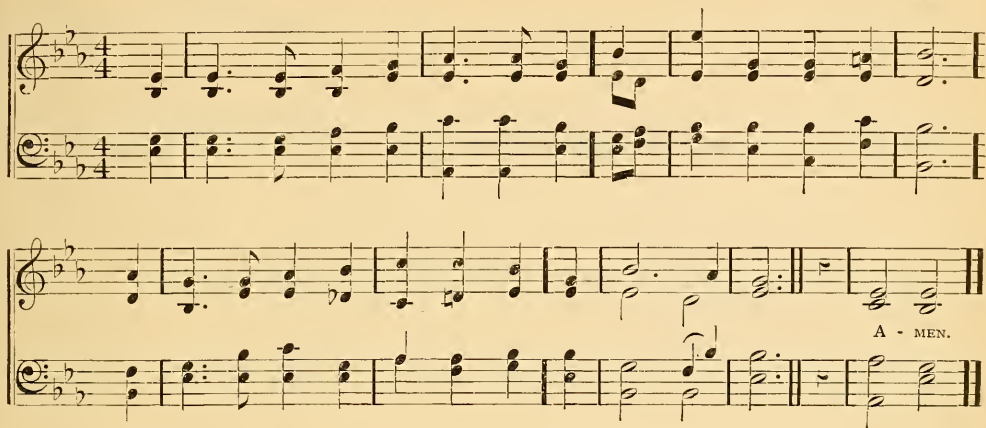
Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy, loving, as thou art,
Come, and live within our heart ;
Never more from us depart ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. AMEN.

Thomas B. Pollock.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6:8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



146.

The Holy Spirit the Comforter.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
 His tender, last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
 With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,
 To teach, convince, subdue ;
 All powerful as the wind he came,
 As viewless, too.

He came, sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing guest,
 While he can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

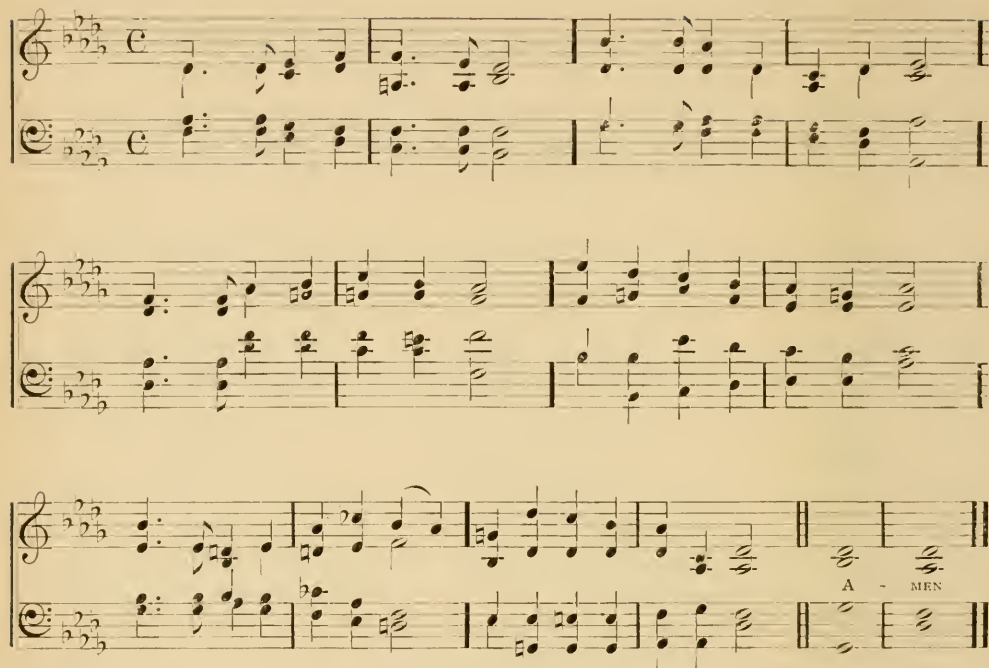
And his that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breeze of even,
 That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness pitying see ;
 Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier thee ! AMEN.

STAINER. 7. Six lines.

Sir JOHN STAINER.



I47.

"Come, Holy Spirit."

HOLY SPIRIT ! Lord of light !
 From the clear celestial height
 Thy pure beaming radiance give :
 Come, thou Father of the poor !
 Come, with treasures which endure !
 Come, thou Light of all that live !

Thou, of all consoters best,
 Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
 Dost refreshing peace bestow :
 Thou in toil art comfort sweet ;
 Pleasant coolness in the heat ;
 Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal ! light divine !
 Visit thou these hearts of thine,
 And our inmost being fil :

If thou take thy grace away,
 Nothing pure in man will stay ;
 All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
 On our dryness pour thy dew ;
 Wash the stains of guilt away ;
 Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
 Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore
 Thee confess and thee adore.

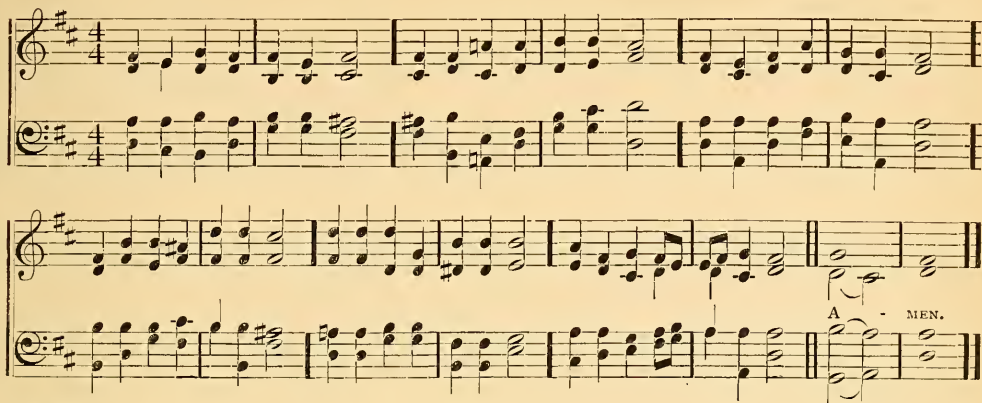
In thy sevenfold gifts descend :
 Give them comfort when they die ;
 Give them life with thee on high ;

Give them joys that never end. AMEN.

King Robert of France. Tr. Edward Caswall.

CUTHBERT. 7. Six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



148.

Prayer for Grace.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I myself would gracious be,
 And, with words that help and heal,
 Would thy life in mine reveal ;
 And with actions bold and meek
 Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I myself would truthful be,
 And with wisdom kind and clear
 Let thy life in mine appear ;
 And with actions brotherly
 Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I myself would quiet be, —
 Quiet as the growing blade

Which through earth its way has made ;
 Silently, like morning light,
 Putting mists and chills to flight.

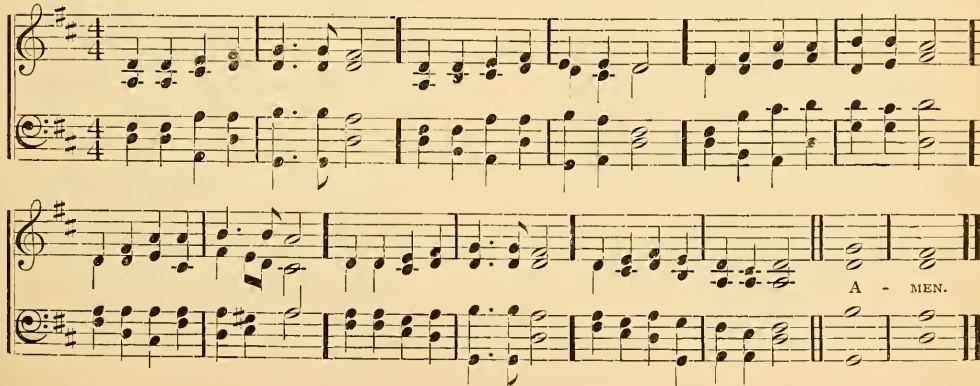
Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I myself would mighty be, —
 Mighty so as to prevail
 Where unaided man must fail ;
 Ever by a mighty hope
 Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I myself would holy be ;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good ;
 And whatever I can be
 Give to him who gave me thee.

Thomas Toke Lynch. 1855.

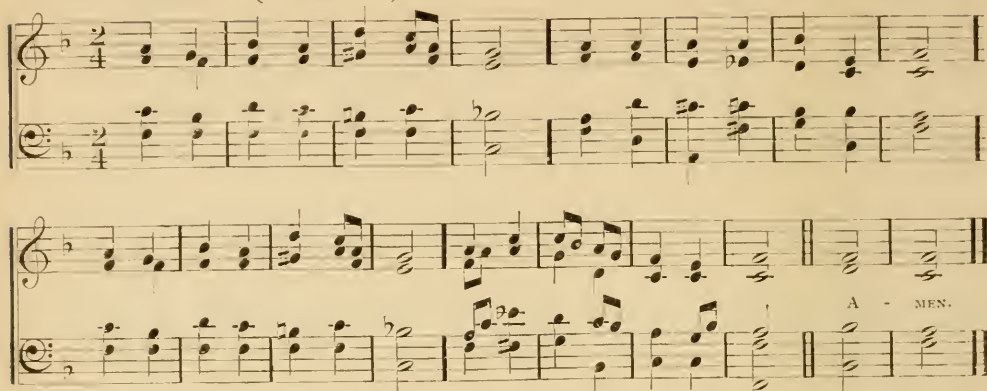
RICHARD REDHEAD.

GETHSEMANE. 7. Six lines.



CHATHAM. (SEYMOUR.) 7-7 : 7-7.

Arranged from WEBER.

**I49.** *"The Spirit helpeth our infirmities."*

HOLY SPIRIT, Light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away ;
Turn the darkness into day.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine :
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Cleanse my soul in thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm the tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;
Bid my troubled thoughts be still ;
With thy peace my spirit fill.

Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol throne ;
Reign supreme, and reign alone. AMEN.

Andrew Reed. †

I50. *"Inspire our hearts."*

COME, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast :
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life :
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too !

Pain and sin and sorrow cease,
Thee we taste, and all is peace :
Joy divine in thee we prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

I51. *For the Holy Spirit.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine.
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

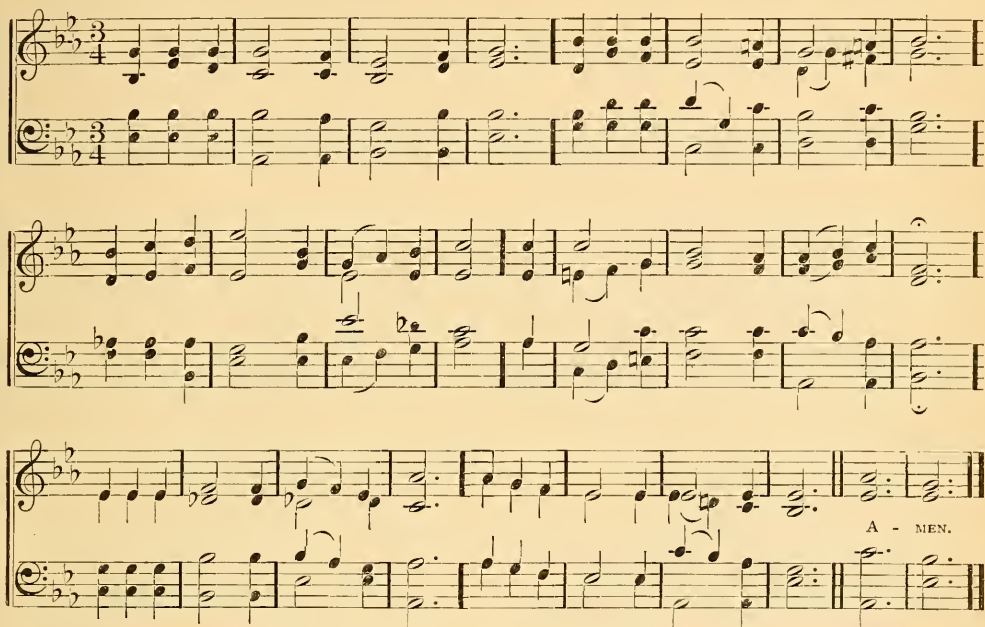
Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart :
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine ;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine. AMEN.

John Stocker. 1771

TRISTITIA. L.M. Six lines.

J. BARNEY.

152. *"The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."*

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Refine and purge our earthly parts,
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts ;
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe ,
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee. AMEN.

Gregory the Great, A.D. 590. Tr. John Dryden.

153. *"The spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."*

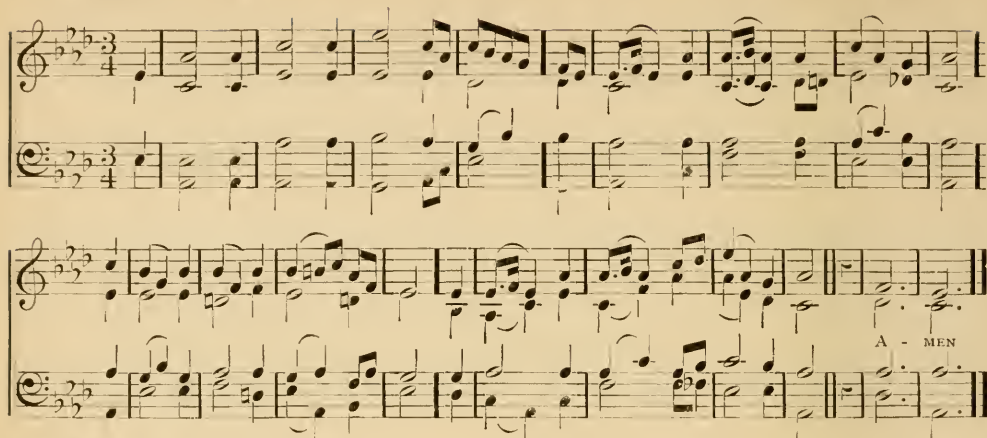
I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind,
Of power to conquer inbred sin.
Of love to Thee and all mankind ;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

Oh that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast ;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !

Charles Wesley.

MOZART. L.M.

Arranged from MOZART.

**I54.***Power and Peace.*

SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
 Upon the water's darkened face,
 Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
 And stir them with an inward grace.
 Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
 All highest Strength, all purest Love,
 The rushing of the mighty wind,
 The brooding of the gentle dove ;
 Come, give us still thy powerful aid,
 And urge us on, and make us thine ;
 Nor leave the hearts that once were made
 Fit temples for thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench thy seven-fold light ;
 But still with softest breathings stir
 Our wayward souls ; and lead us right,
 O Holy Ghost, the Comforter ! AMEN.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

I55.*"Creator Spirit, by whose aid."*

O SOURCE of uncreated light.
 By whom the worlds were raised from night ;
 Come, visit every pious mind ;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy matchless energy ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples worthy thee.

Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
 Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul.

Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire !
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Make us eternal truths receive ;
 Aid us to live as we believe.

Chase from our path each noxious foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in our way. AMEN.

John Dryden. †

I56.*"Come, Creator Spirit."*

OH come, Creator Spirit blest !
 Within these souls of thine to rest ;
 Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
 To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

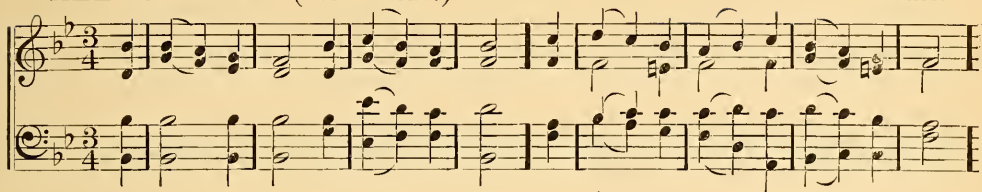
Come, Holy Spirit ! now descend ;
 Most blessed gift which God can send ;
 Thou Fire of Love, and Fount of Life !
 Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

With patience firm and purpose high
 The weakness of our flesh supply ;
 Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love. AMEN.

Gregory the Great. Tr. Edward Caswall.

ALL SAINTS. (WAREHAM.) L.M.

W. KNAPP.

I57. *The Spirit of the Living God.*

O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our degenerate race !

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat. AMEN.

James Montgomery. 1825.

I58. *Prayer for the Holy Spirit.*

COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night, —
The thicker darkness of the mind.

To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals ;
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

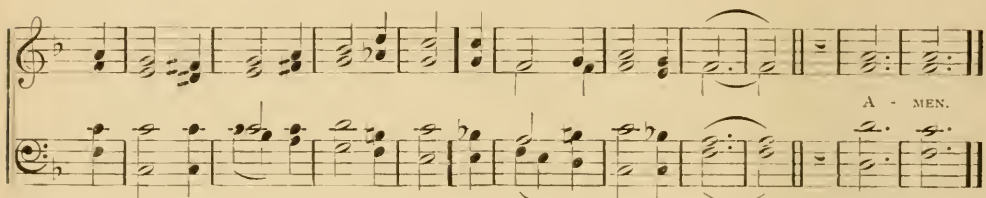
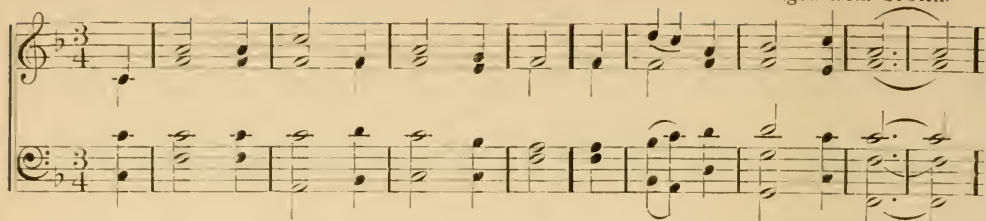
Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God. AMEN.

Benjamin Beddome. 1717-1795.

SPOHR. C.M.

Arranged from SPOHR.

**I59.***Pentecost.*

SPIRIT of truth ! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality !

We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone :
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love. AMEN.

Reginald Heber.

I60. " *He shall give you another Comforter, that
he may abide with you forever.*"

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine ;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Is filled with grace divine.

Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love ;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart ;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace ;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace. AMEN.

*Nahum Tate.***I61.***For Devout Fervor.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.
With all thy quickening powers :
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

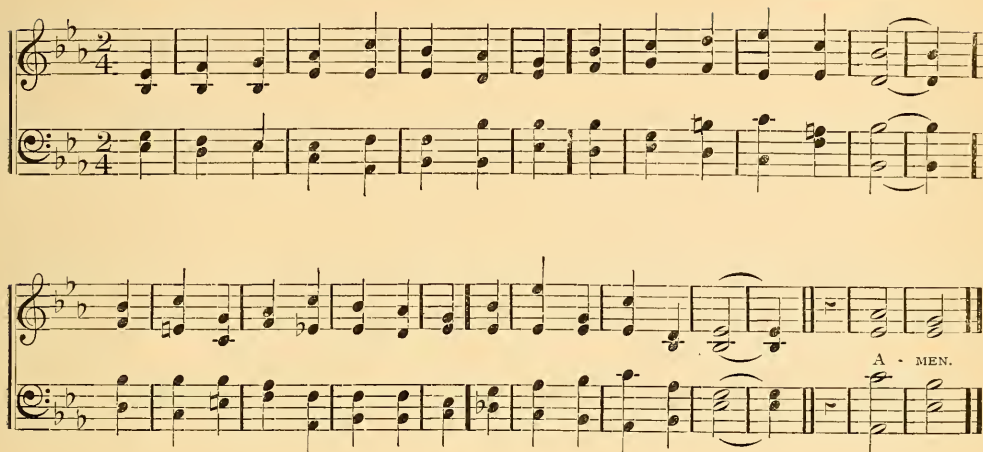
In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come. Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers :
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. AMEN.

Isaac Watts 1719.

HUNTINGDON. (BARNBY, NO. 8.) C.M.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



162.

"Make our hearts thy home."

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
 And make our hearts thy home ;
 Descend with all thy gracious powers ;
 Oh, come, Great Spirit, come !

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
 Like sacrificial flame :
 Let our whole soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
 This consecrated hour ;
 May barrenness rejoice to own
 Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,—
 The wings of peaceful love ;
 And let thy Church on earth become
 Blest as the Church above.

Come as the wind, with rushing sound
 And pentecostal grace,
 That all of woman born may see
 The glory of thy face.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
 And make this world thy home ;
 Descend with all thy gracious powers :
 Oh, come, Great Spirit, come ! AMEN.
 Andrew Reed.

163.

The Power of the Spirit.

Lo ! when the Spirit of our God
 Came down his flock to find,
 A voice from heaven was heard abroad, —
 A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God ; it fills
 The sinful world around :
 Only in stubborn hearts and wills
 No place for it is found.

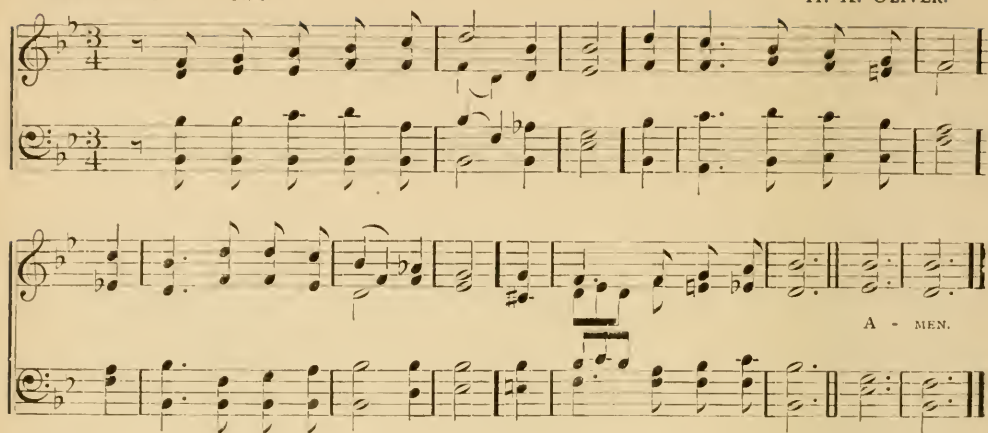
To other strains our souls are set :
 A giddy whirl of sin
 Fills ear and heart, and will not let
 Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come, Lord ; come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,
 Open our ears to hear ;
 Let us not miss the accepted hour :
 Save, Lord, by love or fear. AMEN.

John Keble.

MERTON. C.M.

H. K. OLIVER.

**164.** *The Influences of the Spirit desired.*

GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold, thy servants wait ;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

Oh, shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from' above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.
With speedy flight may he descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge.

165. *"Quicken me, O Lord."*

COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine ;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine !

As the clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll ;

As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

As from the clouds drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode ;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

Horatius Bonar. 1857.

166. *The Lowly are His Delight.*

Thy home is with the humble, Lord !
The simplest are the best :
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts ;
Thou makest there thy rest.

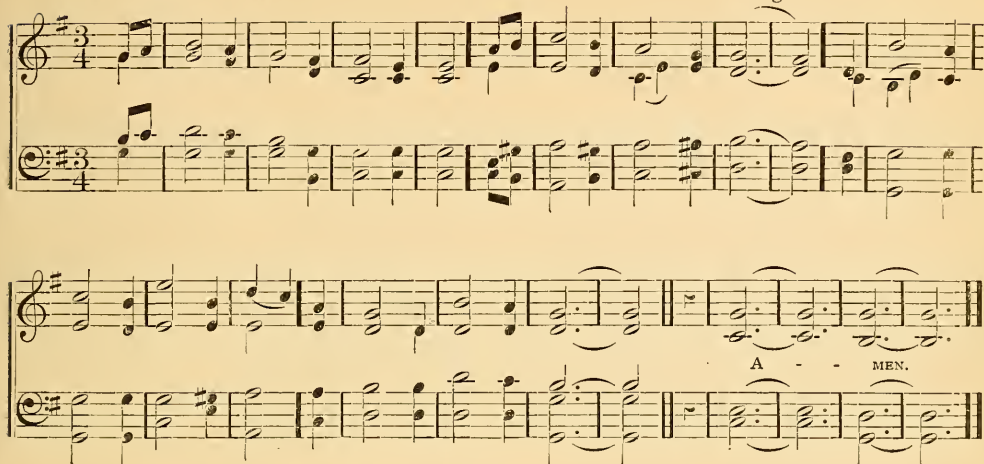
Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly guest ?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

Frederick William Faber. †

MANOAH. C.M.

Arranged from ROSSINI.



167.

The Divine Renewer.

THE glory of the spring how sweet !
 The new-born life how glad !
 What joy the happy earth to greet
 In new, bright raiment clad !

Divine Renewer ! thee I bless ;
 I greet thy going forth ;
 I love thee in the loveliness
 Of thy renewed earth.

But oh, these wonders of thy grace,
 These nobler works of thine,
 These marvels sweeter far to trace,
 These new births more divine !

These sinful souls thou hallowest,
 These hearts thou makest new,
 These mourning souls by thee made blest,
 These faithless hearts made true !

This new-born glow of faith so strong,
 This bloom of love so fair ;
 This new-born ecstasy of song
 And fragrant of prayer.

Creator Spirit, work in me
 These wonders sweet of thine !
 Divine Renewer, graciously
 Renew this heart of mine !

Still let new life and strength upspring,
 Still let new joy be given,
 And grant the glad new song to ring
 Through the new earth and heaven ! AMEN.

Thomas H. Gill.

168.

The Comforter.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
 Brooding with dove-like wings
 Over the helpless and the weak
 Among created things :

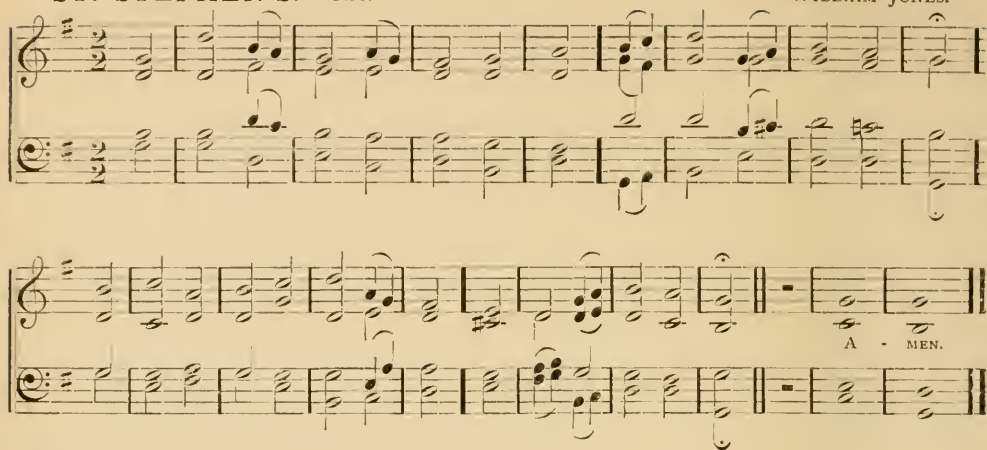
Where should our feebleness find strength,
 Our helplessness a stay,
 Didst thou not bring us strength and help
 And comfort day by day ?

Great are thy consolations, Lord,
 And mighty is thy power,
 In sickness and in solitude,
 In sorrow's darkest hour.

Jane Euphemia Saxby.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C.M.

WILLIAM JONES.



169.

The City of God.

CRy of God, how broad and far
 Outspread thy walls sublime !
 The true thy chartered freemen are,
 Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast, high intent.
 One working band, one harvest-song,
 One King Omnipotent !

How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth !
 How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night,
 With never-fainting ray !
 How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands ;
 Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,
 The Eternal City stands.

Samuel Johnson

170.

The Church Universal.

ONE holy Church of God appears
 Through every age and race,
 Unwasted by the lapse of years,
 Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
 Beneath the pine or palm,
 One Unseen Presence she adores,
 With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
 To serve the world raised up ;
 The pure in heart her baptized ones ;
 Love, her communion-cup.

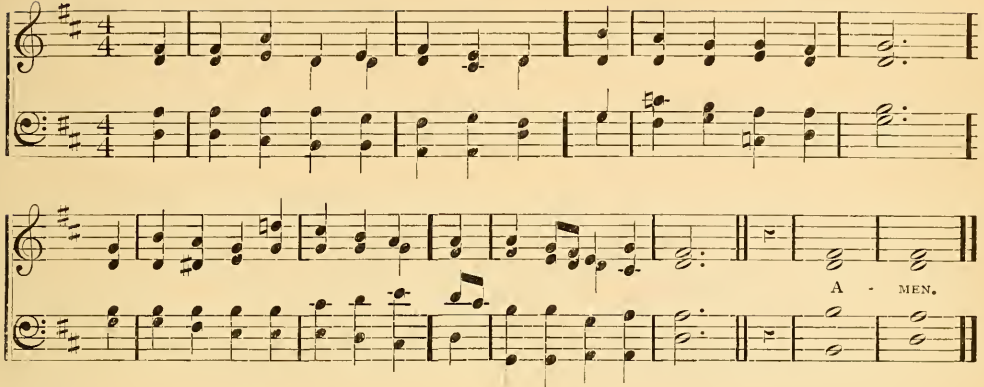
The truth is her prophetic gift,
 The soul her sacred page ;
 And feet on mercy's errands swift
 Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church ! thine errand speed ;
 Fulfil thy task sublime ;
 With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;
 Redeem the evil time ! AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow

ILKLEY. (BARNBY, No. 9.) C.M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



171.

Psalm xxvii.

THE Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires ;
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Isaac Watts.

172.

The Church.

O LORD of life and truth and grace,
Ere nature was begun !
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

We hail the Church, built high o'er all
The heathen's rage and scoff, —
Thy Providence its fenced wall,
“ The Lamb the light thereof.”

Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat,
Through sorrows and through scars ;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

Oh, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love ;
A brightness o'er this lower sphere, —
A ray from worlds above.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

173.

The Bond of Love.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives, —
His blessed word of love.

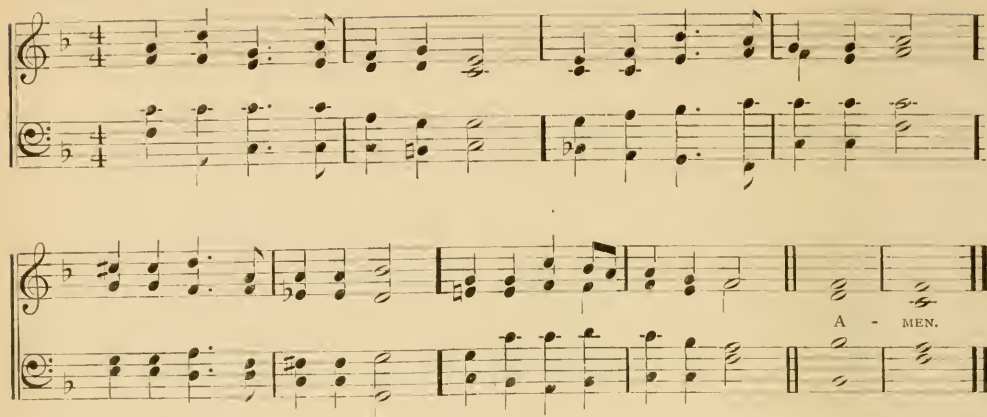
O bond of union, strong and deep !
O bond of perfect peace !
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours ;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow.

EVERMORE. 7-7:7-7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

I74. *Confirmation Hymn.*
"That they may continue thine forever."

Thine forever : God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above ;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine forever : — Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife :
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine forever : oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest !
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.

Thine forever : Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

Thine forever : thou our guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. AMEN.

Mary Fowler Maude. 1848.

I75. *Jesus our Leader.*

Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die ?
Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
Who shall lead thy child to thee ?

Heavenly Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy blessed Son :
He will give the light I need ;
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever learn of him ;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

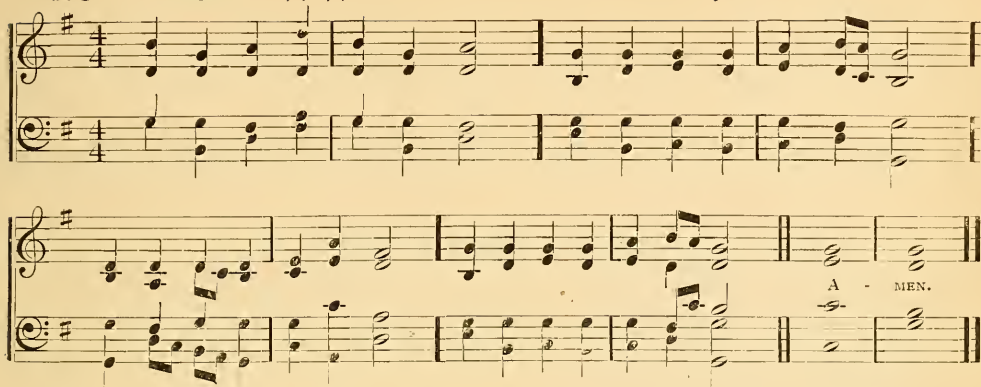
Thus, in deed and thought and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die ; —

Learn to live in peace and love.
Like the perfect ones above ;
Learn to die without a fear.
Knowing thee, my Father, near.

William Henry Furness.

NUREMBURG. 7-7 : 7-7.

JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE.



I76.

Of one Heart and Mind.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee ;
 Let us in thy name agree ;
 Show thyself the Prince of peace ;
 Bid our jars forever cease.

By thy reconciling love,
 Every stumbling-block remove ;
 Each to each unite, endear,
 Come, and spread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.

Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in thee abide ;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

I77.

"I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me."

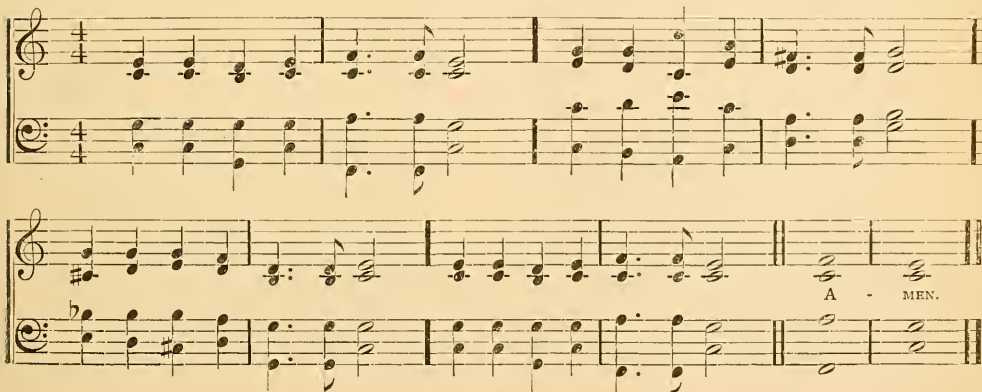
NEVER further than thy cross ;
 Never higher than thy feet ;
 Here earth's precious things seem dross ;
 Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Here we learn to serve and give,
 And, rejoicing, self deny ;
 Here we gather love to live,
 Here we gather faith to die.

Elizabeth Charles.

REST. 7-7 : 7-7.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



VOX DILECTI. C.M. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

Small notes for Organ.

A - MEN.

178.

"He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst."

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest :
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in him a resting-place,
 And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water : thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink and live !"

I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light ;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright !"

I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar.

PETERBOROUGH. (ENGLISH.) L.M. Double.

From the Church Psalm and
Hymn Book.

AMEN.

179.

"Put on the whole armor of God."

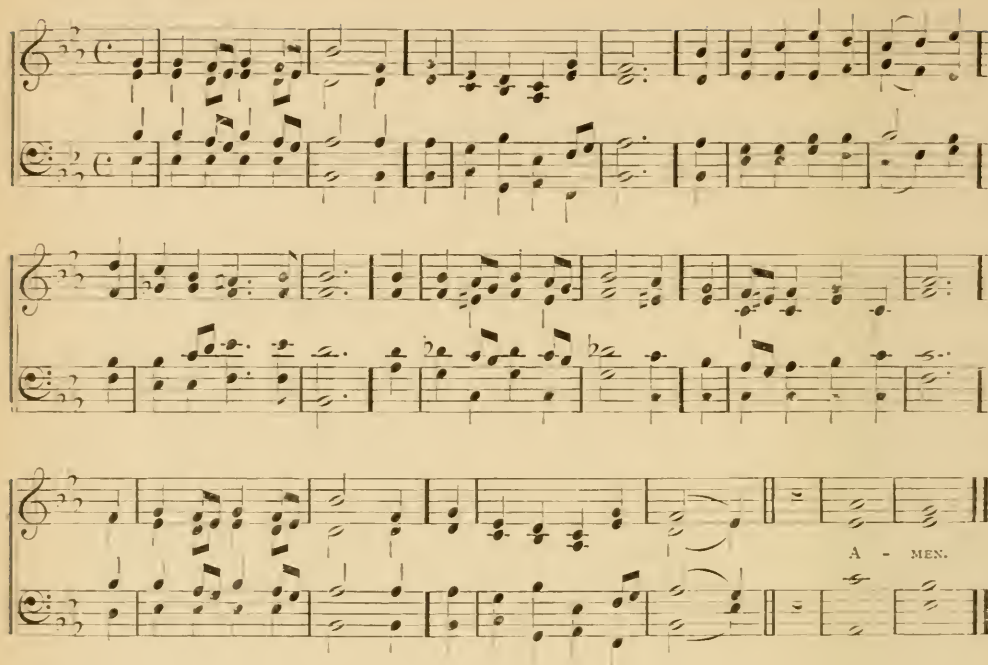
ARM these thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
 With shield of faith and Spirit's sword ;
 Forth to the battle may they go,
 And boldly fight against the foe,
 With banner of the cross unfurled,
 And by it overcome the world ;
 And so at last receive from thee
 The palm and crown of victory.

Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
 And make thy servants' hearts thy home ;
 Thus consecrated, Lord, to thee,
 May each a living temple be ;
 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
 With seven-fold gifts of grace divine :
 With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
 Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness. AMEN.

Christopher Wordsworth.

LUX MUNDI. 7.6. Double.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



180.

"Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden."

"Come unto me, ye weary,
 And I will give you rest."
 O blessed voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to hearts oppressed !
 It tells of benediction,
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,
 Of joy that hath no ending,
 Of love which cannot cease.

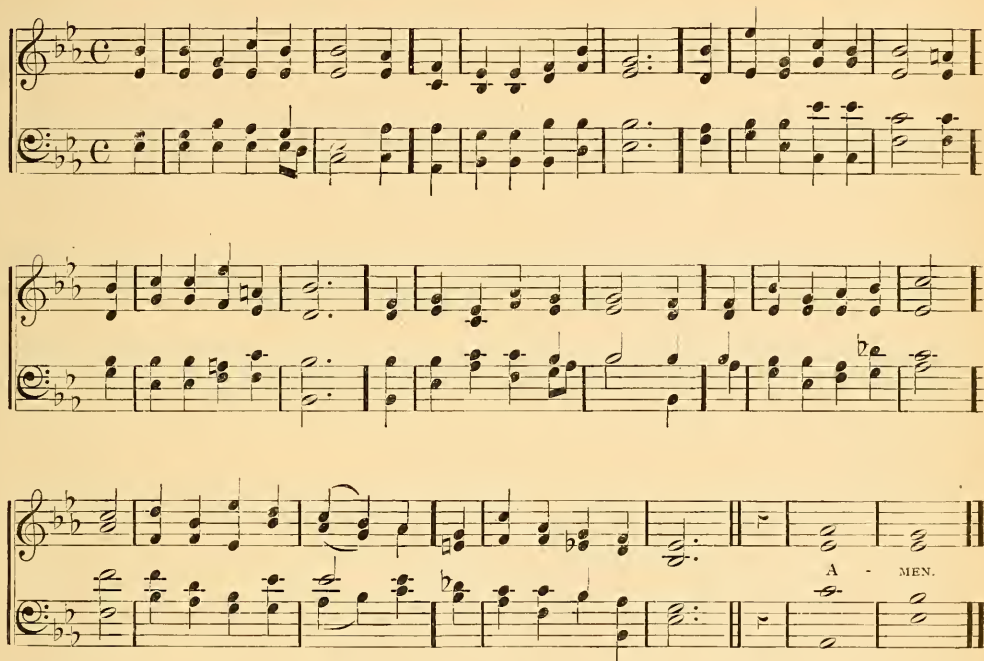
"Come unto me, ye wanderers,
 And I will give you light."
 O loving voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to cheer the night !
 Our hearts were filled with sadness,
 And we had lost our way,
 But he has brought us gladness,
 And songs at break of day.

"Come unto me, ye fainting,
 And I will give you life."
 O cheering voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to aid our strife !
 The foe is stern and eager,
 The fight is fierce and long,
 But he has made us mighty,
 And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh
 I will not cast him out."
 O welcome voice of Jesus
 Which drives away our doubt !
 Which calls us very sinners,
 Unworthy though we be
 Of love so free and boundless,
 To come, dear Lord, to thee.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, No. 620. 7.6. Double.

HENRY SMART.



181.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me ; and where I am, there shall also my servant be."

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve thee to the end ;
Be thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend ;
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If thou wilt be my Guide.

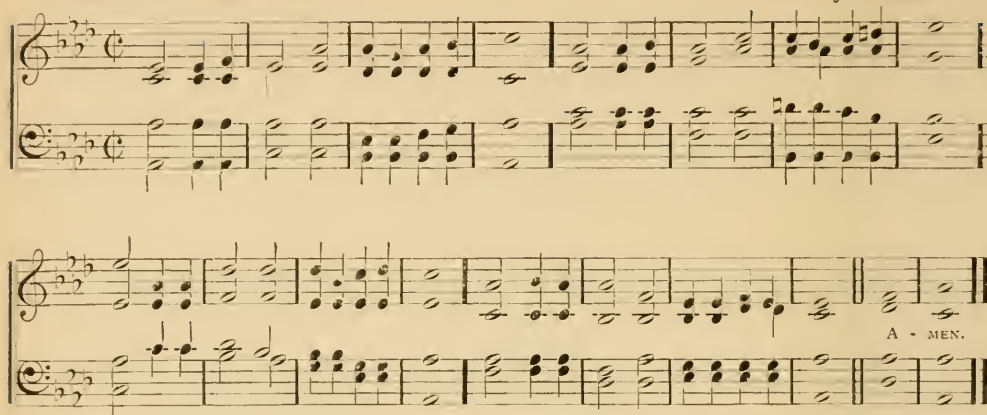
Oh, let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will ;
Oh, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control ;
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end ;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend

Oh, let me see thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. AMEN.

ELLERS. 10.10 : 10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.



182.

Humble Confession.

Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
 With trembling hand that from thy table fall,
 A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
 To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
 Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board ;
 Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
 I only ask one reconciling word.

My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
 My prayer can only lose itself in thee ;
 Dwell thou forever in my heart, and there,
 Lord ! let me sup with thee ; sup thou with me. AMEN.

E. H. Bickersteth.

183.

After Communion.

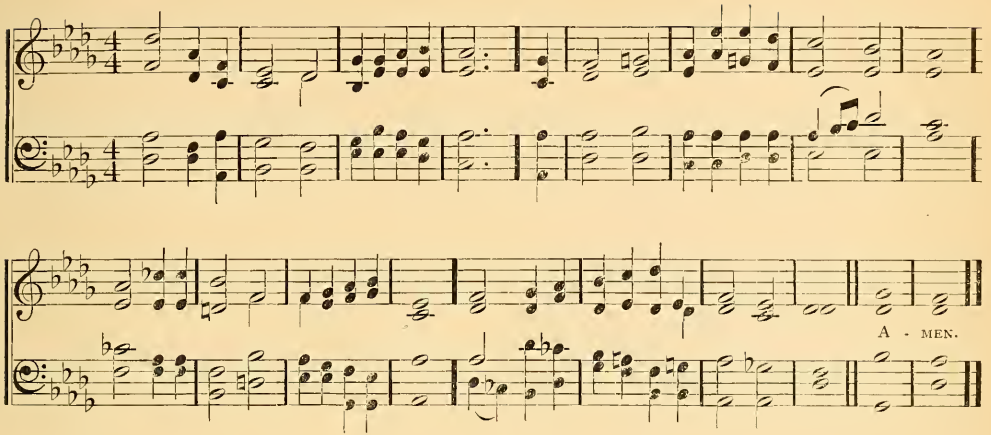
Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
 The feast, though not the love, is past and gone :
 The bread and wine remove, but thou art here,
 Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
 Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar.

JERSEY. (BARNBY, NO. 10.) 10.10:10.10.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



184.

Communion.

Tune, Cœna Domini.

THOU art the Bread of heaven, on thee we feed ;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

Oh, come and cheer us with thy heavenly grace,
Reveal the brightness of thy glorious face.

In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and Guide.

Oh, lead us daily with thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above. AMEN.

Thomas R. Birks.

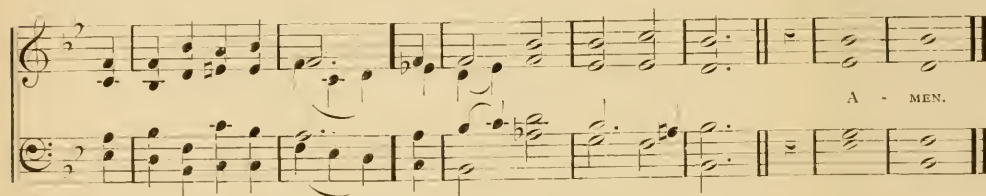
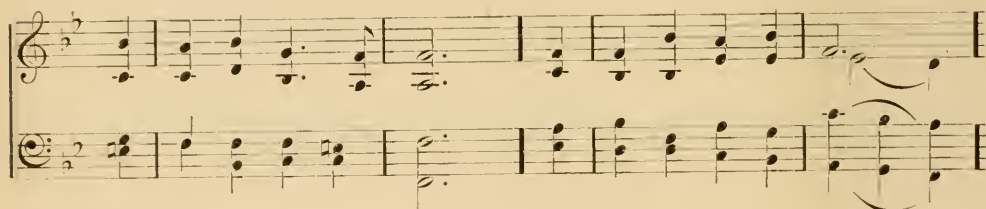
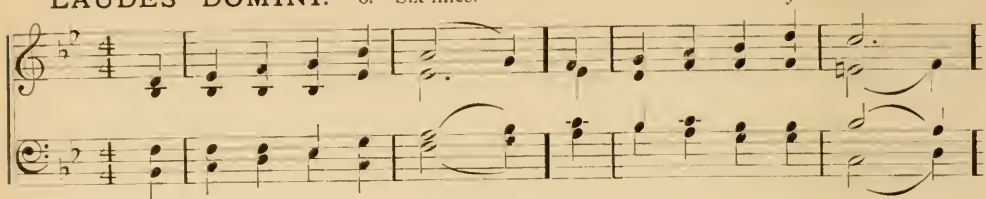
CŒNA DOMINI. 10.10.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



LAUDES DOMINI. 6. Six lines.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



185.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;

Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
When in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

Francis Turner Palgrave.

SACRAMENT. 9.8:9.8.

E. J. HOPKINS.



186.

"Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life."

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead ;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed. AMEN.

Reginald Heber.

187.

"Feed my sheep."

SON of the living God ! oh, call us
Once and again to follow thee ;
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

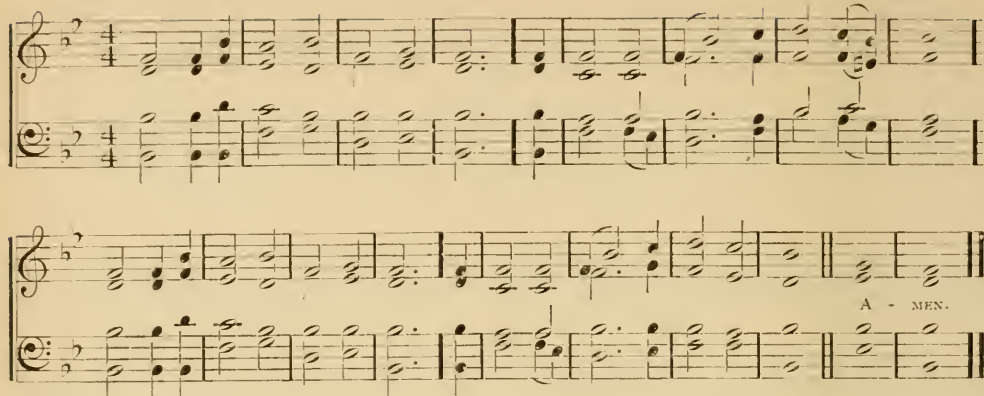
And if our coward hearts deny thee,
In inmost thought, or deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

Oh, strengthen thou our weak endeavor
Thee in thy sheep to serve and tend ;
To give ourselves to thee forever,
And find thee with us to the end.

Henry A. Martin.

WARD. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.

**I88.** *The Memorial of our Absent Lord*

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

Isaac Watts.

I89. *"Do this in remembrance of me."*

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes ;
Before the mournful scene began.
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake :
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !

"This is my body, broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food ;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine :
" 'T is the new covenant in my blood."

"Do this," he cried, "till time shall end.
In memory of your dying Friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate ;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

I90. *The Communion of Saints.*

OH, make on earth all churches one.
All one with churches gone before ;
All knit in sweet communion,
To love thee, worship, and adore.

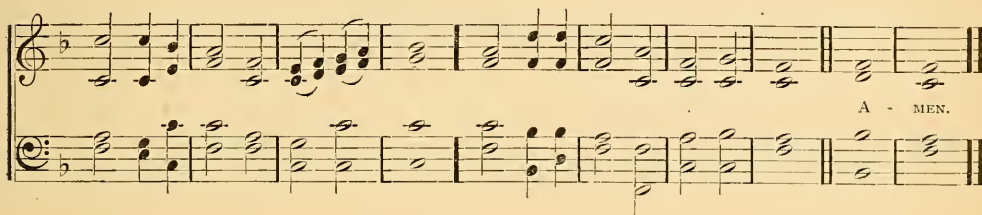
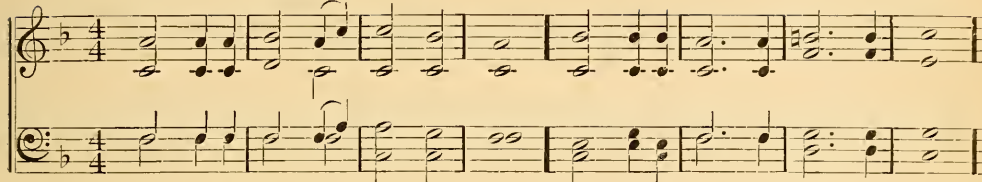
One with our brethren here in love,
And one with saints that are at rest,
And one with angel-hosts above,
And one with God forever blest.

For love is life, and life is love,
And thou thyself art Love and Life ;
And we in thee shall live and move,
If thou wilt keep us free from strife.

Isaac Williams.

FEDERAL STREET. L.M.

H. K. OLIVER.



191.

"Abide with us."

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts !
 Thou Fount of life ! thou Light of men !
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
 Thou savest those that on thee call ;
 To them that seek thee, thou art good ;
 To them that find thee, all in all.

We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
 And long to feast upon thee still ;
 We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
 And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
 Glad, when thy gracious smile we see ;
 Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay ;
 Make all our moments calm and bright ;
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world thy holy light ! AMEN.

St. Bernard. Tr. by Ray Palmer.

192.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

JESUS, and can it ever be, —
 A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
 Scorned be the thought by rich and poor ;
 My soul shall scorn it more and more.

Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star.
 Ashamed of Jesus ! Just as soon
 Let midnight blush to think of noon.

'Tis evening with my soul, till he,
 That morning star, bids darkness flee ;
 He sheds the beams of noon divine
 O'er all this midnight soul of mine.

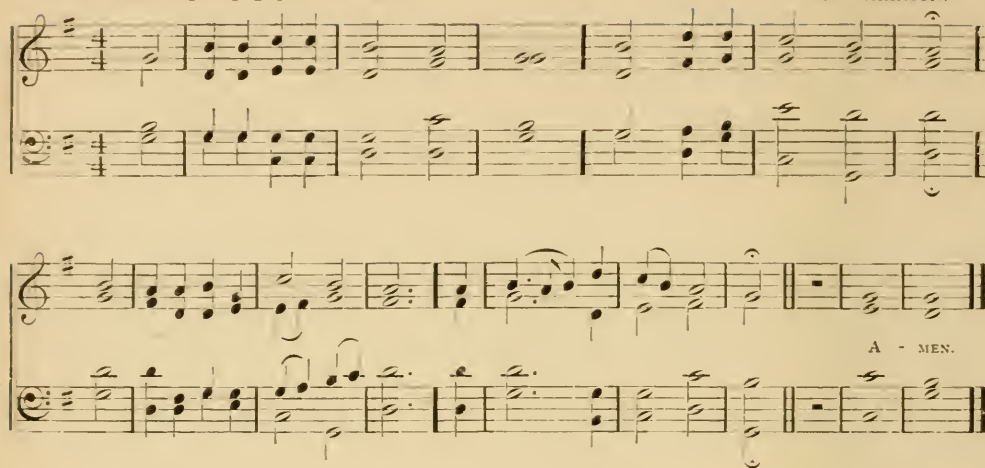
Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
 No : when I blush, be this my shame, —
 That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may
 When I've no sins to cast away.
 No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
 And no immortal soul to save.

Joseph Grigg. 1765.

PETERBOROUGH. C.M.

R. HARRISON.



A - MEN.

193. "In remembrance of me."
"How he was known of them in breaking of bread."

"REMEMBER me," the Saviour said,
 On that forsaken night,
 When from his side his nearest fled,
 And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages' track
 The world remembers yet ;
 With love and worship gazes back,
 And never can forget.

But who of us has seen his face,
 Or heard the words he said?
 And none can now his look retrace,
 In breaking of the bread.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen.
 But yet believe him still !
 They know him, when his praise they mean,
 And when they do his will.

We hear his truth along our way,
 We see his light above,
 Remember when we strive and pray,
 Remember when we love.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

194. "The thought of Thee."

JESUS, the very thought of thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame.
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind !

O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall, how kind thou art !
 How good to those who seek !

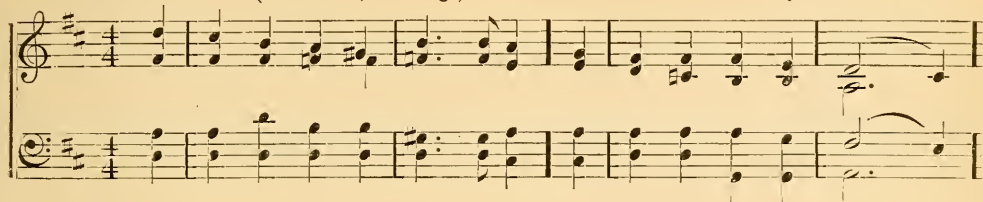
But what to those who find? Ah ! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou.
 As thou our prize wilt be :
 In thee be all our glory now,
 And through eternity. AMEN.

St. Bernard. Tr. E. Caswall.

CONISTON. (BARNBY, No. 3.) C.M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



195.

Made Perfect in Love.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into one name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove :
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love !

Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove ;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

Charles Wesley.

196.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place.
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

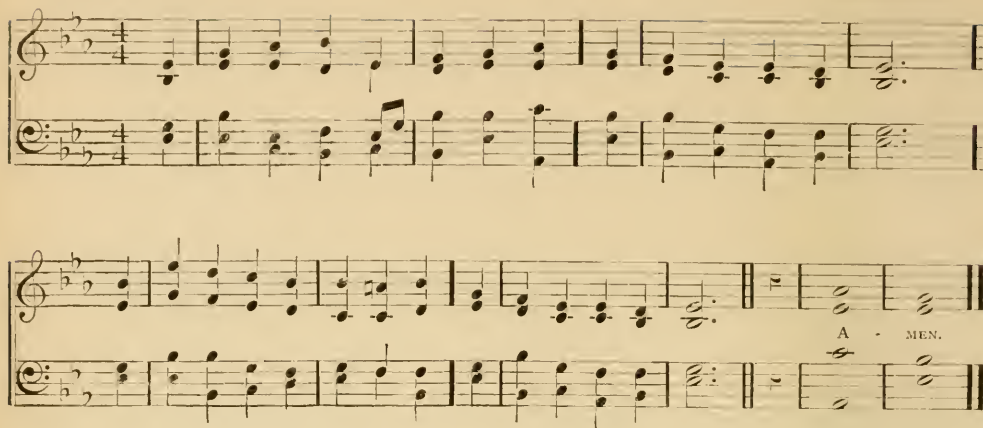
Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought :
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. AMEN.

John Newton.

DUNDEE. C.M.

Scotch Psalter.



197.

Remembrance of Christ.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord, —
 I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.

Gethsemane can I forget,
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee ?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
 I must remember thee : —

Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me !
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee ;
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come, —
 Jesus, remember me ! AMEN.

James Montgomery.

198.

"I am the bread of life."

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
 Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
 With manna in the wilderness,
 With water from the rock.

Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
 As thou when here below,
 Our souls the joys celestial seek
 Which from thy sorrows flow.

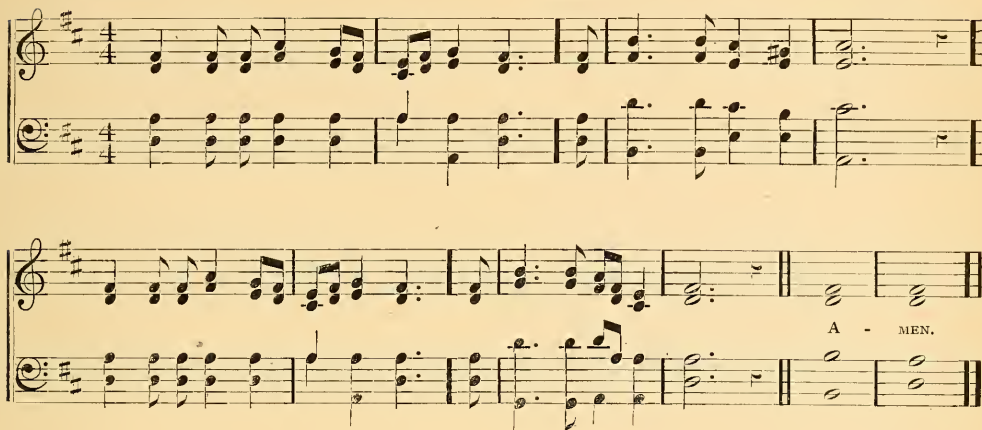
We would not live by bread alone,
 But by that word of grace,
 In strength of which we travel on
 To our abiding-place.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
 But do not then depart ;
 Saviour, abide with us, and spread
 Thy table in our heart. AMEN.

Charles Wesley. (?)

NAOMI. C.M.

Arranged from NÄGELI by LOWELL MASON.



199.

"Know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

200.

"I am the light of the world."

O JESUS ! Light of all below !
Thou Fount of life and fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire, —

May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore ;
And seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more !

When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine ;
Then earthly vanities depart ;
Then kindles love divine.

Thee may our tongues forever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own. AMEN.

Saint Bernard. Tr. E. Caswall.

201.

"As I have loved you, even so love one another."

Oh, here, if ever, God of love !
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

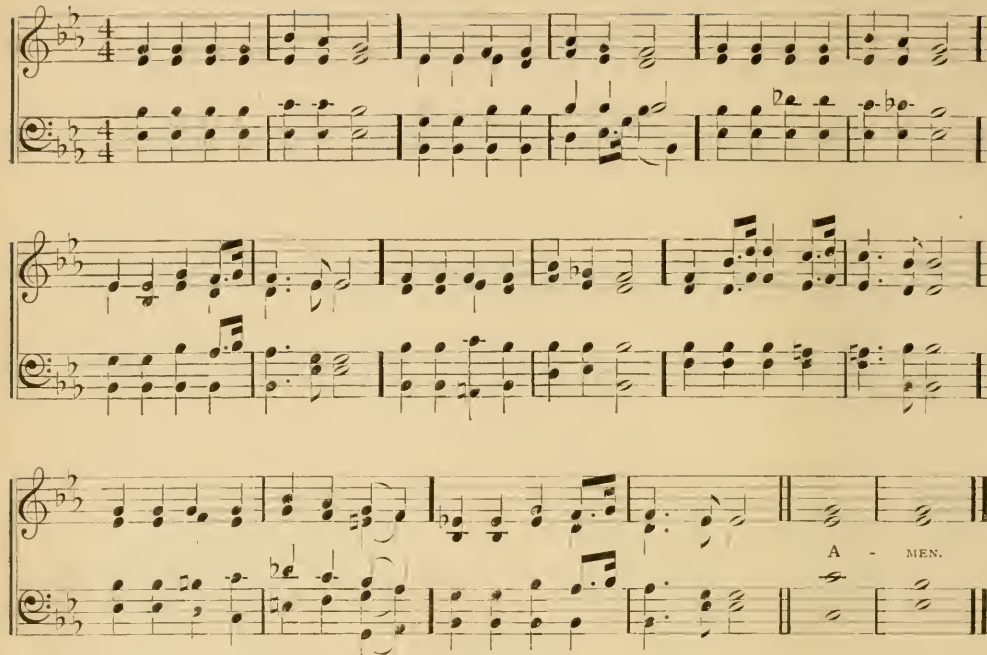
No, gracious Master ! not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

"Thy kingdom come : " we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

Emily Taylor.

BLUMENTHAL. 7. Double.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.



202.

"Thou lover of souls."

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

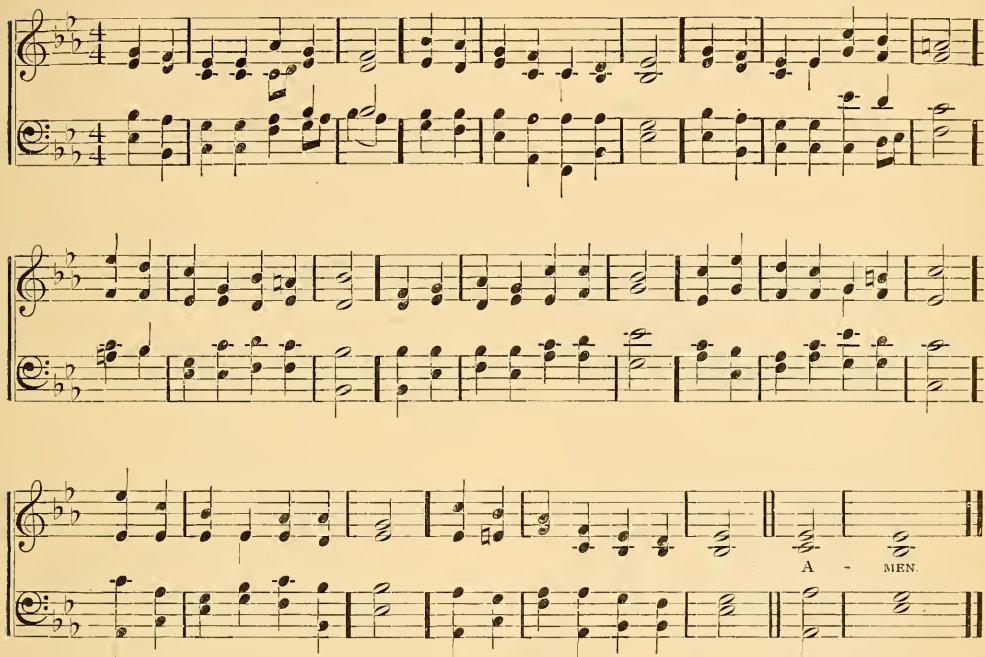
Wilt thou not regard my call ?
 Wilt thou not accept my prayer ?
 Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall !
 Lo, on thee I cast my care.
 Reach me out thy gracious hand !
 While I of thy strength receive,
 Hoping against hope I stand,
 Dying, and behold I live !

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity. AMEN.

Charles Wesley

REFUGE. 7. Double.

HENRY SMART.

203. *"I am the resurrection and the life."*

LORD, in thee I place my trust ;
 Thou art my defence and tower ;
 Death thou treadest in the dust,
 O'er my soul he hath no power.
 That I may have part in thee
 Help and save and comfort me,
 Give me of thy grace and might,
 Resurrection, life, and light.

Fount of Good, within me dwell,
 For the peace thy presence sheds
 Keeps us safe in conflict fell,
 Charms the pain from dying beds.
 Hide me close within thine arm,
 Where no foe can hurt or harm ;
 Whoso, Lord, in thee doth rest,
 He hath conquered, he is blest.

Johann Heermann. 1644.

204. *"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."*

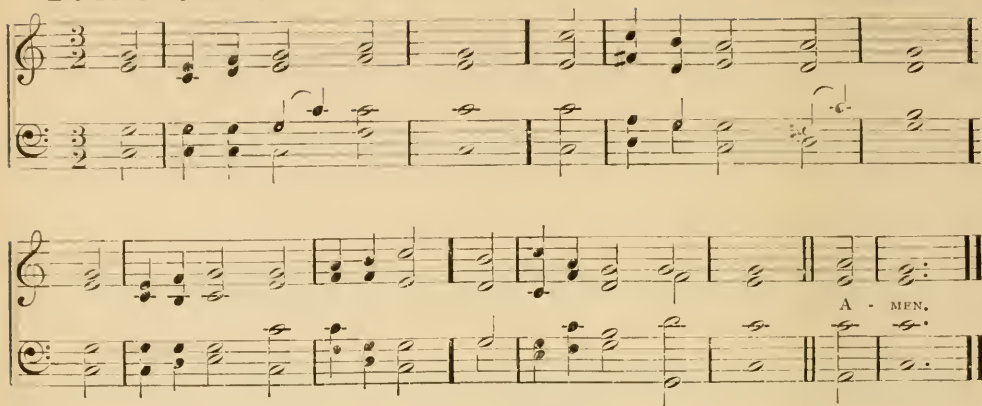
'Tis my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss :
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all, —
 This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil :
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :
 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low and keep me there.

William Cowper.

BOYLSTON. S.M.

LOWELL MASON.



205.

Baptism of a Child.

To thee, O God in heaven !
 This little one we bring ;
 Giving to thee what thou hast given, —
 Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil
 These little feet will roam,
 Where sin its purity may soil,
 Where care and grief may come.

Oh, then, let thy pure love,
 With influence serene,
 Come down, like water, from above,
 To comfort and make clean ! AMEN.

James Freeman Clarke.

206.

Baptism of Children.

To him who children blessed,
 And suffered them to come, —
 To him who took them to his breast,
 We bring these children home.

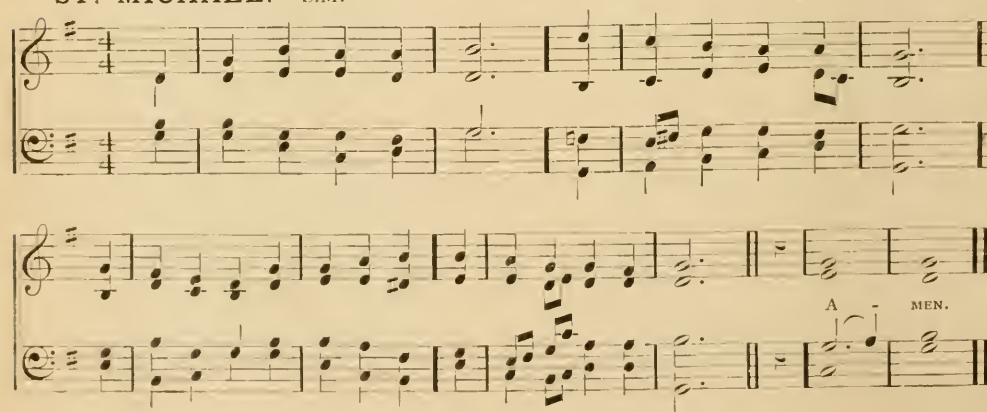
To thee, O God, whose face
 Their spirits still behold,
 We bring them, praying that thy grace
 May keep, thine arms enfold.

And as this water falls
 On each unconscious brow,
 Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
 To keep them pure as now. AMEN.

James Freeman Clarke.

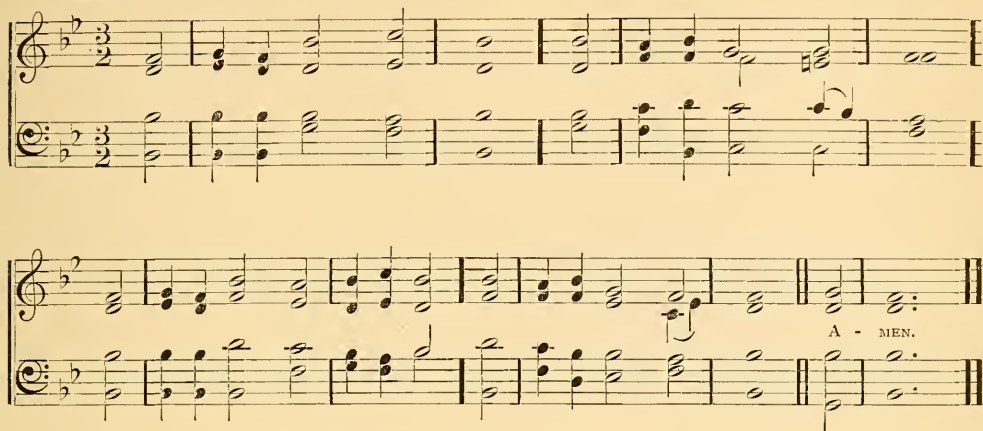
ST. MICHAEL. S.M.

From the Genevan Psalter.



OLMUTZ. S.M.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.



207.

"He gave thanks."

THE Son of God gave thanks
Before the bread he broke ;
How high that calm devotion ranks
Among the words he spoke !

Thanks, 'mid those troubled men ;
Thanks, in that dismal hour ;
The world's dark prince advancing then
In all his rage and power.

Thanks, o'er that loaf's dread sign ;
Thanks, o'er that bitter food ;
And o'er the cup, that was not wine,
But sorrow, fear, and blood.

And shall our griefs resent
What God appoints as best,
When he, in all things innocent,
Was yet in all distressed ?

Shall we unthankful be
For all our blessings round,
When in that press of agony
Such room for thanks he found ?

Oh, shame us, Lord, — whate'er
The fortunes of our days, —
If, suffering, we are weak to bear,
If, favored, slow to praise !

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

208.

Communion with God and Christ.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

God pities all my griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

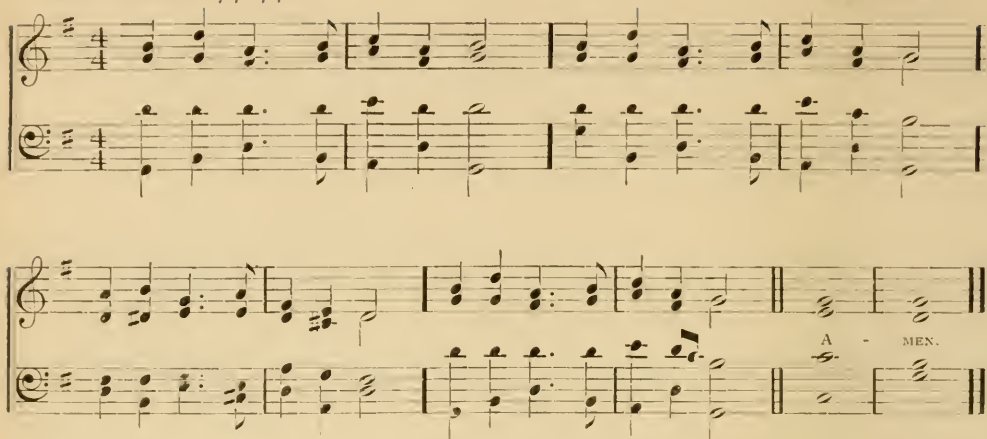
Jesus, my living Head,
I bless thy faithful care ;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.

Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

PLEYEL. 7-7 : 7-7.

IGNAZ PLEYEL.



209.

The Bread of Heaven.

BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed :
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread.

Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice :
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
 To thy cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of him who died ;
 Lord of life, oh, let us be
 Rooted, grafted, built on thee ! AMEN.

Josiah Conder. 1824.

210.

"Where two or three are met together in my name."

JESUS, we thy promise claim ;
 We are met in thy great name :
 In the midst do thou appear ;
 Manifest thy presence here !

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
 Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace ;
 Thou thyself within us move ;
 Make our feast a feast of love.

Plant in us thy humble mind.
 Patient, pitiful, and kind ;
 Meek and lowly let us be, —
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

Make us all in thee complete ;
 Make us all for glory meet, —
 Meet to appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

211.

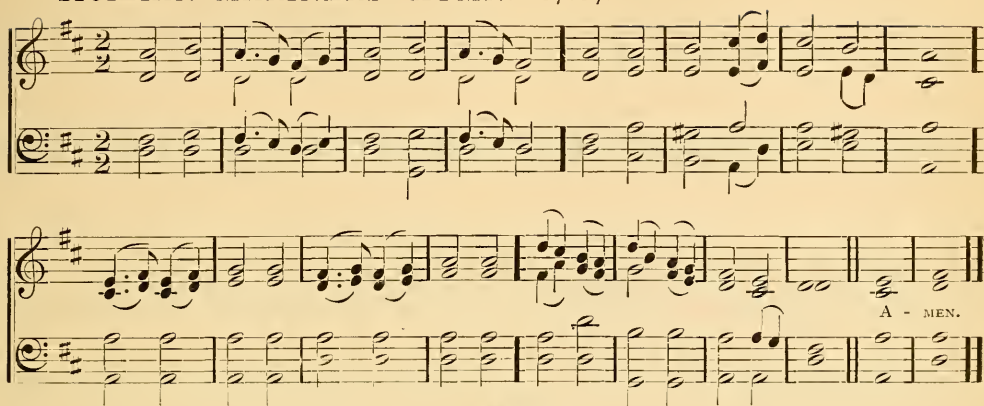
"Lovest thou me ?"

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord :
 'Tis thy Saviour : hear his word.
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, —
 "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?

"I delivered thee when bound,
 And when wounded healed thy wound ;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right ;
 Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care,
 Cease toward the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN. 8.7:8.7.



"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be :
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore :
Oh for grace to love thee more ! AMEN.

William Cowper.

212.

Close of Communion.

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head !

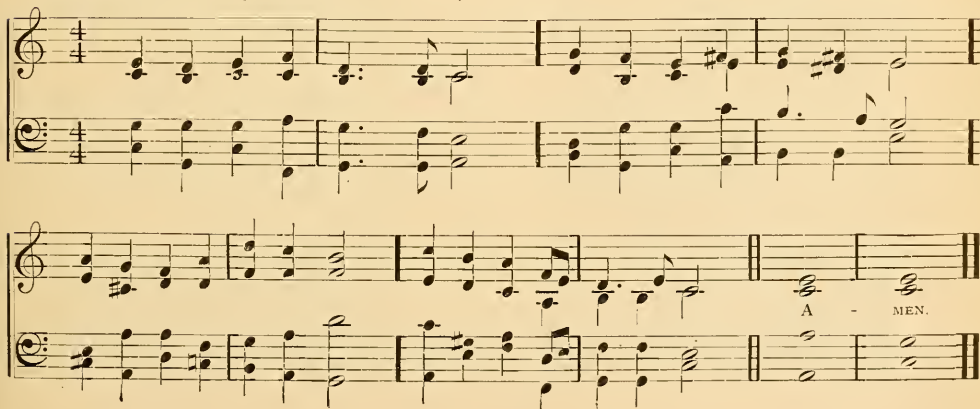
His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear !
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere !

Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

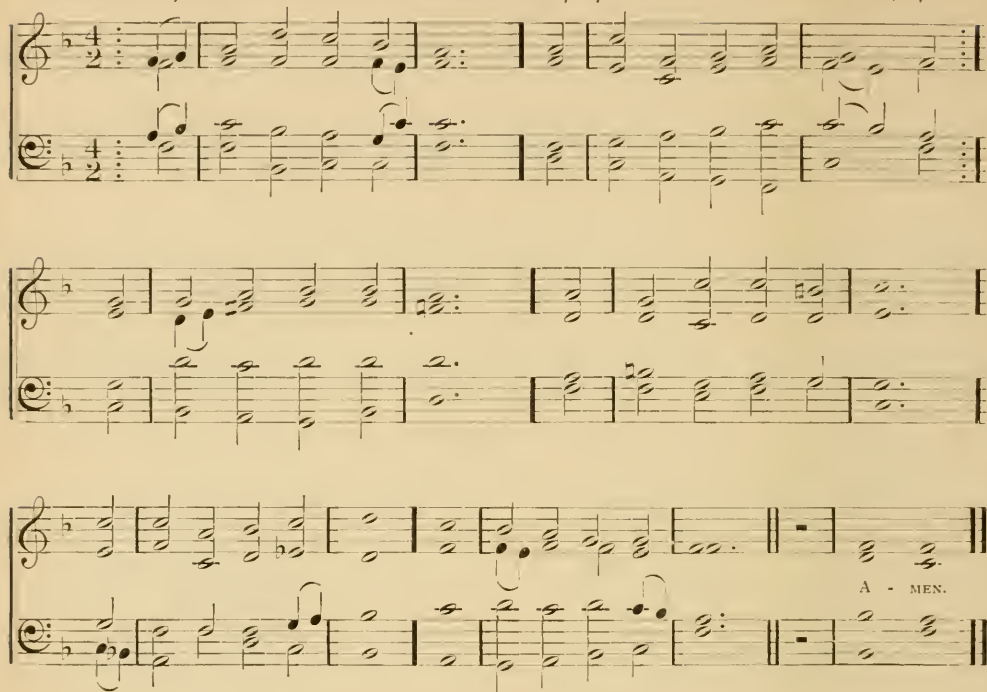
Exeter Collection.

KESWICK. (BARNBY, No. 11.) 7.7:7.7.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



O GOTT, DU FROMMER GOTT. 6.7.6.7:6.6.6.6. From the German, 1711.



213.

"Forsake me not, O God of my salvation."

FORSAKE me not, my God,
 Thou God of my salvation !
 Give me thy light to be
 My sure illumination.
 My soul to folly turns,
 Seeking she knows not what :
 Oh, lead her to thyself ;
 My God, forsake me not !

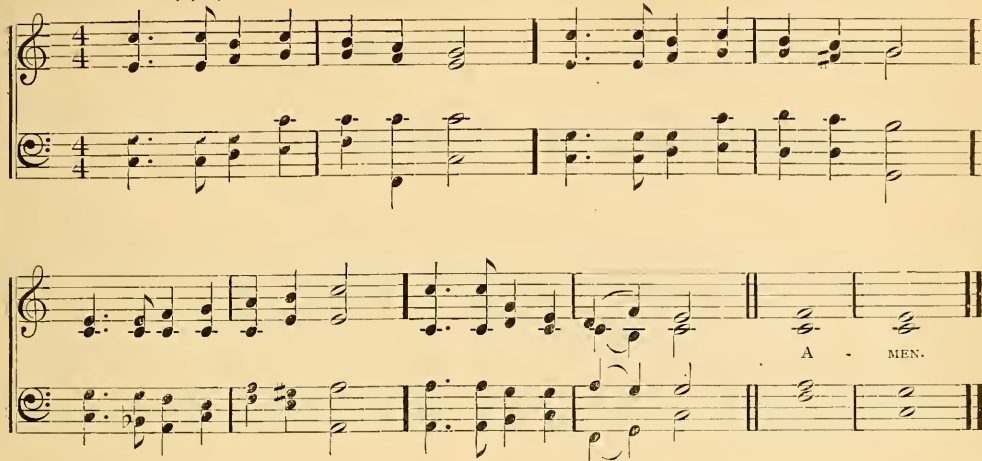
Forsake me not, my God,
 Thou God of life and power !
 Enliven, strengthen me,
 In every evil hour :
 And when the sinful fire
 Within my heart is hot,
 Be not thou far from me ;
 My God, forsake me not.

Forsake me not, my God !
 Uphold me in my going,
 That evermore I may
 Please thee in all well-doing ;
 And that thy will, O Lord,
 May never be forgot
 In all my works and ways ;
 My God, forsake me not !

Forsake me not, my God !
 I would be thine forever :
 Confirm me mightily
 In every right endeavor :
 And when my hour is come,
 Cleansed from all stain and spot
 Of sin, receive my soul !
 My God, forsake me not ! AMEN.

HOPE. 7-7:7.6.

W. H. MONK.



214. "O Lord, hear ; O Lord, forgive."

FATHER, hear thy children's call :
 Humbly at thy feet we fall,
 Prodigals, confessing all :
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Blind, we pray that we may see,
 Bound, we pray to be made free,
 Stained, we pray for sanctity :
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Thou, who hear'st each contrite sigh,
 Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
 Willing not that one should die,
 We beseech thee, hear us.

By the love that longs to bless,
 Pitying our sore distress,
 Leading us to holiness,
 We beseech thee, hear us.

By the love which speaks within,
 Calling us to flee from sin,
 And the joy of goodness win,
 We beseech thee, hear us. AMEN.

Thomas B. Pollock.

215. "Be renewed in the spirit of your mind."

GRANT us faith to know thee near,
 Hail thy grace, thy judgment fear,
 And through trial persevere :
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Grant us hope from earth to rise,
 And to strain with eager eyes
 Toward the promised heavenly prize :
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Grant us love thy love to own,
 Love to live for thee alone,
 And the power of grace make known :
 We beseech thee, hear us.

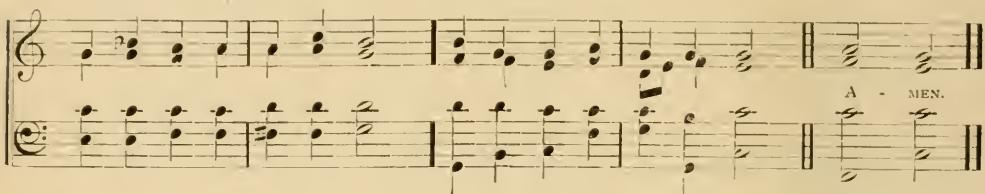
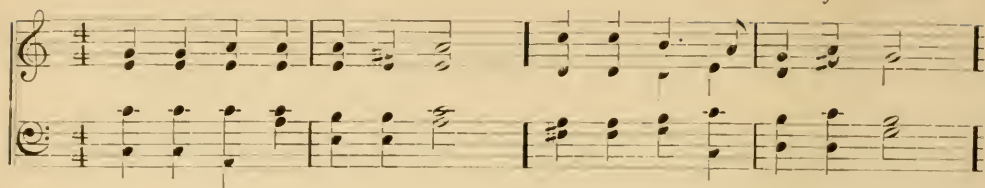
All our weak endeavors bless,
 As we ever onward press,
 Till we perfect holiness ;
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Lead us daily nearer thee,
 Till at last thy face we see,
 Crowned with thine own purity :
 We beseech thee, hear us. AMEN.

Thomas B. Pollock

SUBMISSION. 7-7-7-7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



216.

"Forgive us our trespasses."

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs :
Listen to thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

Deep our shame for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;

Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.

These and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from thee alone.

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
Oh, restore thy suppliant ones.
Thou to whom all grace belongs ! AMEN.

John Taylor.

217.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

COME, says Jesus' sacred voice, —
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home :
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Long to see the morning rise :

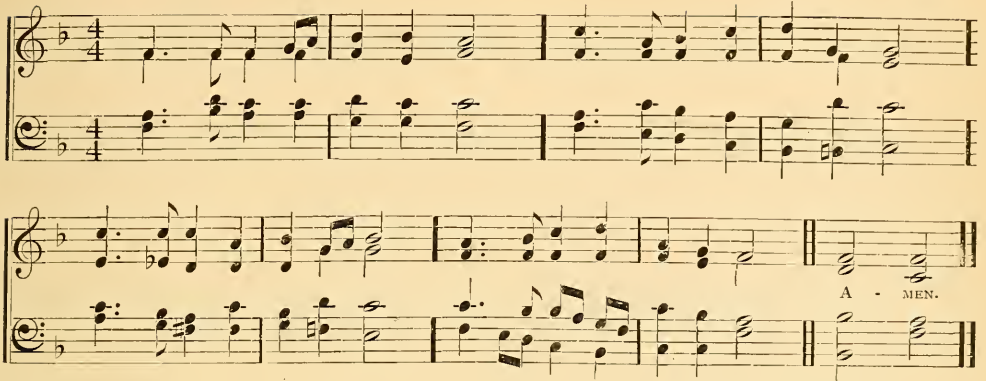
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn.
In remorse for guilt who mourn, —
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

Sinner, come ; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

GLEBE FIELD. 7-7:7-7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



218.

"Father, I have sinned."

LOVE for all ! and can it be ?
Can I hope it is for me ?
I, who strayed so long ago, —
Strayed so far, and fell so low !

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild ;
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam !

To my Father can I go ? —
At his feet myself I 'll throw :
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See ! my Father waiting stands ;
See ! he reaches out his hands :
God is love ! I know, I see !
There is love for me, — even me !

Samuel Longfellow.

219.

"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."

WHEN across the inward thought
Comes the emptiness of life,
And it seems that earth has nought
But a vain and weary strife ;

All to do, and nothing done ;
Useless days fast fleeting by ;
Wanderings many, progress none ;
Faltering steps by fountains dry, —

Shall we, in that hapless mood,
Fainting, fall beside the way ?
Help us, Giver of all good ;
Teach thy wretched ones to pray.

Oh, forgive our faithless mind ;
Raise us from our low estate ;
Breathe in us the will to find
Higher life in small and great ! AMEN.

Henry George Tomkins. 1855.

220.

To the Prodigal Son.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war ?
Turn thee, brother : homeward come.

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave ?
Squandered life's most golden hours ?
Turn thee, brother : God can save.

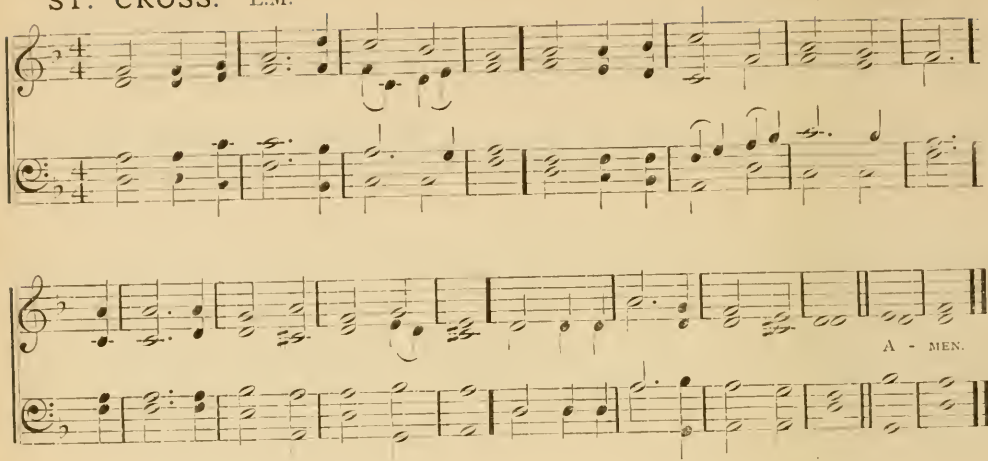
Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul ?
Discontent upon thy brow ?
Turn thee : God will make thee whole.

Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear,
Seek him while he may be found,
Call upon him, — he is near.

James Freeman Clarke.

ST. CROSS. L.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



221.

Seeking Pardon and Aid. Ps. li.

CREATE my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight :
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Isaac Watts.

222.

"Remember not mine iniquities."

O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart ;
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget ;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.

O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move ;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

Charles Wesley.

223.

"To be made perfect in Divine Love."

OH that my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love !
Oh that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove !

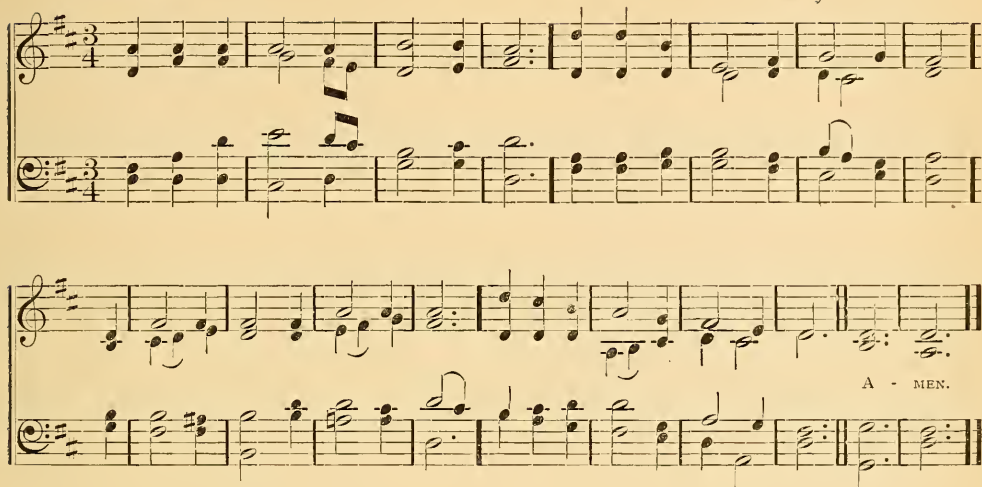
Father, I dwell in mournful night,
Till thou dost in my heart appear :
Arise, propitious Sun, and light
An everlasting morning there.

Oh, let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down ;
Eyesight impart, for I am blind,
And seal me thine adopted son ! AMEN.

A. M. Toplady. 1759.

RIVAUUX. L.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

224. *"What hast thou done for God?"*

My soul ! what hast thou done for God ?
 Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;
 Sum up what thou hast done for God,
 And then what God hath done for thee.

He made thee when he might have made
 A soul that would have loved him more ;
 He rescued thee from nothingness,
 And set thee on life's happy shore.

He placed an angel at thy side,
 And strewed joys round thee on thy way ;
 He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,
 And life, free life, before thee lay.

And now the Father keeps himself
 In patient and forbearing love,
 'To be his creature's heritage
 In that undying life above.

What hast thou done for God, my soul ?
 Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;
 Cry, from thy worse than nothingness,
 Cry for his mercy upon thee.

Frederick W. Faber.

225. *"God is Love."*

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
 Then, O my Father, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

Oh, let me then at length be taught
 What I am still so slow to learn, —
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn !

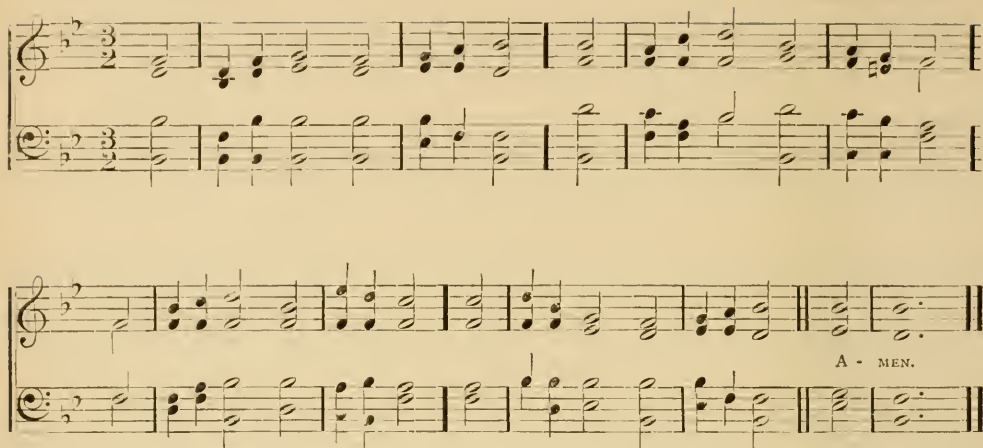
Sweet truth, and easy to repeat ;
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my God ! one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will,
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious child is still.

William Cowper.†

HEBRON. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



226.

"Return to thy rest, O my soul."

RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares ;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought ;
From sickness unto death made whole,
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife ;
Sin's works and ways and wages spurn ;
Lay hold upon eternal life.

God is thy rest, — with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe ;
Christ is thy rest, — with lowly mind
His light and easy yoke receive.

James Montgomery.

227.

Living to God.

O 'THOU who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand !
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give ;
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

Mrs. M. J. Cotterill. 1808.

228.

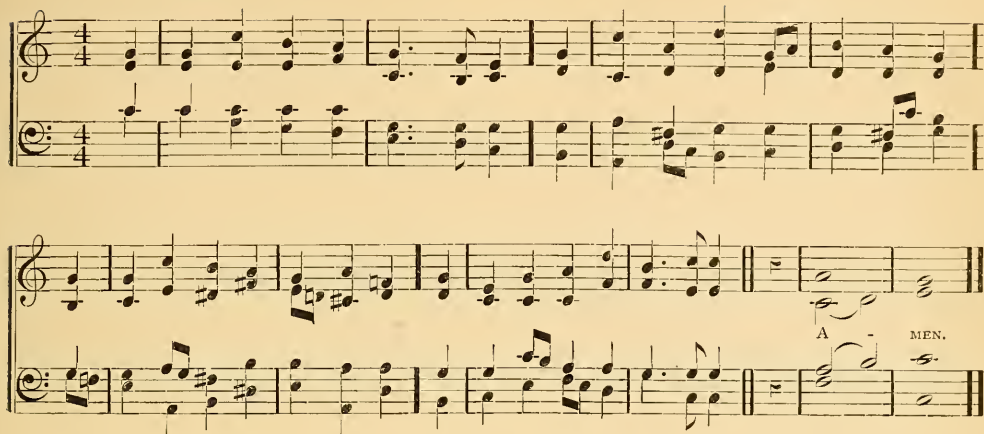
Submissive Prayer for Grace.

My soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, its source, my spirit flies :
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;
Oh, let thy presence set me free !

In life's short day let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore :
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

DEVENTER. L.M.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



Take full possession of my heart,
The lowly mind of Christ impart ;
I still will wait, O Lord ! on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.

One only care my soul should know, —
Father, all thy commands to do :
Ah ! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.

Christian Friedrich Richter. 1704.
Tr. John Wesley. 1739.

229. *"The things which are seen are temporal, but
the things which are not seen are eternal."*

WHY do we waste in trifling cares,
The lives divine compassion spares ;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?

Our Father calls us from above,
Our Saviour pleads his dying love,
Awakened conscience gives us pain ;
Shall all these pleas unite in vain ?

Not so our dying eyes will view
The objects which we now pursue ;
Not so eternity appear.
When the decisive hour is near.

Then wake, my soul ; thy way prepare,
And lose in this each meaner care ;
With steady step that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

Philip Doddridge. †

230.

"Lord, here am I."

HERE am I, Lord, thou callest me,
Thou drawest and I follow thee ;
My heart and soul thou dost demand !
I lay them gladdly in thy hand.

It is my grief to come so late,
Thy mercy had so long to wait ;
It is my joy that love divine
Could shine into a heart like mine.

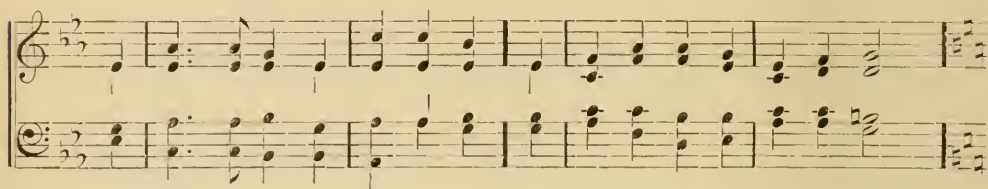
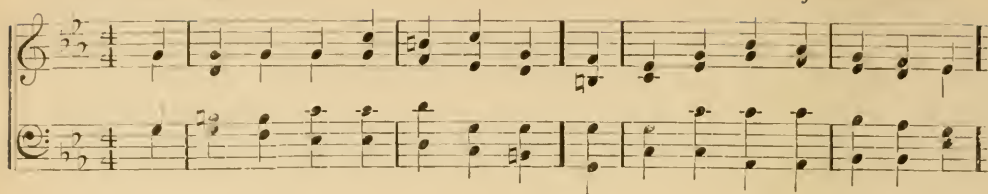
I dare not linger, — duties rise,
Before unseen, to meet my eyes ;
Contrite, I haste my Lord to meet,
But, ah, how laggard move these feet !

Shed down on me thy mighty power,
To strengthen for each coming hour ;
And then, through flood, through fire and
sword,
I'll follow thee, my Lord, my Lord !

German. Tr. Jane Borthwick.

CREDO. L.M. Six lines.

Sir JOHN STAINER.

*A little slower.*

ORGAN.

231. *Imploring Forgiveness and Renewal of Heart.*

FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
 Our multitude of sins forgive !
 And for thy own possession take,
 And bid us to thy glory live :
 Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
 Our faith, by our obedient love.

The covenant of forgiveness seal,
 And all thy mighty wonders show !
 Our hidden enemies expel,
 And conquering them to conquer go,
 Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
 And not one evil thought remain !

Oh, put it in our inward parts,
 The living law of perfect love !
 Write the new precept on our hearts ;
 We shall not then from thee remove,
 Who in thy glorious image shine,
 Thy people, and forever thine !

MELITA. L.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



232.

Seeking after God.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained ; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove :
And fain I would ; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee :
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,

No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh, when shall my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?

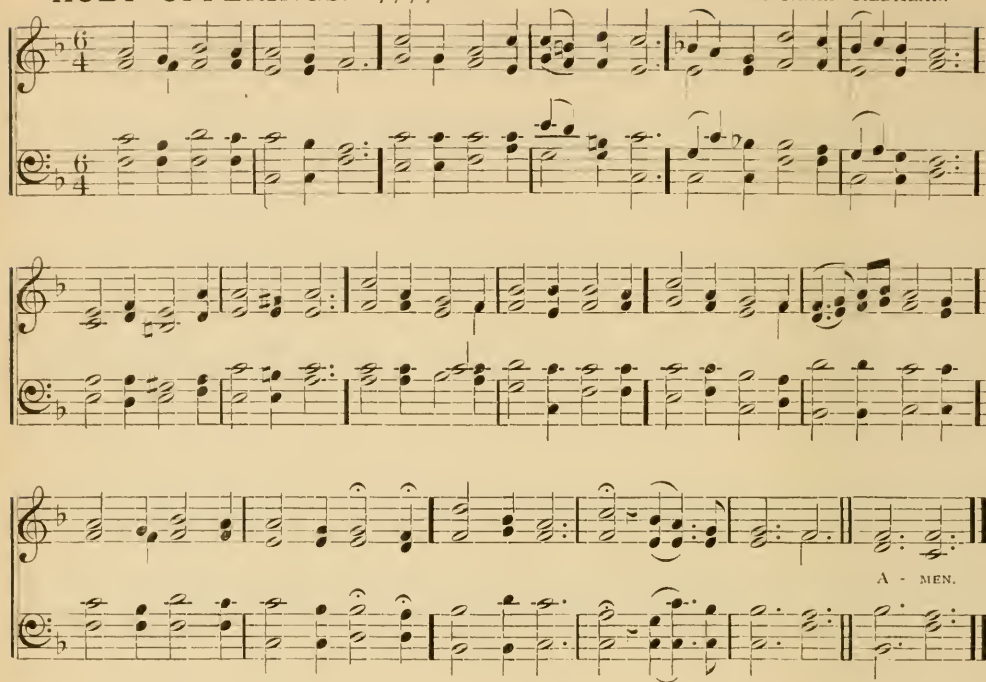
O Love, thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there ;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry !

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. John Wesley.

HOLY OFFERINGS. 7.7 7.7 : S.S.S.S.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



233.

"Receive our prayers."

Holy offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation, —
On his altar laid we leave them ;
Oh, receive them ! Lord, receive them !

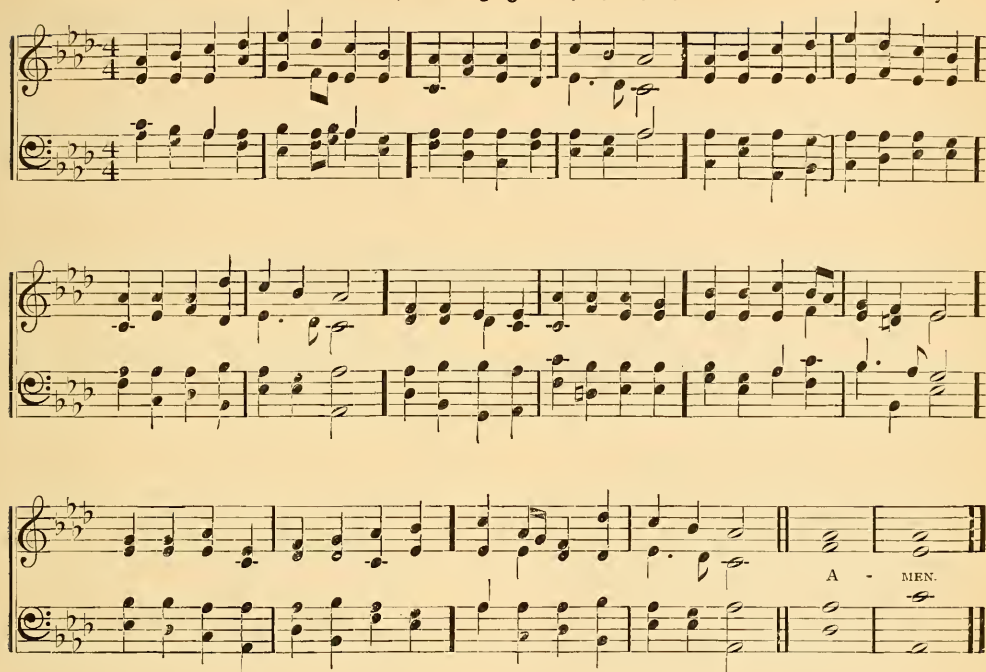
Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas ! too long unpaid ;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought, —
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On thy holy altar pour them :
There in trembling faith to leave them ;
Oh, receive them ! Lord, receive them !

Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be,
Could we cling more close to thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help thy grace in its prevailings, —
On thy altar laid we leave them ;
Oh, receive them ! Lord, receive them !

Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from thy house depart ;
Worship fervent, deep, and high,
Adoration, ecstasy ;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender, —
On thine altar laid we leave them ;
Oh, receive them ! Lord, receive them !

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, No. 305. 8.7.8.7:8.7.8.7.

Old Melody.



234.

"Father, I have sinned."

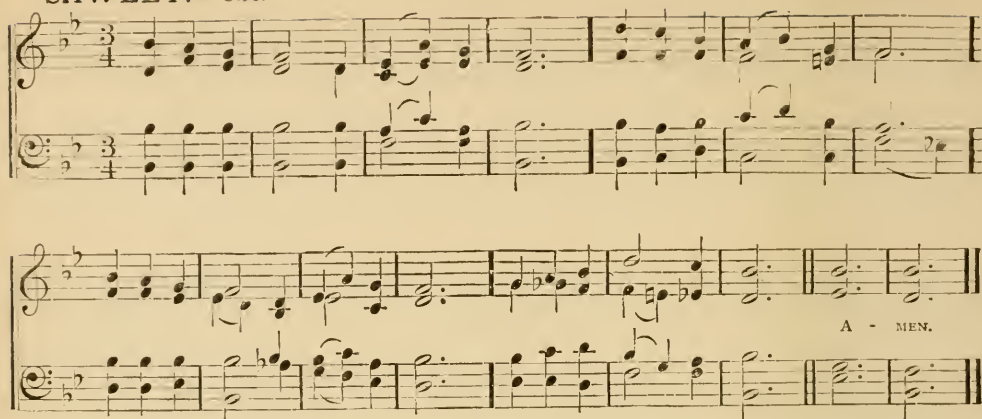
TAKE me, O my Father, take me !
 Take me, save me, through thy Son ;
 That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
 Let thy will in me be done.
 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod ;
 Weary come I now, and praying, —
 Take me to thy love, my God !

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin ;
 At thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To thy household take me in.
 Father, take me ! all forgiving,
 Fold me to thy loving breast ;
 In thy love forever living,
 I must be forever blest !

Ray Palmer.

SAWLEY. C.M.

F. PIGOU.



235.

Praying for Divine Help.

OH, help us, Lord ! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give :
 Help us in thought and word and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore !
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 Oh, help us, Lord, the more !

Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe !
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

If strangers to thy fold we call,
 Imploring at thy feet
 The crumbs that from thy table fall,
 'T is all we dare entreat.

But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
 So thou wilt grant but this ;
 The crumbs that from thy table fall
 Are light, and life, and bliss.

Oh, help us, Father, from on high !
 We know no help but thee :
 Oh, help us so to live and die,
 As thine in heaven to be ! AMEN.

Henry H. Milman.

236.

"Turn not thy face from me."

O LORD, turn not thy face away
 From him that lies prostrate,
 Lamenting sore his sinful life,
 Before thy mercy-gate, —

Which thou dost open wide to those
 Who do lament their sin ;
 Oh, shut it not against me, Lord,
 But let me enter in.

I need not to confess my life ;
 For surely thou canst tell
 What I have been, and what I am
 Thou knowest very well.

Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
 With tears I come to thee,
 As children that have done amiss
 Fall at their father's knee.

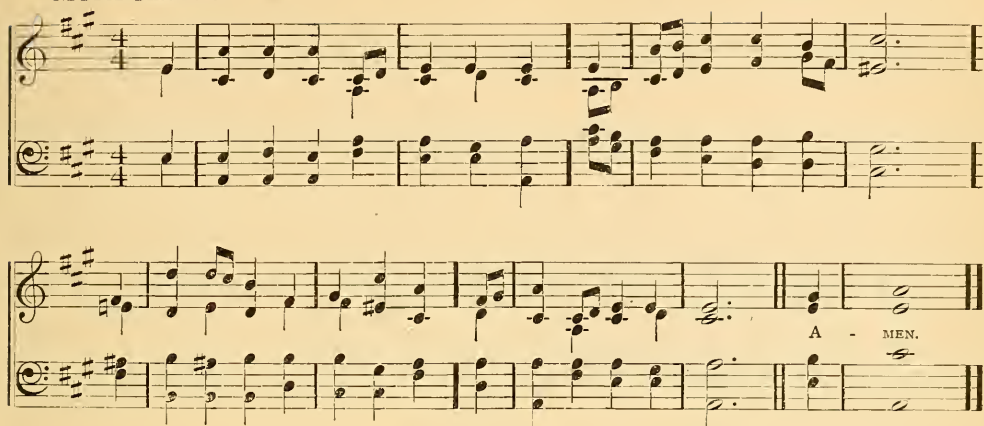
O Lord, I need not to repeat
 What I do beg and crave ;
 For thou dost know before I ask
 The thing that I would have.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
 This is the total sum :
 For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;
 Oh, let thy mercy come ! AMEN.

John Marchant. 1562

MIRFIELD. C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



237.

"From whom all goodness flows"

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;

In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me !

When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,

My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me !

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee :

Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me !

Distressed in pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see !

Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me !

When in the solemn hour of death
I lift my soul to thee,

Be this the prayer of my last breath, —
Good Lord, remember me ! AMEN.

Thomas Haweis.

238.

"For Increase of Faith."

LORD, I believe ; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey :

I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears

Sometimes bedim my sight :

I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

Lord, I believe ; but thou dost know

My faith is cold and weak ;

Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

Yes, I believe ; and only thou

Canst give my soul relief ;

Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow !

Help thou my unbelief ! AMEN.

John Reynell Wreford. 1837.

239.

"Father of mercies."

FATHER of all our mercies, thou

In whom we move and live,

Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.

When, harassed by ten thousand foes,

Our helplessness we feel,

Oh, give the weary soul repose,

The wounded spirit heal !

When dire temptations gather round,

And threaten or allure,

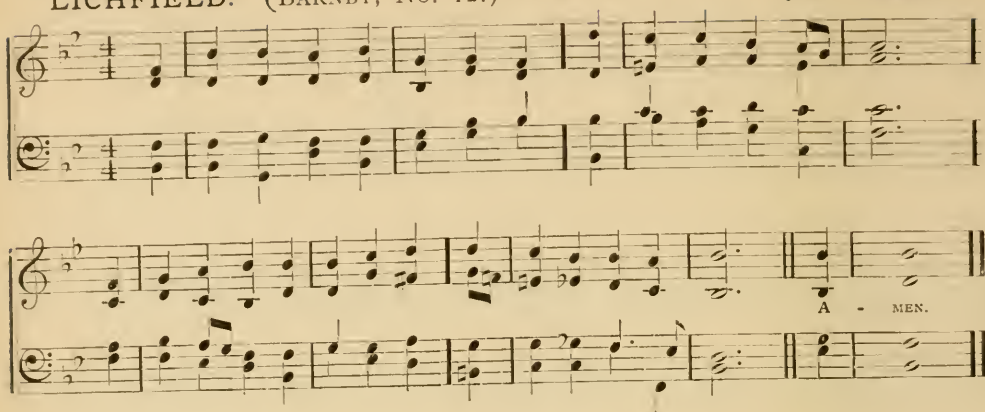
By storm or calm, in thee be found

A refuge strong and sure. AMEN.

James Montgomery.

LICHFIELD. (BARNBY, No. 12.) C.M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



240.

Preparation of the Heart.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear ;
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
 We may, we must, draw near.

Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
 In weakness, want, and woe,
 Fightings without and fears within,
 Lord, whither shall we go ?

God of all grace, we bring to thee
 A broken, contrite heart ;
 Give what thine eye delights to see, —
 Truth in the inward part.

Give deep humility ; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give ;
 A strong, desiring confidence
 To hear thy voice and live ; —

Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay ;
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee, though thou slay.

Give these, and then thy will be done ;
 Thus, strengthened with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery.

241.

Watchfulness.

I WANT a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear ;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to find it near.

I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire ;
 To catch the wanderings of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience, give.

Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God ! my conscience make ;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

242.

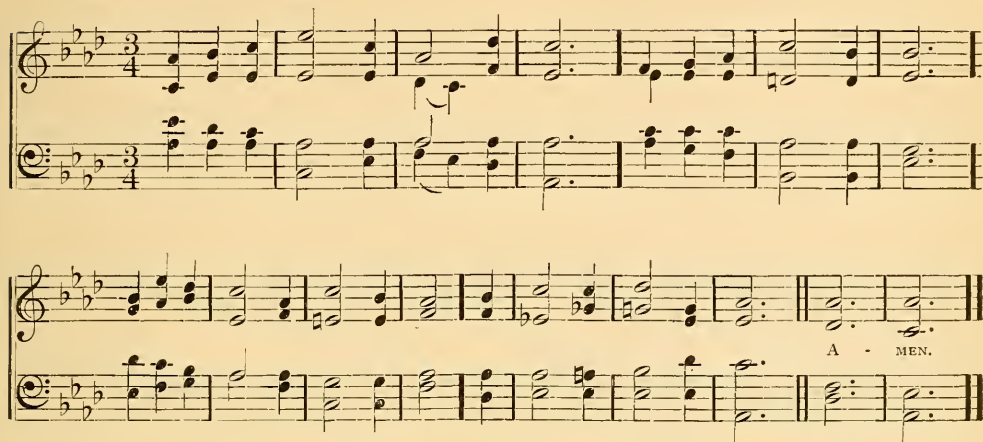
Walking with God.

OH for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

BEATITUDO. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

243. " *Till the Sun of righteousness shall arise.*"

Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes ;
Cold is the night, and oh, we long
That thou, our Sun, wouldst rise.

And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.

Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing on thy wings.

J. M. Neale.

244. " *In thy light may we see light.*"

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

Light in thy light, oh, may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove ;
Revived and cheered and blest by thee.
The God of pardoning love.

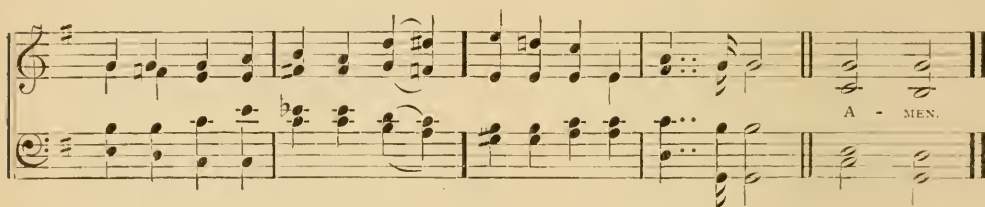
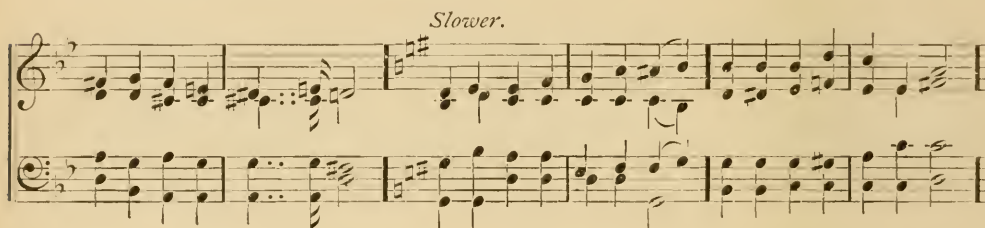
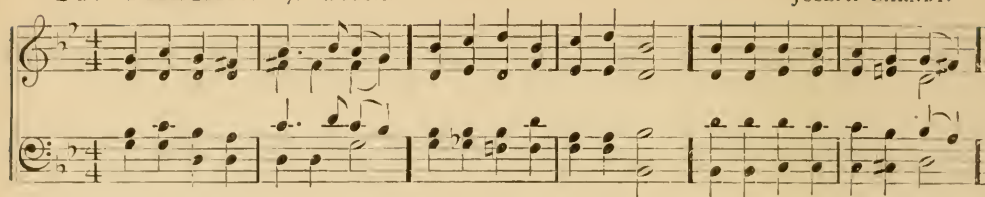
Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.

That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven :
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

ST. FABIAN. 7. Double.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



245.

Prayer for Mercy.

LORD, have mercy when we pray
 Strength to seek a better way ;
 When our wakening thoughts begin
 First to loathe their cherished sin ;
 When our weary spirits fail,
 And our aching brows are pale ;
 When our tears bedew thy word, —
 Then, oh, then, have mercy, Lord !

Lord, have mercy when we know
 First how vain this world below ;
 When its darker thoughts oppress,
 Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;

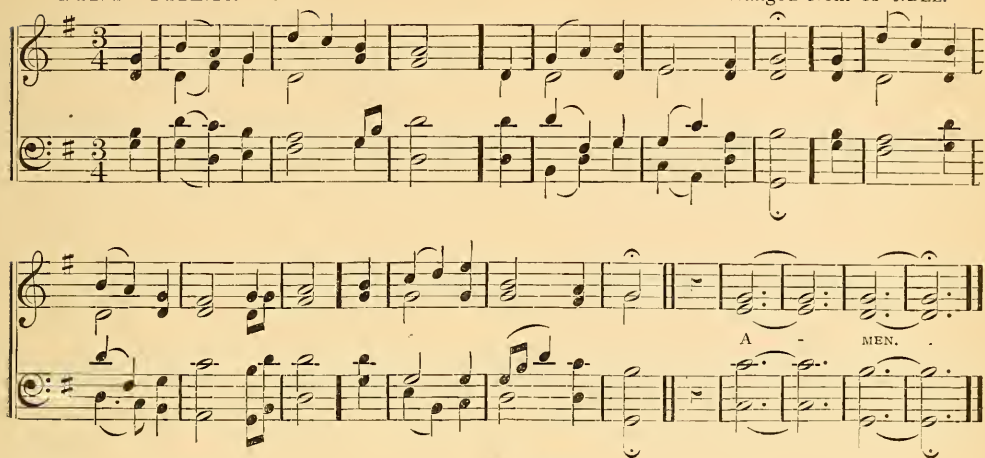
When the earliest gleam is given
 Of the bright but distant heaven, —
 Then thy fostering grace afford ;
 Then, oh, then, have mercy, Lord !

Lord, have mercy when we lie
 On the restless bed, and sigh. —
 Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
 From the thought of former ill ;
 When the dim, advancing gloom
 Tells us that our hour has come ;
 When is loosed the silver cord, —
 Then, oh, then, have mercy, Lord ! AMEN.

Henry Hart Milman. †

THATCHER. S.M.

Arranged from HÄNDEL.



246.

"Return to thy rest, O my soul."

OH, cease, my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam!
 All the wide world, to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.
 Behold the ark of God!
 Behold the open door!
 Hasten to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more!
 There, safe thou shalt abide;
 There, sweet shall be thy rest;
 And every longing satisfied,
 With full salvation blest.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

247.

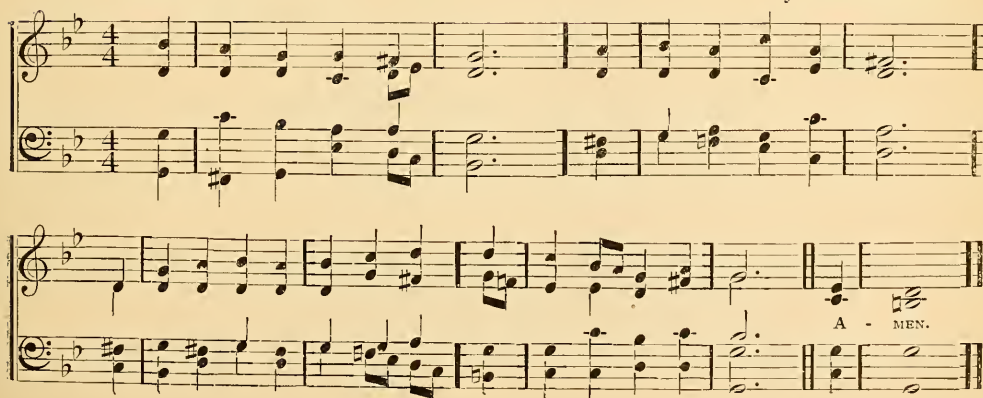
"Out of the depths I cry unto thee."

OUT of the depths of woe
 To thee, O Lord, I cry;
 Darkness surrounds me, but I know
 That thou art ever nigh.
 Humbly on thee I wait,
 Confessing all my sin;
 Lord, I am knocking at the gate;
 Open, and take me in.
 Oh, hearken to my voice,
 Give ear to my complaint;
 Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice.
 Thou comfortest the faint. AMEN.

James Montgomery.

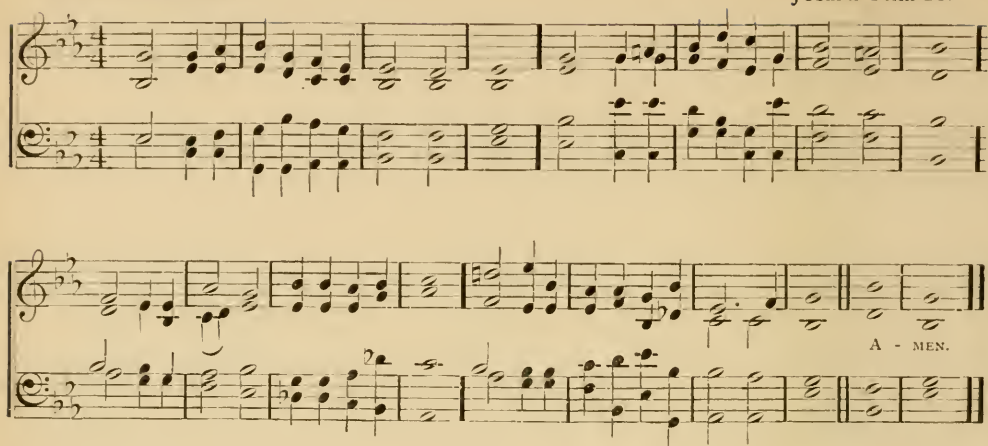
ST. IGNATIUS. S.M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



BETHSAIDA. 10.10: 10.10.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



248.

Psalms xlii.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
 That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
 So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
 So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
 And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
 To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
 Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
 Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid —
 Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love!

Robert Lowth.

249.

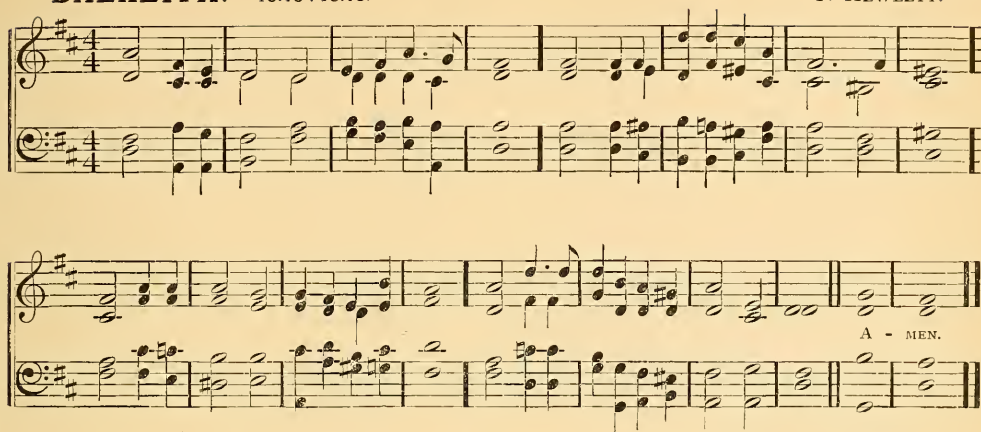
"Teach me to do thy will."

TEACH me to do the thing that pleaseth thee;
 Thou art my God, in thee I live and move;
 Oh, let thy loving Spirit lead me forth
 Into the land of righteousness and love.

Thy love the law and impulse of my soul,
 Thy righteousness its fitness and its plea,
 Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control
 To make me liker, draw me nearer thee.

DALKEITH. 10.10 : 10.10.

T. HEWLETT.



My highest hope to be, where, Lord, thou art,
 To lose myself in thee my richest gain,
 To do thy will the habit of my heart,
 To grieve the Spirit my severest pain.

Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace from thence,
 From self alone what could that peace destroy?
 Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,
 My sorrow that I am not more thy joy.

J. B. S. Monsell.

250.

"Lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

FATHER, there is no change to live with thee,
 Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;
 In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
 I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

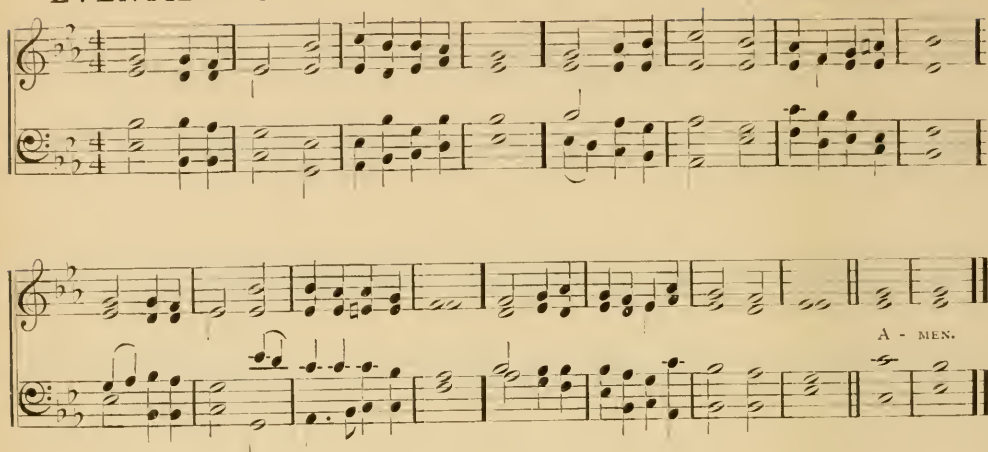
The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
 And I, new-wakened, find a morn within ;
 And in its modest dawn around me shed,
 Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend ;
 Yet they could never reach as far as me,
 Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
 That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

Jones Very.

EVENTIDE. 10.10 : 10.10.

W. H. MONK.



251.

"Abide with us."

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see :
 O thou who changest not, abide with me !

I need thy presence every passing hour :
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me !

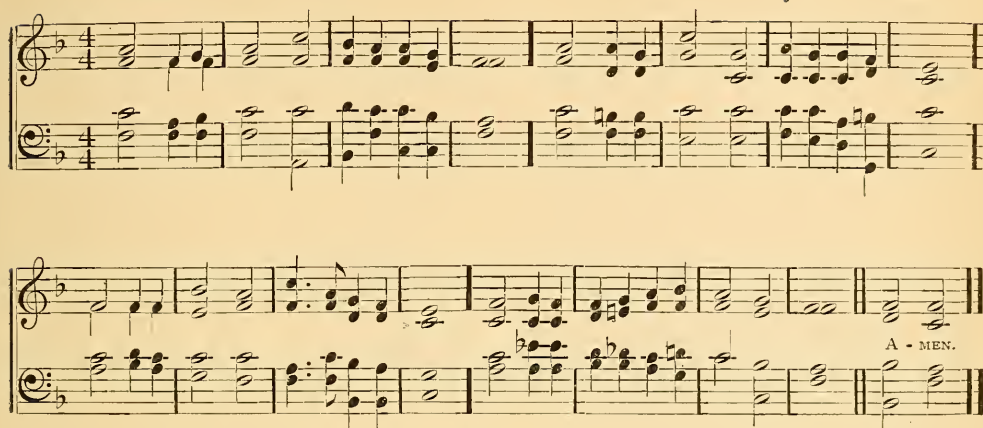
I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me !

Hold, then, the cross before my closing eyes !
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with me ! AMEN.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1847.

LANGRAN. 10.10 : 10.10.

JAMES LANGRAN.



252.

"Abide in me and I in you."

THAT mystic word of thine, O sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me ;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me ; o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin ;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

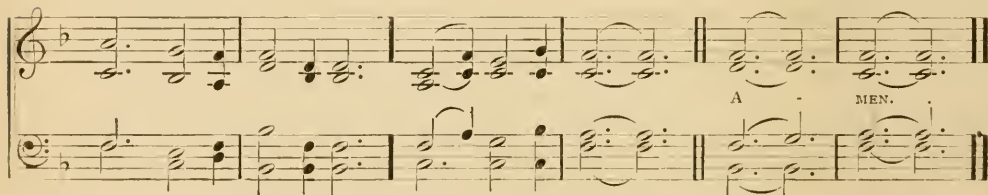
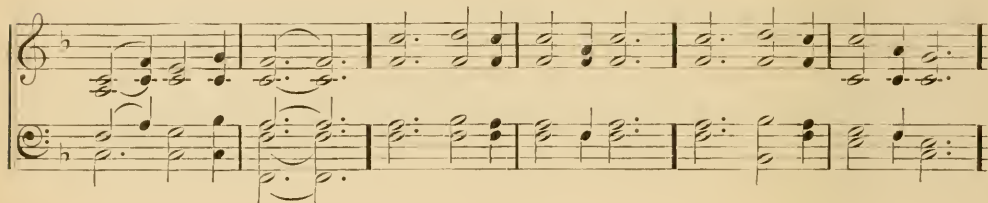
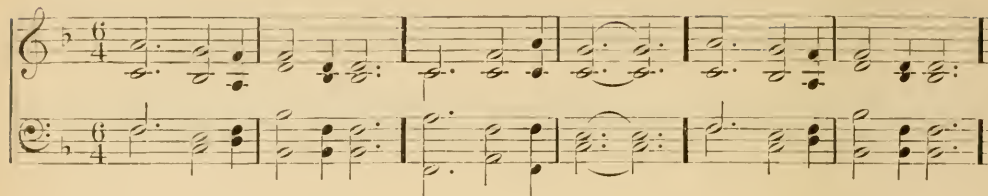
Abide in me ; there have been moments blest,
When I have heard thy voice and felt thy power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be ;
Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer, —
Come and abide in me, and I in thee. AMEN.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

BETHANY. 6.4.6.4 : 6.6.6.4.

LOWELL MASON.



By permission of the Oliver Ditson Company.

253.

"Nearer to Thee."

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee :
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song would be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !

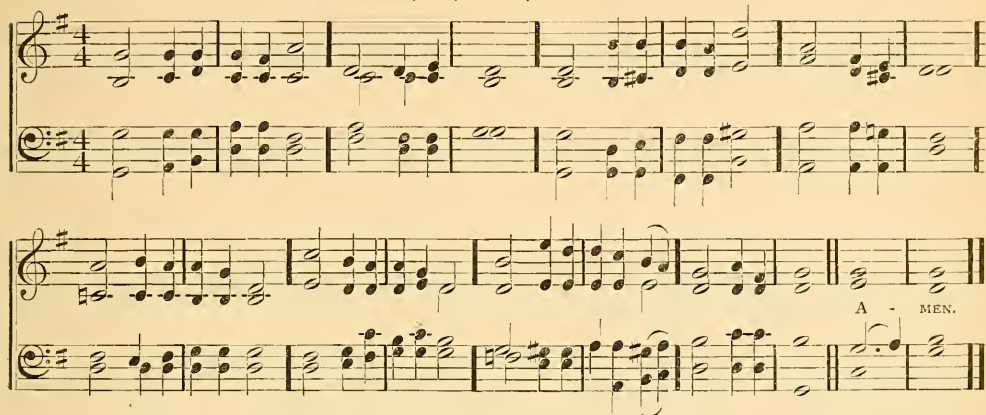
Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !

NEARER TO THEE. 6.4 : 6.4 : 6.6.6.4.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

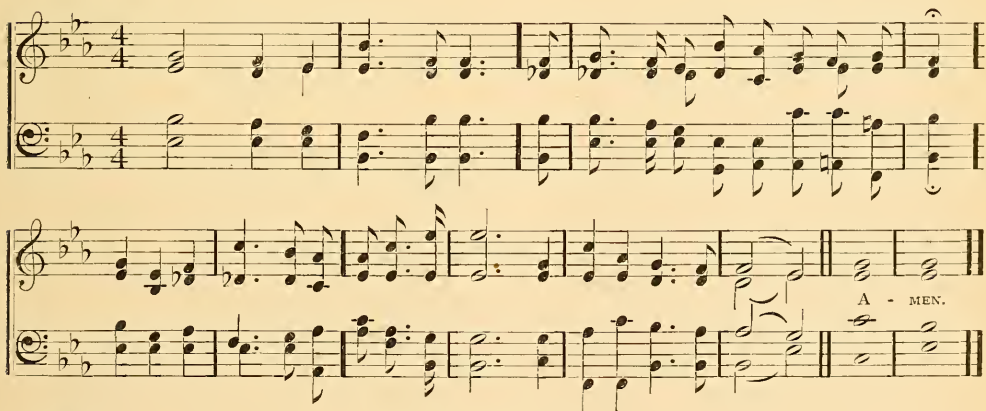


Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee ! AMEN.

Sarah F. Adams. 1848.

SALEM. 6.10 : 6.10.



254.

Desires for God's Presence.

Wilt thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture
drew.

Wilt thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Lends but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

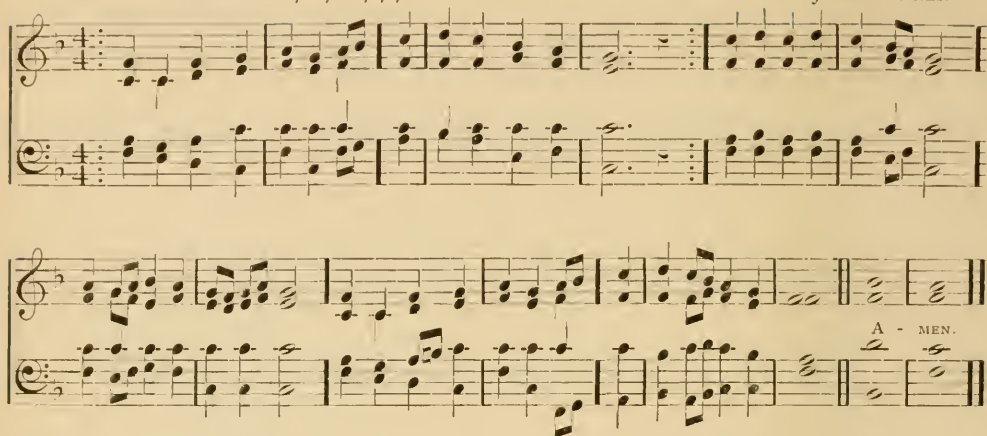
Come ! for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the
rain ;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes ! thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.

Jones Very

AMSTERDAM. 7.6.7.6:7.7.6.

JAMES NARES.

255. *The Soul aspiring to Heaven.*

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Toward heaven, thy native place :
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that 's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Robert Seagrave.

256. *The Still, Small Voice*

OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice ;
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 Thy comfortable voice ;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place ;
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of thy grace !

From the world of sin and noise
 And hurry, I withdraw ;
 For the small and inward voice
 I wait with humble awe :
 Silent am I now and still ;
 Dare not in thy presence move ;
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of thy love ! AMEN.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

257. *"The Lord is thy Keeper."*

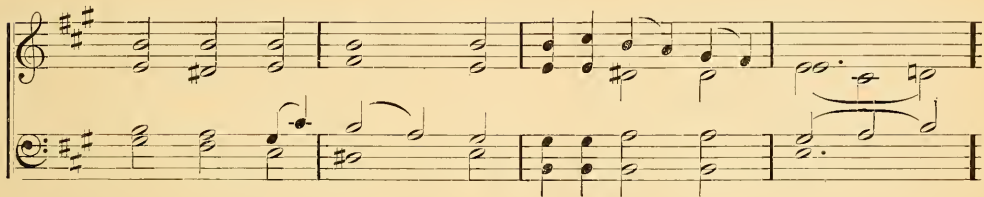
SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand,
 Omnipotently near ;
 Lo ! he holds thee by the hand,
 And banishes thy fear ;
 Shadows with his wings thy head ;
 Guards from all impending harms ;
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

God shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 And guard from every sin.
 He is still our sure defence,
 We his ceaseless care shall prove,
 Kept by watchful providence
 And ever-waking love.

Charles Wesley. †

LUX BENIGNA. 10.4 : 10.4 : 10. 10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



258.

The Pillar of the Cloud.

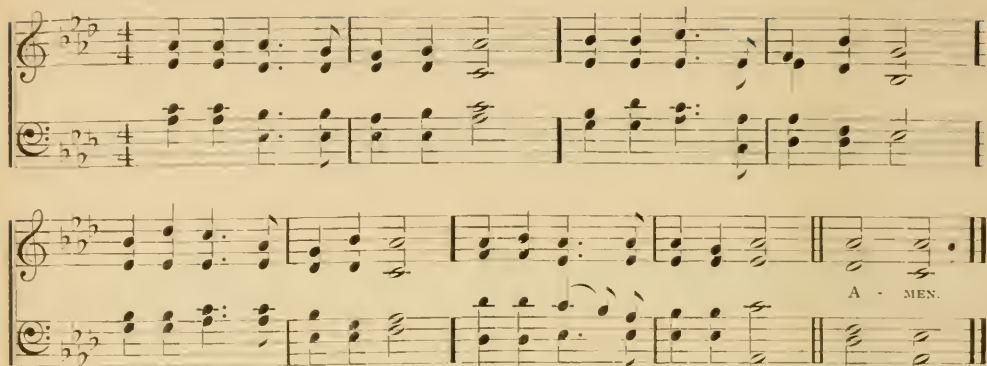
LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home, —
 Lead thou me on !
 Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene, — one step enough for me.
 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will ; remember not past
 years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile !

ST. BEES. 7-7:7-7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



259.

The Supreme Good.

LORD, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny :
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.

Source and Giver of repose !
 Singly from thy smile it flows ;
 Peace and happiness are thine ;
 Mine they are, if thou art mine. AMEN.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1774.

260.

"I will that men pray everywhere."

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
 Find that throne in every place ;
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

In our sickness, in our health ;
 In our want, or in our wealth, —
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the woes of life prevail.
 'Tis the time for earnest prayer :
 God is present everywhere.

Then, my soul, in every strait,
 To thy Father, come and wait ;
 He will answer every prayer :
 God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden. †

261.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
 Future things unfolded lie !
 Through the desert, where I stray,
 Let thy counsels guide my way.

Lord ! uphold me day by day ;
 Shed a light upon my way :
 Guide me through perplexing snares :
 Care for me in all my cares.

Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
 Trials long and sharp for me,
 Pain or sorrow, care or shame, —
 Father ! glorify thy name.

Let me neither faint nor fear.
 Feeling still that thou art near ;
 In the course my Saviour trod,
 Tending home to thee, my God. AMEN.

Josiah Conder.

Music on opposite page.

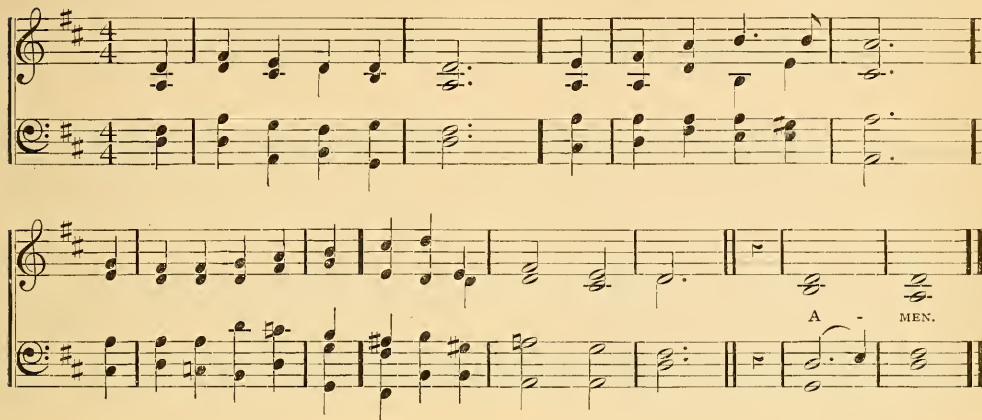
262.

"My soul longeth for thee."

My spirit longs for thee
 Within my troubled breast,
 Though I unworthy be
 Of so divine a guest :

VIA PACIS. 6.6:6.6.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



Of so divine a guest^d
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet has my heart no rest,
 Unless it come from thee :

Unless it come from thee,
 In vain I look around :
 In all that I can see
 No rest is to be found :

No rest is to be found,
 But in thy blessed love :
 Oh, let my wish be crowned,
 And send it from above ! AMEN.

John Byrom. 1691-1763.

263.

*"Blessed are they which do hunger and
 thirst after righteousness."*

I FEEL within a want
 Forever burning there :
 What I so thirst for, grant,
 O thou who hearest prayer !

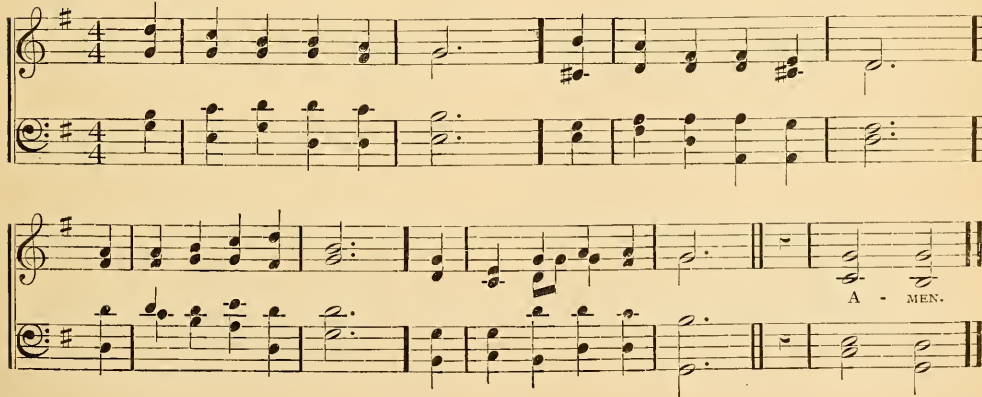
This is the thing I crave, —
 A likeness to thy Son ;
 This would I rather have
 Than call the world my own.

'T is my most fervent prayer ;
 Be it more fervent still :
 Be it my highest care,
 Be it my settled will. AMEN.

William H. Furness.

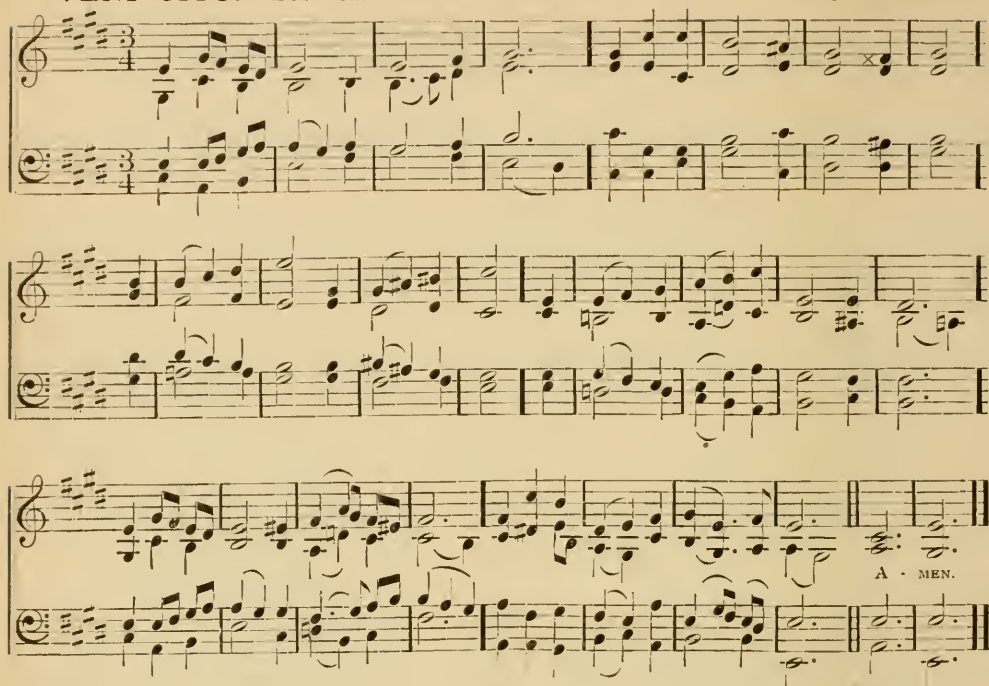
ST. CÆCILIA. 6.6:6.6.

REV. LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE.



VENI CITO. L.M Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



264.

"I give myself to thee."

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

O Love, who soon shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, who soon o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be. AMEN.

Johann Scheffler.

265.

"As the hart panteth."

As, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory, face to face

Ah, why, by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain ;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has passed away.

John Bowdler. 1783-1815.

266.

Living to God.

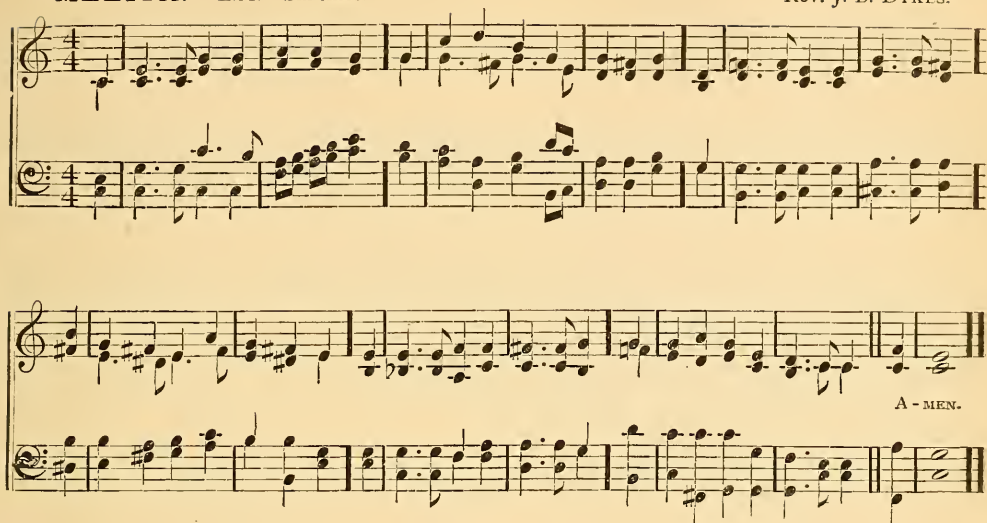
Oh, draw me, Father, after thee !
So shall I run and never tire ;
With gracious words still comfort me ;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire :
Free me from every weight ; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued :
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side ! AMEN.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr by J. Wesley.

MELITA. L.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



267.

God a Refuge.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Father, we seek thy shelter here:
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
 Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
 Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away. AMEN.

Reginald Heber.

268.

For Union with God.

O LOVE! how cheering is thy ray!
 All pain before thy presence flies;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise.
 O Father! nothing may I see,
 And nought desire or seek, but thee!

Unwearied may I this pursue,
 Undaunted to this prize aspire;
 Each hour within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard the sacred treasure there. AMEN.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.†

269.

God our Guide.

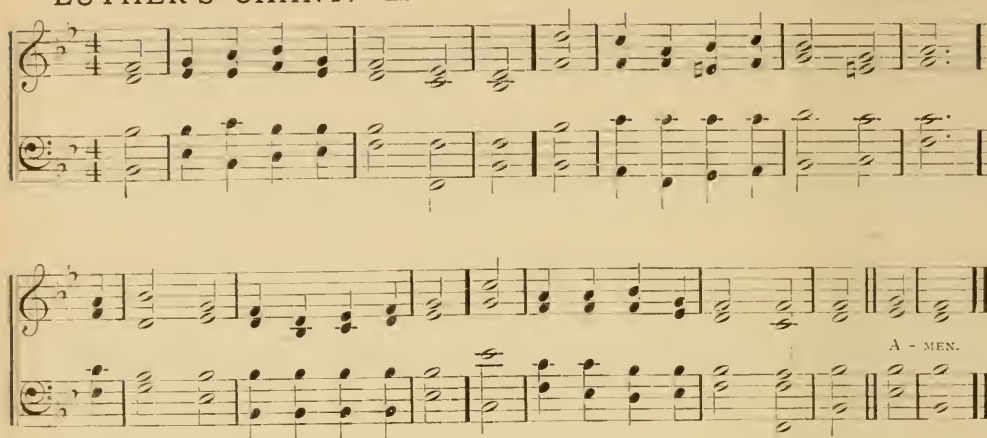
LEADER of Israel's host, and guide
 Of all who seek the land above,
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love,—
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
 Our end the glory of the Lord.

By thy unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray,
 We shall not full direction need,
 Nor miss our providential way;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, Almighty love, is near.

Charles Wesley.

LUTHER'S CHANT. L.M.

CHARLES ZEÜNER.



270.

Psalm lxi.

O God, thou art my God alone ;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God :
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways ;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember, on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light ;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy, I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice ;
My tongue shall bless thee while I live. AMEN.

James Montgomery.

271.

The Bread of Life.

FATHER, supply my every need ;
Sustain the life thyself hast given ;
Oh, grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven !

The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more. AMEN.

Wesley's Collection.

272.

Love Divine.

O LOVE Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit ;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st :
Wide as our need, thy favors fall ;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, over all.

John G. Whittier.

SERVITUS. L.M.

E. G. MONK.



273.

Going Home.

Now let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time ;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Thomas Gibbons.

274.

Retirement and Meditation.

My God ! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence -
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Isaac Watts.

275.

God's Law and Love.

O GOD, in whom we live and move !
Thy love is law, thy law is love ;
Thy present spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do thy will.

Unto thy children's spirits teach
Thy love, beyond the powers of speech ;
And make them know, with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of thy law

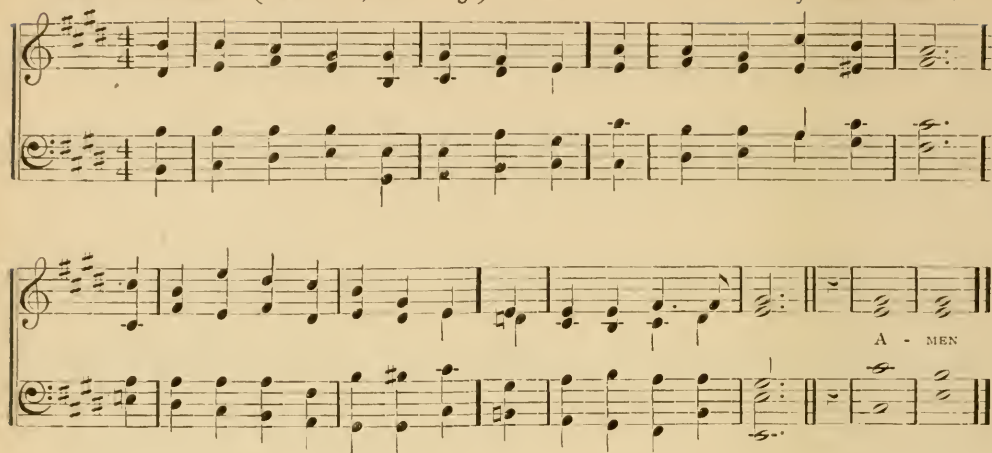
Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought,
Or deed of love, to come to naught.

Such faith, O God ! our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still ;
Who works for justice works for thee,
Who works in love, thy child shall be.

Samuel Longfellow.

MATLOCK. (BARNBY, NO. 13.) C.M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

276. *"In whom we live, and move, and have
our being."*

In thee I live, and move, and am ;
Thou deal'st me out my days ;
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

From thee I am, through thee I am,
And for thee I must be ;
'T is better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

My God, thou art my glorious Sun,
By whose bright beams I shine :
As thou, Lord, ever art with me,
Let me be ever thine.

Thou art my living Fountain, Lord,
Whose streams on me do flow ;
Myself I render unto thee,
To whom myself I owe.

As thou, Lord, an immortal soul
Hast breathèd into me,
So let my soul be breathing forth
Immortal thanks to thee. AMEN.

John Mason. 1683.

277. *Prayer for Divine Direction.*

ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road ;
And place us, when that journey 's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God ! AMEN.

Cappe's Selection.

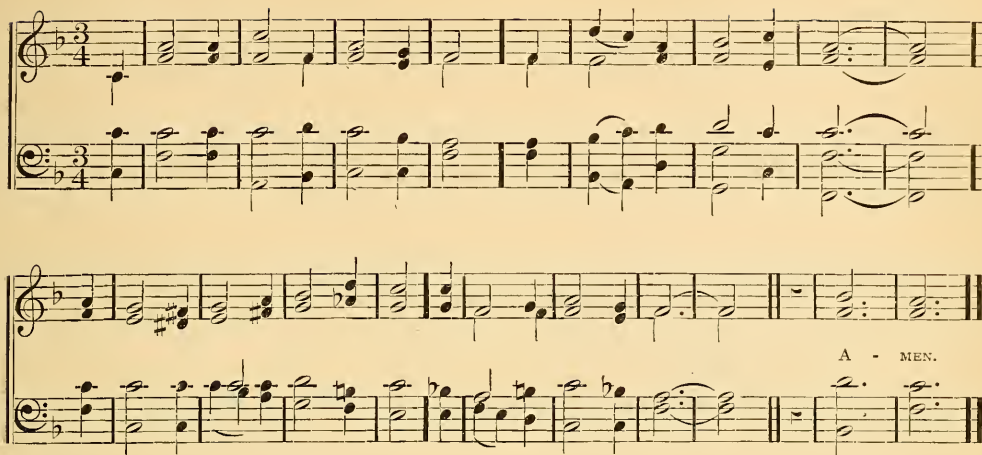
278. *The Inner Calm.*

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dews' cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet, —
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;

SPOHR. C.M.

SPOHR.



Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
 Calm in my hour of pain ;
 Calm in my poverty or wealth,
 Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
 Which storms assail in vain ;
 Moving unruffled through earth's war,
 The eternal calm to gain.

Horatius Bonar.

279.

"As pants the hart."

As pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul for thee, O God,
 And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsting soul doth pine ;
 Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty Divine !

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady.

280.

"Thy kingdom come."

FATHER of me and all mankind,
 And all the hosts above,
 Let every understanding mind
 Unite to praise thy love.

Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
 To every heart of man ;
 Thy peace and joy and righteousness
 In all our bosoms reign, —

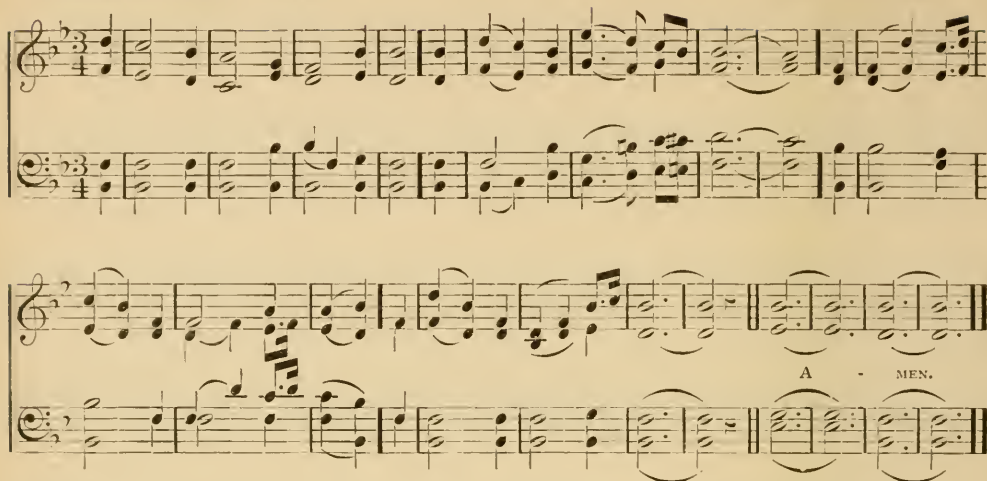
The righteousness that never ends,
 But makes an end of sin ;
 The joy that human thought transcends,
 Into our souls bring in ;

The kingdom of established peace,
 Which can no more remove ;
 The perfect powers of godliness,
 The omnipotence of love. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

BEMERTON. C.M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



281.

Imploring Divine Guidance.

FATHER of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide ;
And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight ;
And, while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart ;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart,

Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love ;
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above. AMEN.

Christopher Smart.

282.

"All my springs are in Thee."

My heart is resting, O my God !
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known, —
The fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most mine own.

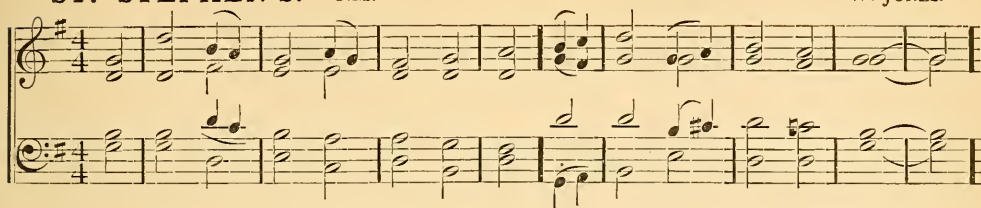
Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on thee ;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see ;

The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

Anna L. Waring

ST. STEPHEN'S. C.M.

W. JONES.



283.

"There remaineth a rest unto the people of God."

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone ;
A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above, —
Where doubt, and pain, and fear expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love. AMEN.
Charles Wesley.

284.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven with prayer.
O Thou by whom we come to God, —
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray. AMEN.

James Montgomery. 1819.

285.

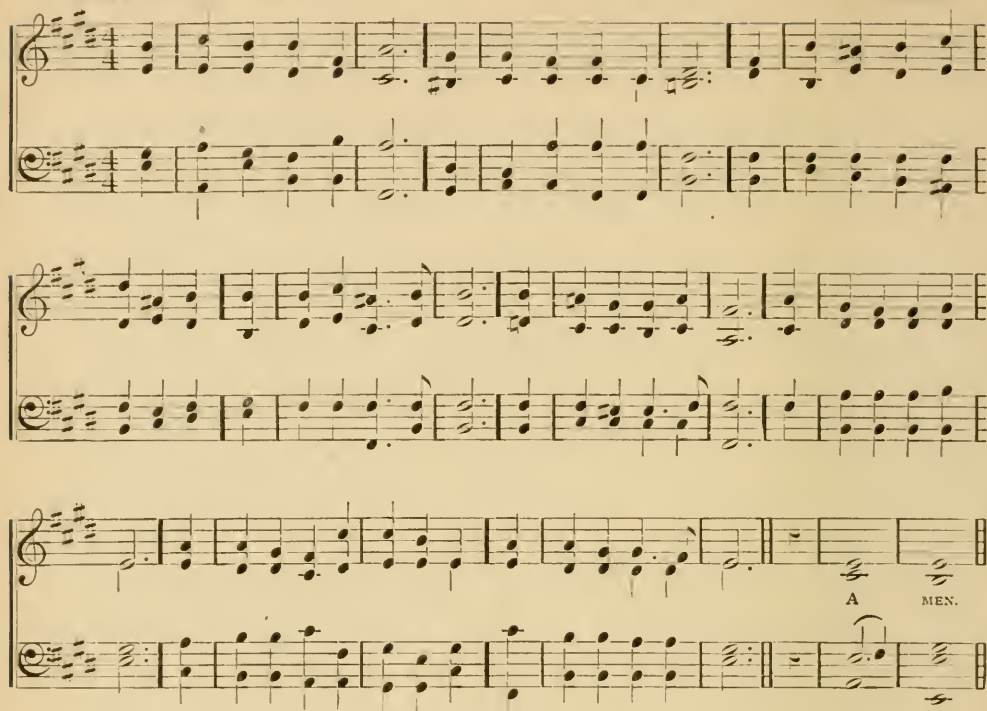
"Shepherd of Israel."

SHEPHERD of Israel, hear my prayer,
And to my cry give heed ;
Shepherd of Israel, lead me where
Thy flocks in safety feed.
Whether upon the barren hills,
Or in the desert bare,
Strike but thy rod, the purest rills
And greenest herbs are there.
The shadow of a mighty rock
Is in that weary land ;
And heavenly dews fall on the flock,
Protected by thy hand.
Lead me, oh, lead me to thy fold ;
Earth has no rest beside :
Shepherd of Israel, known of old,
Be thou my only guide. AMEN.

Sarah Ellis. 1833.

CHALVEY. S.M. Double.

L. G. HAYNE.



286.

"Pray without ceasing."

My God, my strength, my hope.
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,—
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill;
 A soul injured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;
 A spirit still prepared.
 And armed with jealous care,
 Forever standing on its guard.
 And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at thy stay.
 Or wish my sufferings less:
 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray, I want;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

MORNINGTON. S.M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



I rest upon thy word ;
 The promise is for me :
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee.
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

Long as my trials last,
 Long as the cross I bear,
 Oh, let my soul on thee be cast
 In confidence and prayer !

Conduct me to the shore
 Of everlasting peace,
 • Where storm and tempest rise no more,
 Where sin and sorrow cease. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

287.

For a Holy Heart.

GREAT Source of life and light,
 Thy heavenly grace impart,
 And by thy Holy Spirit write
 Thy law upon my heart :

My soul would cleave to thee ;
 Let nought my purpose move ;
 Oh, let my faith more steadfast be,
 And more intense my love !

Imbue my constant mind
 With deep humility,
 And let an ardent zeal be joined
 With perfect charity ;

That grace to me impart,
 With meekness to reprove,
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 And still the sinner love.

288.

"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same."

THE praying spirit breathe !
 The watching power impart !
 From all entanglements beneath
 Call off my anxious heart :

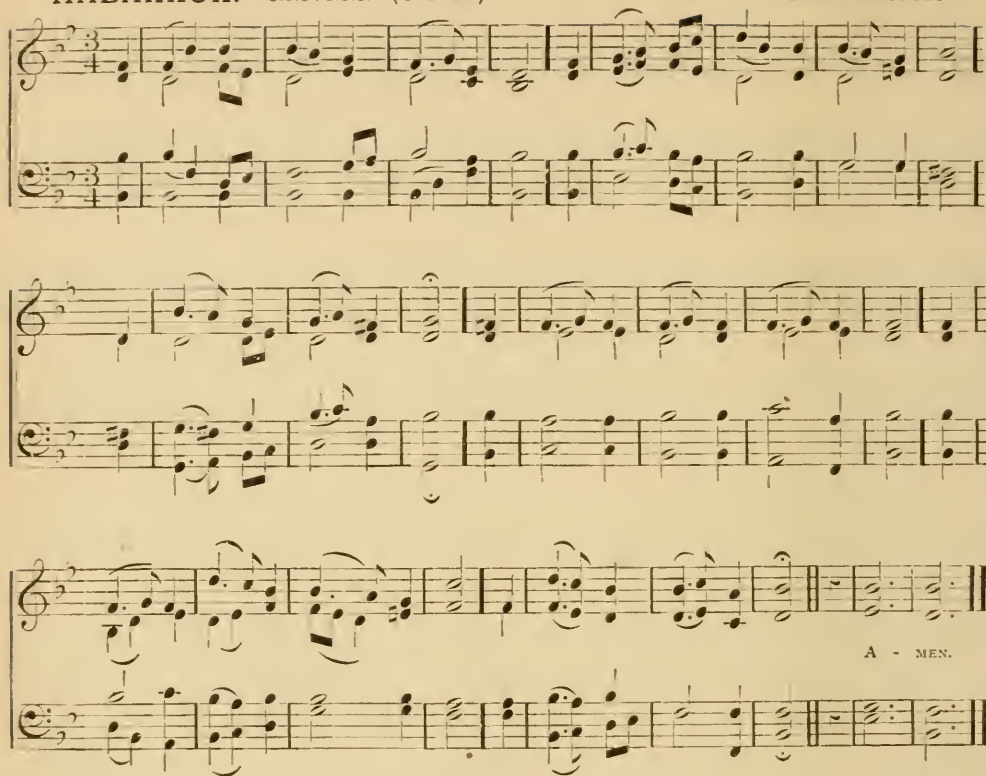
My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppressed :
 Appear, and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

Swift to my rescue come !
 Thine own this moment seize ;
 Gather my wandering spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace. AMEN.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

HABAKKUK. S.S.6; S.S.6. (C. P. M.)

EDWARD HODGES.



289.

"The love of God, which passeth knowledge."

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love, —
 The love of God to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell ;
 Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God ;
 Oh that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine :
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part !

Thy only love do I require ;
 Nothing in earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heaven above ;
 Let earth, and heaven, and all things go ;
 Give me thy only love to know,
 Give me thy only love. AMEN.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, No. 585. 7. Double.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

ORG.

A - MEN.

ORG.

290.

Worship Above and Below.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love ;
 Pleasant are thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 Oh, my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of thy saints,
 For the brightness of thy face,
 King of glory, God of grace !

Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round thy altars, O Most High !
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast !
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe :
 Waters in the desert rise ;
 Manna feeds them from the skies :
 On they go from strength to strength
 Till they reach thy throne at length,
 At thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
 Guide me through a world of sin ;
 Keep me by thy saving grace,
 Give me at thy side a place ;
 Sun and shield alike thou art ;
 Guide and guard my erring heart ;
 Grace and glory flow from thee,
 Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me ! AMEN.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

ST. ALBANS. 6.5. 12 lines.

HAYDN.

291.

"Forward into light"

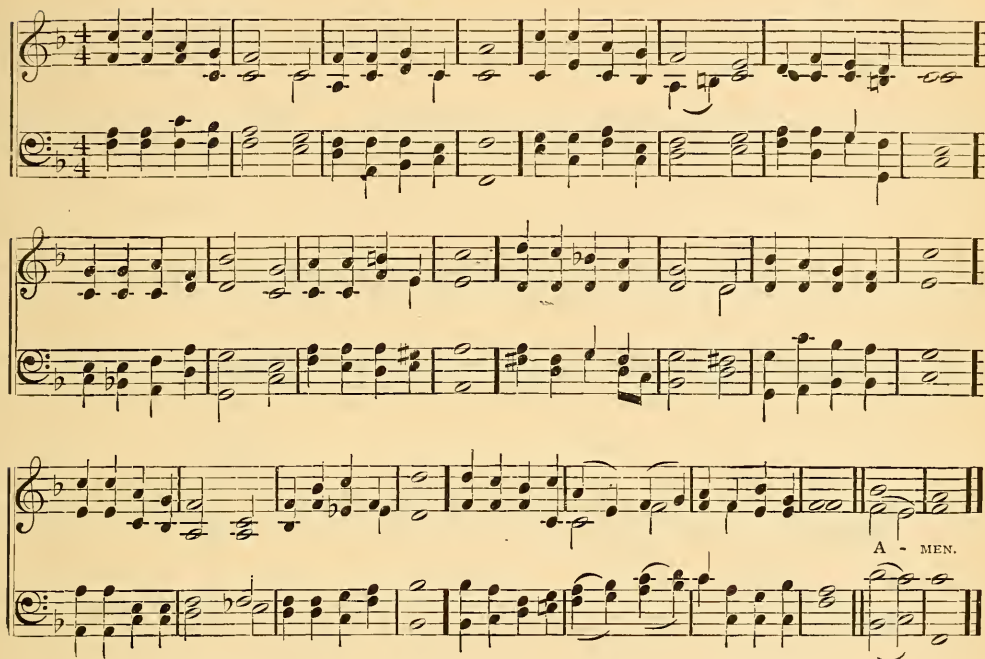
FORWARD! be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind.
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head:
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By our Captain led?
 Forward, out of error,
 Leave behind the night;
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light!

Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love him
 One day to be shared.
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard,

Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word.
 Forward, marching eastward
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight!
 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers
 Where our God abideth:
 That fair home is ours.
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold;
 Flows the gladdening river
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might;
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light!

ST. BOTOLPH. II. Six lines.

HENRY SMART.



292.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."

On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises, O thou God of love !
 Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be !
 Is our sky beclouded? Clouds are not from thee !
 On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises, O thou God of love !

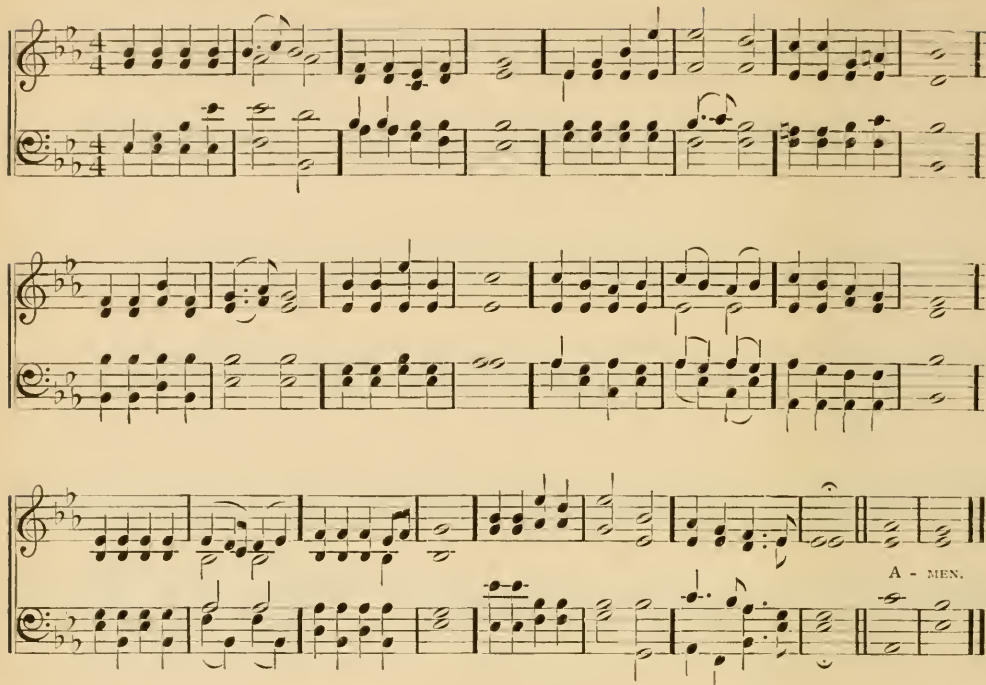
If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
 Day by day thou find us doing what we can,
 Thou who givest the seed-time wilt give large increase,
 Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
 On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises, O thou God of love !

On our way rejoicing gladly let us go ;
 Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe !
 Christ without, our safety ! Christ within, our joy !
 Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy ?
 On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises, O thou God of love ! AMEN.

J. B. S. Monsell.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6.5. Double.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



293.

"Onward, Christian soldiers."

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe :
 Forward into battle
 See his banners go. Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God ;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod ;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity. Onward, etc.

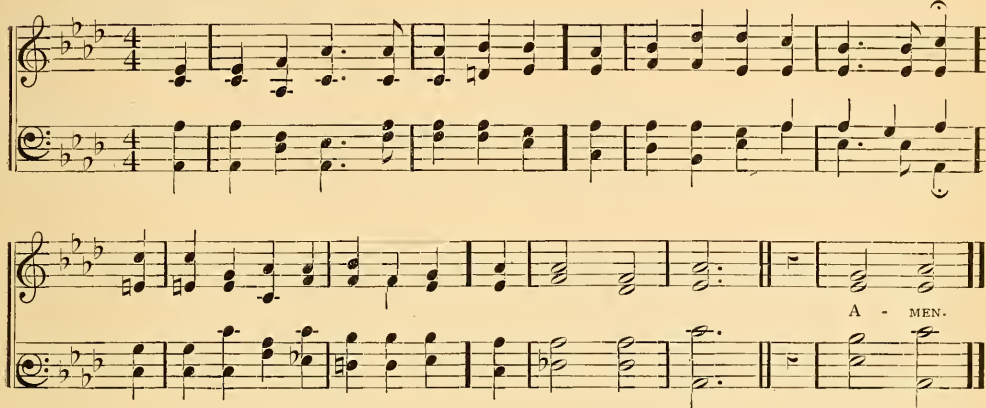
Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail. Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song ;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King ;
 This through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing. Onward, etc.

Sabine Baring Gould. 1865

RISEHOLME. 8.8:8.4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



294.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
 To thee all praise and glory be ;
 How shall we show our love to thee,
 Who givest all?

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
 Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hope of heaven,
 Father, what can to thee be given,
 Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
 Who givest all.

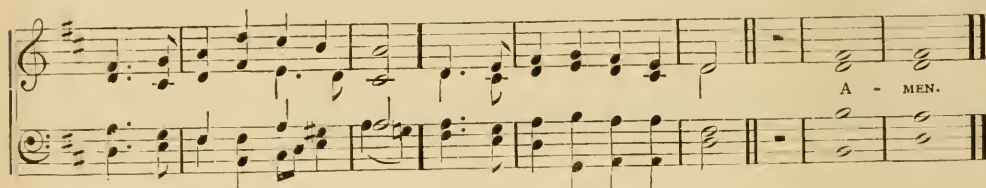
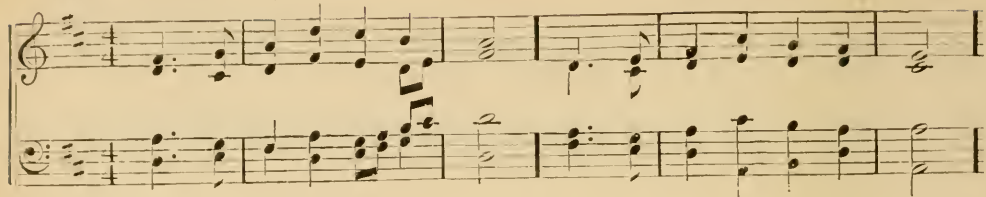
Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,
 Repaid a thousand fold will be ;
 Then gladly will we give to thee,
 Who givest all,—

To thee, from whom we all derive
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give :
 Oh, may we ever with thee live,
 Who givest all. AMEN.

Christopher Wordsworth.

INNOCENTS. 7-7:7-7.

Arranged by W. H. MONK.



295.

Entire Consecration.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own ;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee. AMEN.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

296.

The Labor of Love.

WHAT thou wilt, O Father, give !
All is gain that I receive.
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be thine.

Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of thy grace :
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on ;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.

Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant ;
Let me find in thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy ;

Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude. AMEN.

John G. Whittier

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7:7:7:7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



297.

*"Thy statutes have been my songs in the
house of my pilgrimage."*

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Father's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light!
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick. 1742.

298.

*"Speak unto the children of Israel that
they go forward."*

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March, in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

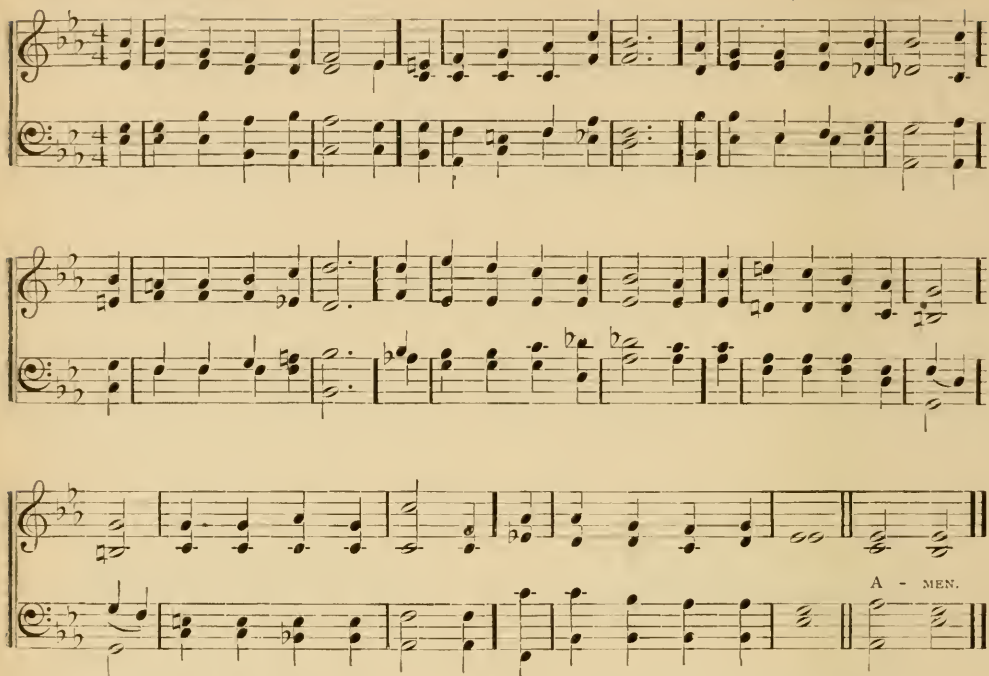
Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry Kirke White. †

ST. ANSELM. 7.6. Double.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



299.

"That ye should follow his steps."

O happy band of pilgrims,
 If onward ye will tread
 With Jesus as your Fellow
 To Jesus as your Head !
 Oh, happy if ye labor
 As Jesus did for men :
 Oh, happy if ye hunger
 As Jesus hungered then !

The faith by which ye see him,
 The hope in which ye yearn,
 The love that through all troubles
 To hear his voice will turn,

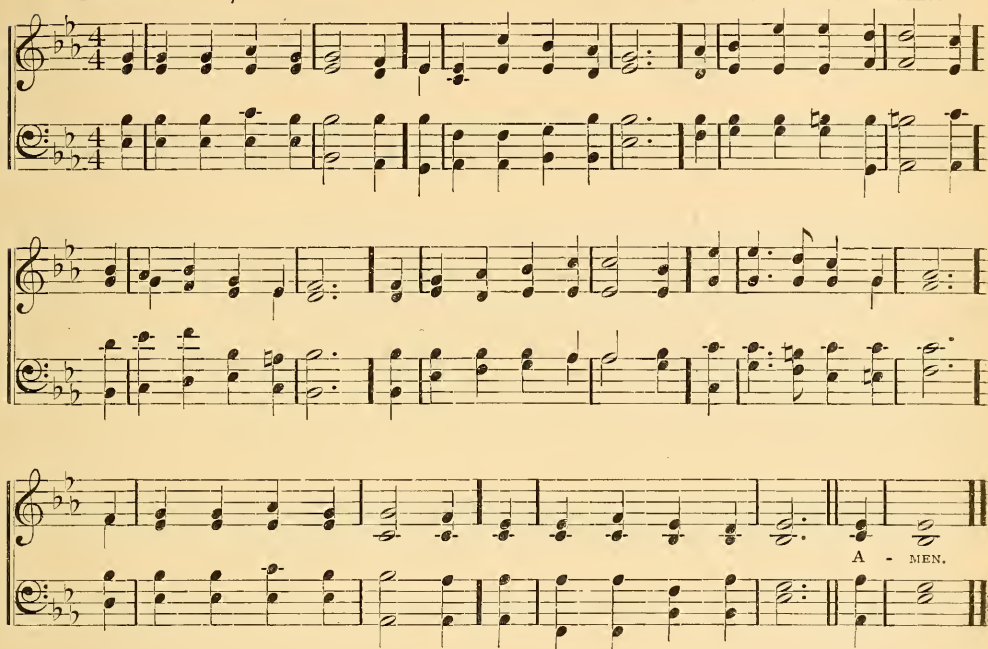
What are they but forerunners
 To lead you to his sight?
 What are they save the effluence
 Of uncreated light?

The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations
 That death alone can cure,
 What are they but his jewels
 Of right celestial worth?
 What are they but the ladder
 Set up to heaven on earth?

S. Joseph of the Studium, A. D. 1530.
 Tr. J. M. Neale.

AURELIA. 7.6. Double.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.



300.

"Go forward, Christian soldier."

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath his banner true :
 The Lord himself, thy Leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials,
 He knows thine hourly need ;
 He can, with bread of heaven,
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the secret foe ;
 Far more are o'er thee watching
 Than human eyes can know.
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
 Cease not to watch and pray ;
 Heed not the treacherous voices
 That lure thy soul astray

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished
 And heaven is all possessed ;
 Till Christ himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear, in endless glory,
 The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the gathering night :
 The Lord has been thy shelter,
 The Lord will be thy light.
 When morn his face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past ;
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last !

REX GLORIÆ. (HOPKINS.) L.M. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.

301

"Ye have done it unto me."

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Has often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer "Nay."
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

Stripped, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

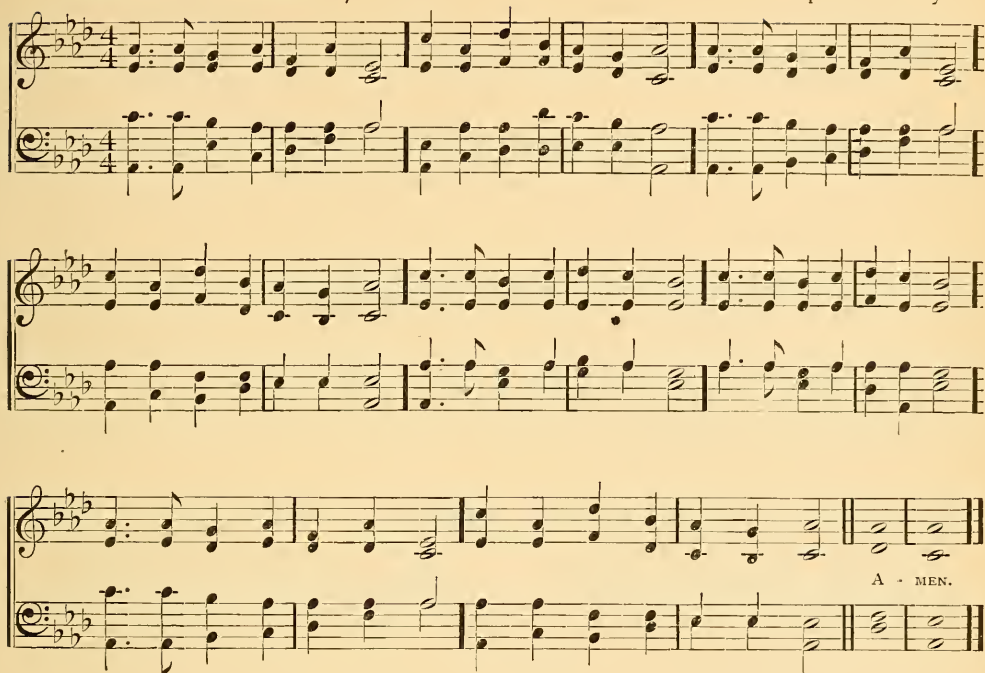
In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him midst shame and scorn,
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes:
He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

James Montgomery.

SPANISH HYMN. 7. Double.

Spanish Melody.



302.

The Accepted Offering.

LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars, when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft 'compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring, —
Love to thee and all mankind. AMEN.

John Taylor. 1795.

303.

"Have love one to another."

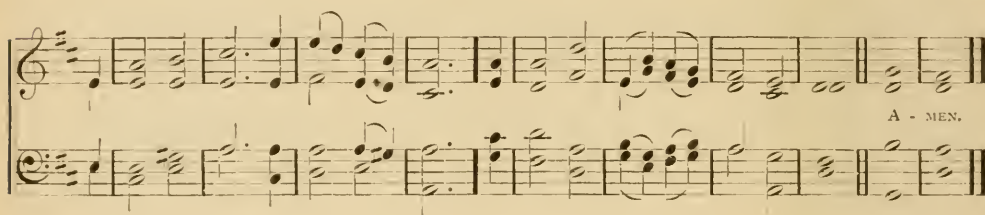
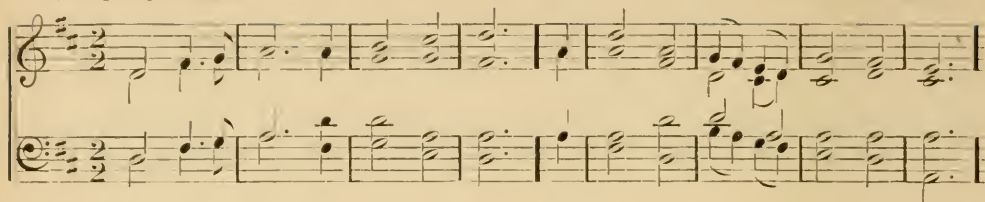
LET us join, as God commands,
Let us join our hearts and hands ;
Help to gain our calling's hope,
Help to build each other up ;
Carry on the Christian's strife ;
Walk in holiness of life ;
Faithfully our gifts improve,
For the sake of him we love.

Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know ;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee ;
Love, thine image, love impart ;
Stamp it on our face and heart ;
Only love to us be given ;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Charles Wesley.

TRURO. L.M.

CHARLES BURNEY.



304.

God our Strength.

AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint, —

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts.

305.

The Soldiers of the Cross.

THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here, before thy face, —
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on thy holy shrine :
Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move ;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed trusting to thy love.

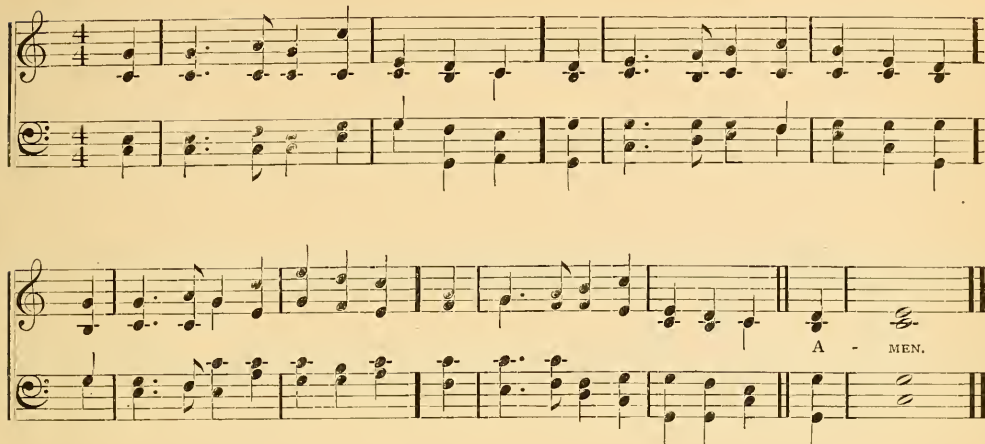
Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord !
Through rugged toil and wearying fight :
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray ;
Be thy pure angels with us still ;
Thy truth, — be that our firmest stay ;
Our only rest, to do thy will. AMEN.

O. B. Frothingham. 17.

ALSTONE. L.M.

C. E. WILLING.



306.

"Whatsoever ye do."

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil !
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.

Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above, —
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

307.

A Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;

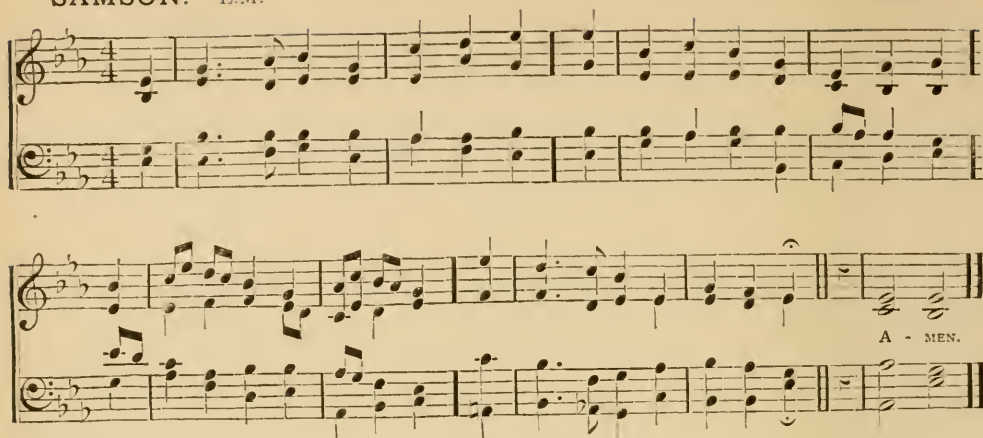
Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

SAMSON. L.M.

HÄNDEL.



308.

The Christian Warfare.

AWAKE my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a numerous host !
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threatening stands,
 Mustering his pale terrific bands ;
 There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
 And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
 And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
 The meanest foe of all the train
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
 Perils and snares beset thee round :
 Beware of all, guard every part,
 But most the traitor in thy heart.

Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield ;
 Put on the armor from above,
 Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
 And powers of earth, and powers of hell :
 The Man of Calvary triumphed here ;
 Why should his faithful followers fear ?

Anna Lætitia Barbauld. 1772.

309.

The Christian Soldier.

THE Christian warrior, — see him stand
 In the whole armor of his God !
 The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
 His feet are with the gospel shod ;

In panoply of truth complete,
 Salvation's helmet on his head,
 With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
 And faith's broad shield before him spread

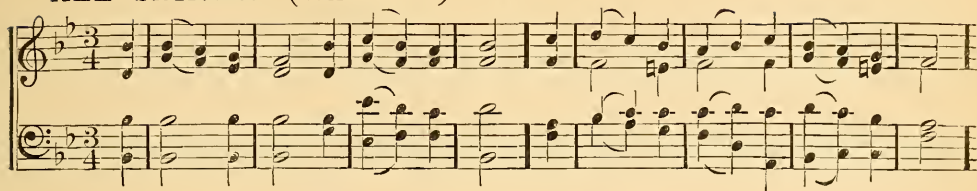
With this omnipotence he moves,
 From this the alien armies flee ;
 Till more than conqueror he proves.
 Through God, who gives him victory.

Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
 Sin, death, and hell he tramples down ;
 Fights the good fight ; and wins at length,
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

James Montgomery.

ALL SAINTS. (WAREHAM.) L.M.

W. KNAPP.



310.

Self-Dedication.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart :
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy :
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thou 'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

Renouncing every evil thing,
Safe, 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

Jean Frédéric Oberlin. Tr. Mrs. Daniel Wilson, 1830.

311.

Daily Consecration.

O God, I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give, —
For sunny skies and air and light :
O God, I thank thee that I live.

That life I consecrate to thee :

And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of love my soul would flee,
And thank thee for another morn.

Another day to do, to dare,
To tax anew my growing strength ;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

Caroline A. Mason.

312.

Holiness and Grace.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

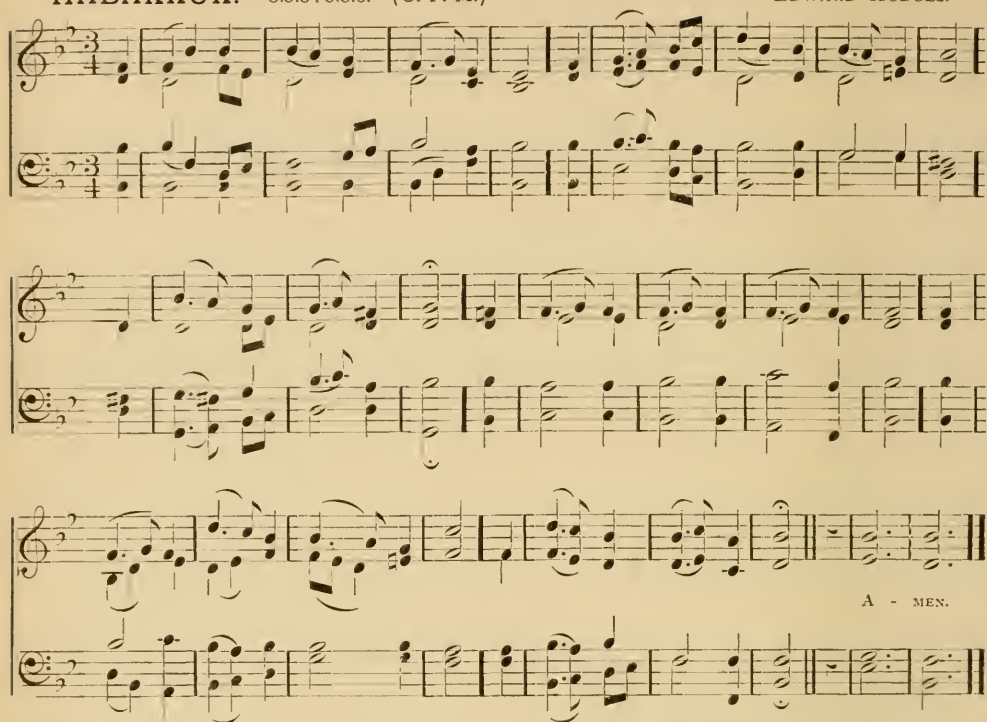
Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope, —
The bright appearance of the Lord ;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts.

HABAKKUK. S.S.6: S.S.6. (C. P. M.)

EDWARD HODGES.



A - MEN.

313.

*"Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ;
but the greatest of these is charity."*

GREAT Mover of all hearts, whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command

Of human thought and will ;
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness
In ceaseless order still.

Faith, hope, and love here weave one chain ;
But love alone shall then remain,
When this short day is gone ;
O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
When shall we see thy Sabbath bright,
With all our labors done ?

We sow 'mid perils here, and tears ;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown :

Eternal God, the increase give ;
Thy gifts of grace, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown. AMEN.

Latin Hymn. Tr Isaac Williams.†

314.

*"When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he
shall guide you into all truth."*

COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

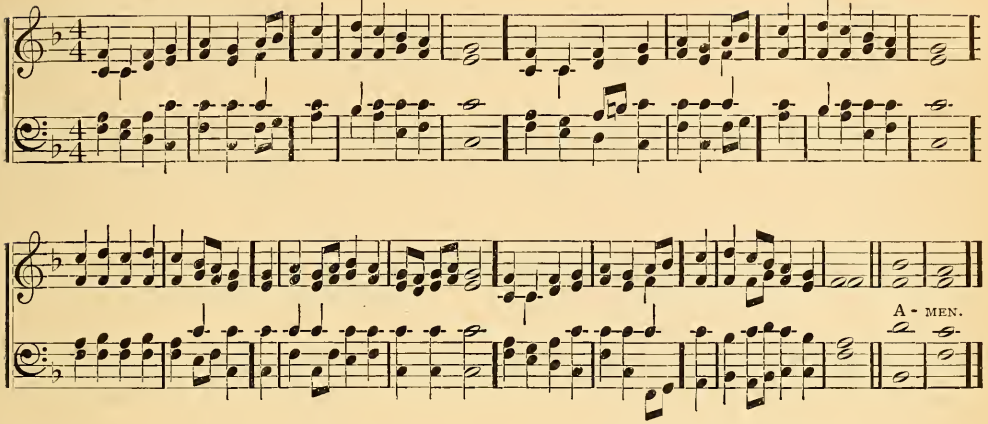
Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruised reed ;
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,

Guide those that guidance need. AMEN.

Tr. Arthur P. Stanley.

AMSTERDAM. 7.6.7.6:7.8.7.6.

JAMES NARES.



315. "Lo! I come to do thy will."

Lo! I come with joy to do
The Father's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part,
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by his dear name,
Supported by his smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Far above these earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employed,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

Oh that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face. AMEN.
Charles Wesley.†

316. "In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge till these calamities be overpast."

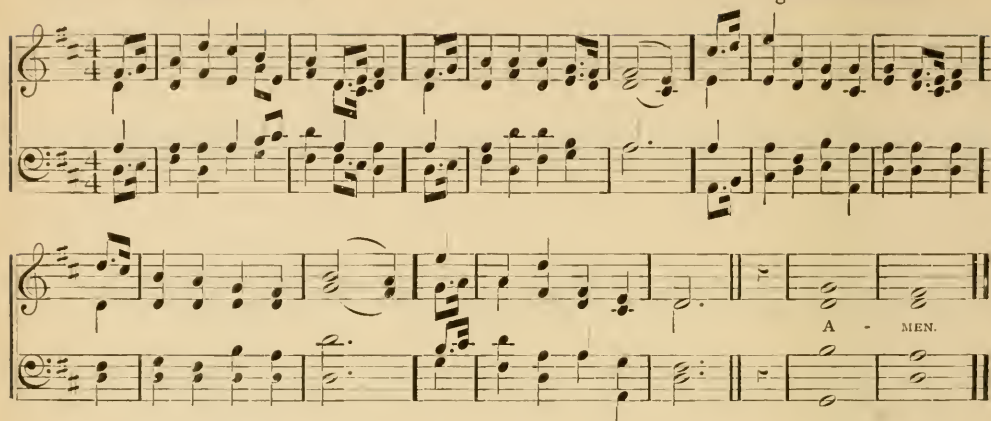
To the haven of thy breast,
O God of love, I fly;
Be my refuge and my rest,
For, oh, the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
And covert from the tempest be;
Hide me, Father, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been;
In my hour of helplessness
Restraining me from sin;
First and last, in me perform
The mighty work thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.†

CHRISTMAS. C.M.

Arranged from HÄNDEL.

317. *"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."*

AWAKE, my soul ; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye, —

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

318. *"On the Lord's side."*

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world ;
Now, each man to his post !
The red-cross banner is unfurled ;
Who joins the glorious host ?
He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —
He joins the noble host !

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still, —
He joins the faithful host !

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —
He joins the martyr host !

Samuel Longfellow.

319. *The Right must win.*

WORKMAN of God ! oh, lose not heart
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is in the field when he
Is most invisible !

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin !

Frederick William Faber.

NATIVITY. C.M.

HENRY LAHEE.



320.

"Fight the good fight."

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must not I stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

321. *"Your life is hid with Christ in God."*

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

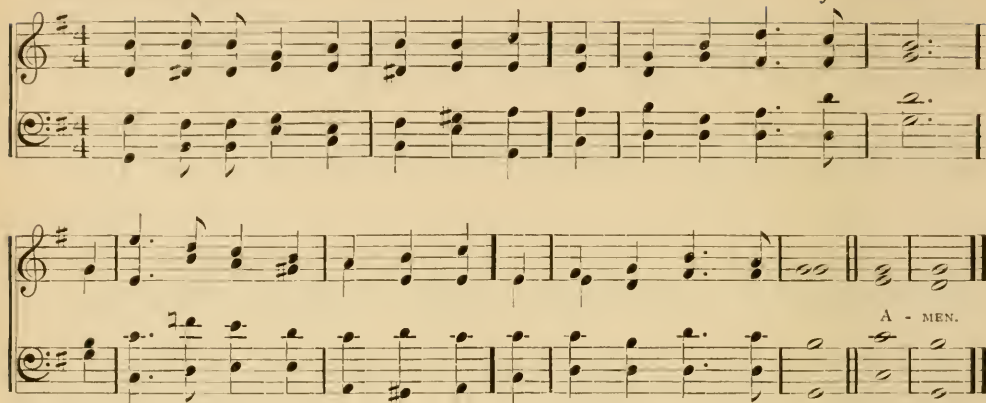
He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time;
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

Isaac Watts.

NOX PRECESSIT. C.M.

J. B. CALKIN.



322.

"Walk in the light."

WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath triumphed there.

Walk in the light ! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

323.

Isaiah xl. 30, 31.

WALK with the Lord ! along the road
Your strength he will renew !
Wait on the everlasting God,
And he will wait on you.

Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Still in the Spirit strong :
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exulting song.

Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore ;
Like eagles, ye shall sunward gaze ;
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

Your wondrous portion shall be this,
Your life below, above ; —
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

Thomas H. Gill. 1869

324. *"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."*

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine ;
Oh, let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

With thee let every week begin.
With thee each day be spent :
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road.
Till all our labors cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge.

ARLINGTON. C.M.

Dr. ARNE.



325. *"By their fruits ye shall know them."*

O THOU who hast thy servants taught,
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown, —

While in the house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.

When we our voices lift in praise,
Give thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

And, in the dangerous path of life,
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

Henry Alford.

326. *"Such as I have, give I to thee."*

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing founts,
To fill them every one.

But if, at any time, we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give we cease to have, —
Such is the law of love.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

327.

Consecration.

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

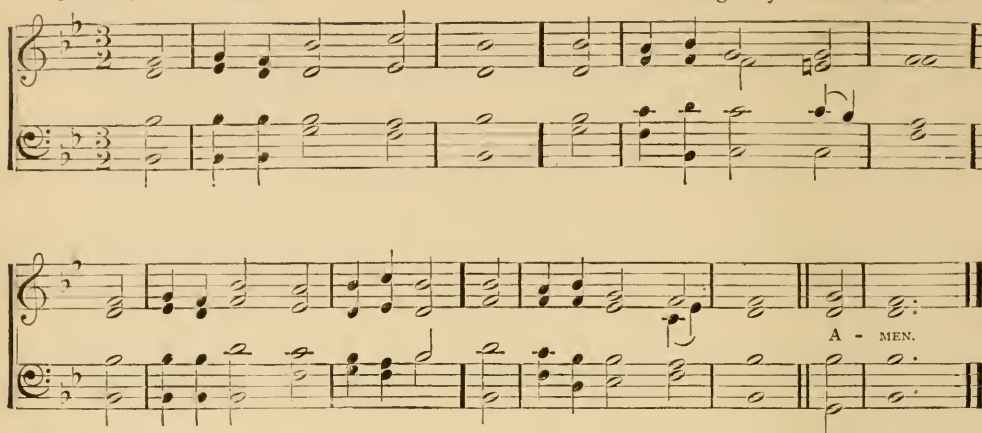
Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for thine own;
That I may see thy glorious face
And worship at thy throne.

Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given:
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges

OLMUTZ. S.M.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.



328.

"Be ye therefore ready."

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

Watch : 't is your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, he's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge.

329.

"A charge to keep."

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will !

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

330.

"Do all to the glory of God."

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend ;
In all I do, be thou the way, —
In all be thou the end.

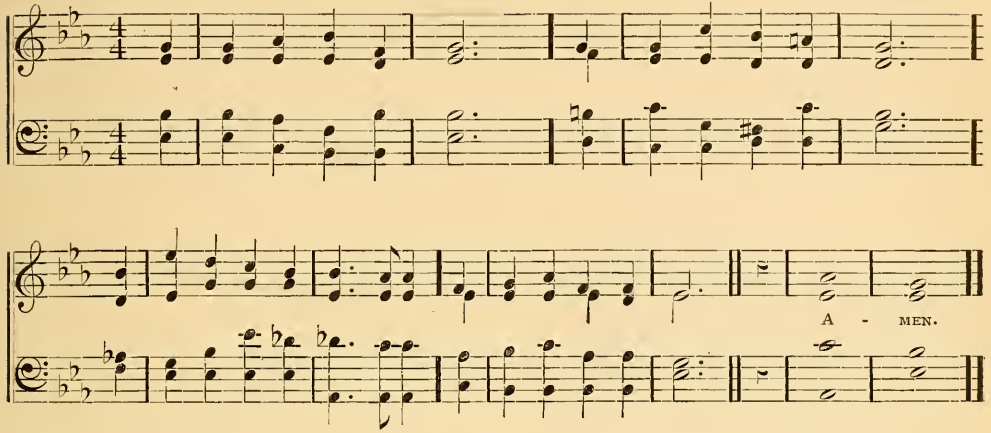
All may of thee partake :
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine :
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

George Herbert. †

ST. ANDREW. S.M.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



331. *"Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."*

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on ;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his beloved Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul ;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole ;

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Charles Wesley.

332. *"Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord."*

Now let our voices join
To raise a sacred song ;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

See — flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring ;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way,
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge.

333. *"The pure in heart shall see God."*

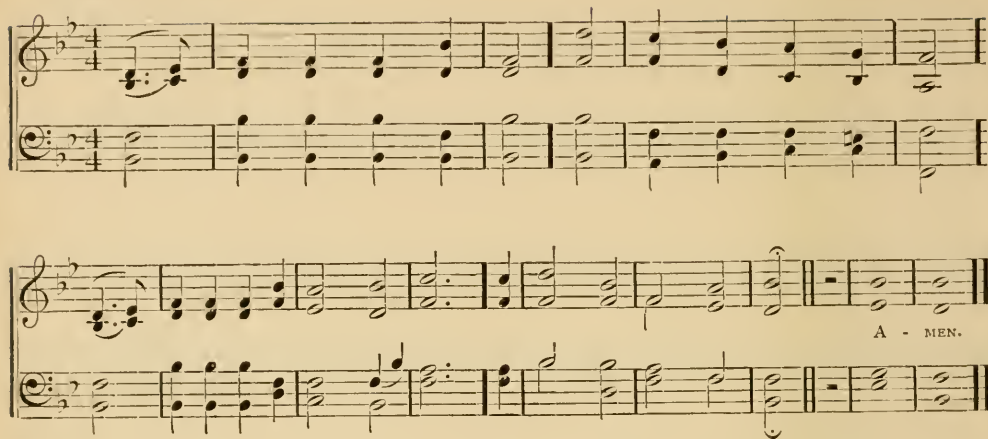
Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God :
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Choooseth the pure in heart.

John Keble. 1819.

LABAN. S.M.

LOWELL MASON.



334.

"Watch and pray."

My soul, be on thy guard :
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch and fight and pray !
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down :
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God :
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode.

George Heath. 1781.

My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And, sanctified by love divine,
 Forever cease from sin.

That blessed law of thine,
 Father, to me impart ;
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 Oh, write it on my heart !

Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove, —
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity ;
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee. AMEN.

Charles Wesley

335.

"Renew a right spirit within me"

THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I may no more do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew :

336. *"As every man hath received the gift even so minister the same one to another."*

WE give thee but thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be :
 All that we have is thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from thee.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, No. 525. S.M.

W. H. MONK.



May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold!

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christlike thing.

And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William Walsham How.

337.

*"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy,
peace."*

LORD of the hearts of men,
Thou hast vouchsafed to bless,
From age to age, thy chosen saints,
With fruits of holiness.

Here faith and hope and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when the little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

O Love, O Truth, O Light!
Light never to decay;
O rest from thousand labors past,
O endless Sabbath day!

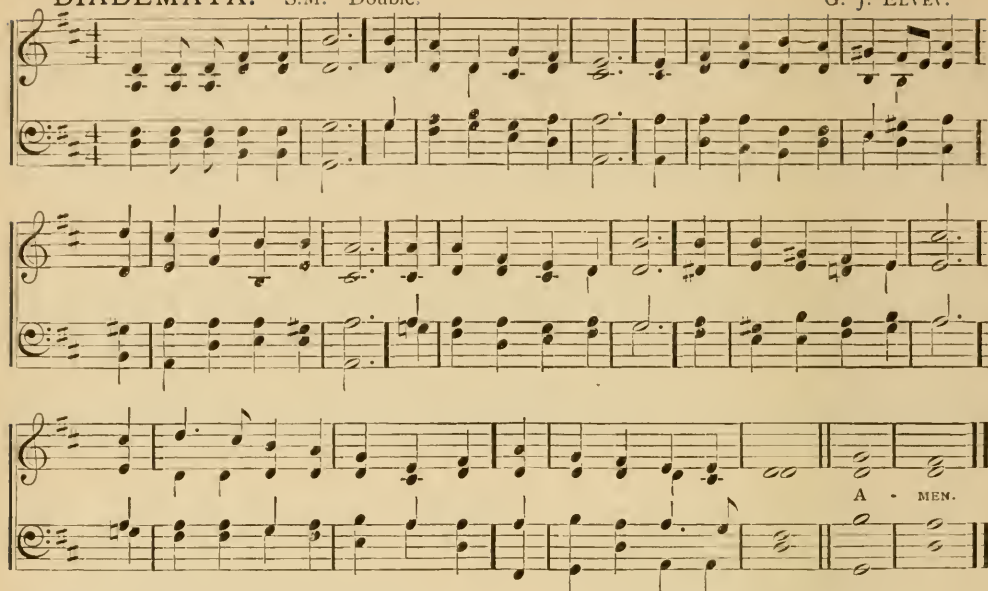
Here amid cares and tears,
Bearing the seed we come;
There with rejoicing hearts we bring
Our harvest burdens home.

Give, mighty Lord divine,
The fruits thyself dost love;
Soon shalt thou, from thy judgment-seat,
Crown thine own gifts above.

Paris Breviary. Tr. James Russell Woodford.

DIADEMATA. S.M. Double.

G. J. ELVEV.



338.

*"First the blade, then the ear, after that,
the full corn in the ear."*

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale by plots 't is found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry.
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

James Montgomery.

339.

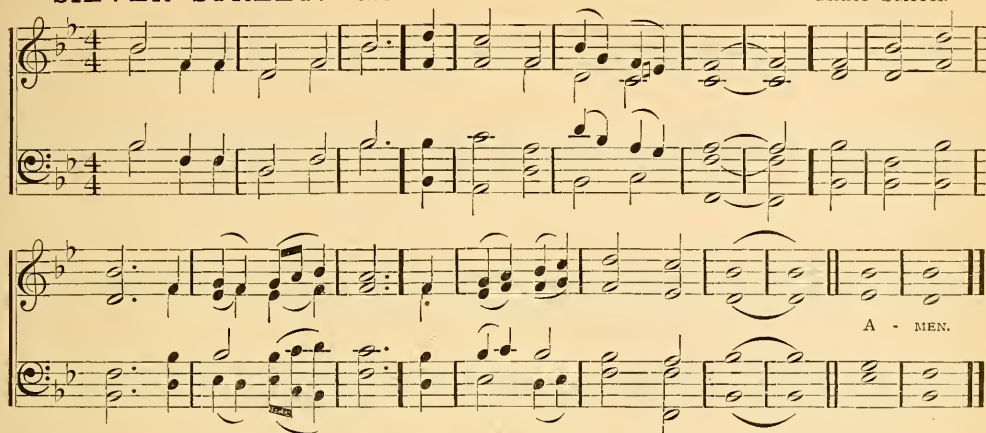
*"Bear ye another's burdens, and so
fulfil the law of Christ."*

COME, brethren, let us go !
Our Father is our guide ;
And, when the way grows steep and dark,
He journeys at our side.
Our spirits he would cheer ;
The sunshine of his love
Revives and helps us as we rove ;
Ah, blest our lot e'en here !
Come, brethren, let us go :
We travel hand in hand ;
Each in his brother finds his joy
In this wild stranger land.
The strong be quick to raise
The weaker when they fall ;
Let love and peace and patience bloom
In ready help for all.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

SILVER STREET. S.M.

ISAAC SMITH.



340.

The Captain of our Salvation.

OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

"Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

Who conquer in his might,
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

Christian Psalmist.

341.

"Lo, I come to do thy will, O God."

GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength forever art, —
We come to do thy will.

Upon that painful road,
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God!

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live.

No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue, —
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
Through thy completeness, strong. AMEN.

Samuel Johnson.

342.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

OH praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

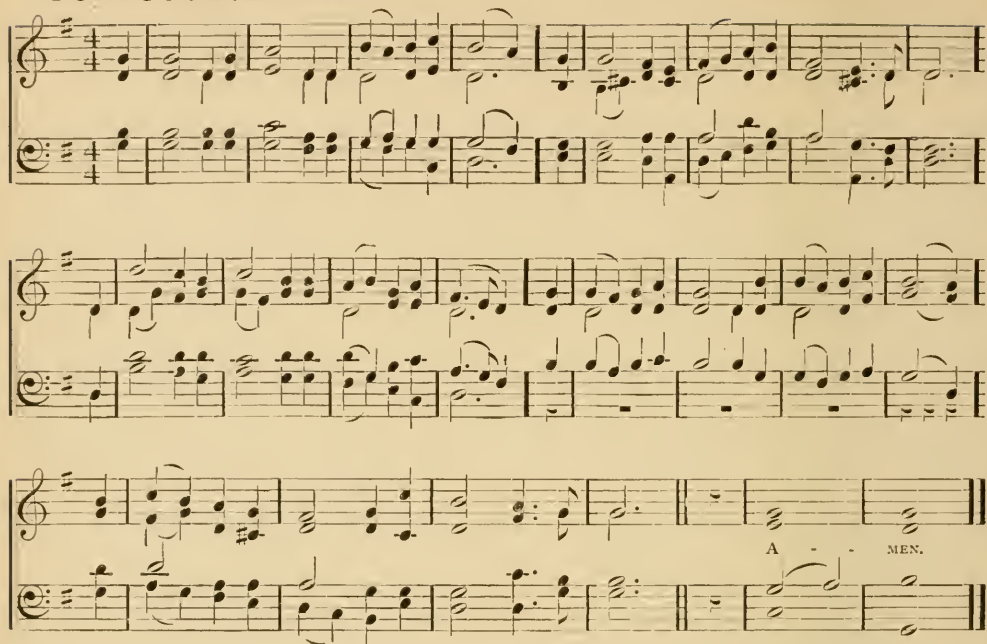
His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!

Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep:
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep." AMEN.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.11:11.11.



343.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
 No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction, my table is spread ;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head :
 Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above ;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

DAWN. 11.10: 11.10.

Sir JOHN STAINER.

344.

"He giveth power to the faint."

FATHER, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
 Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
 Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
 That we may live to glorify thy name,

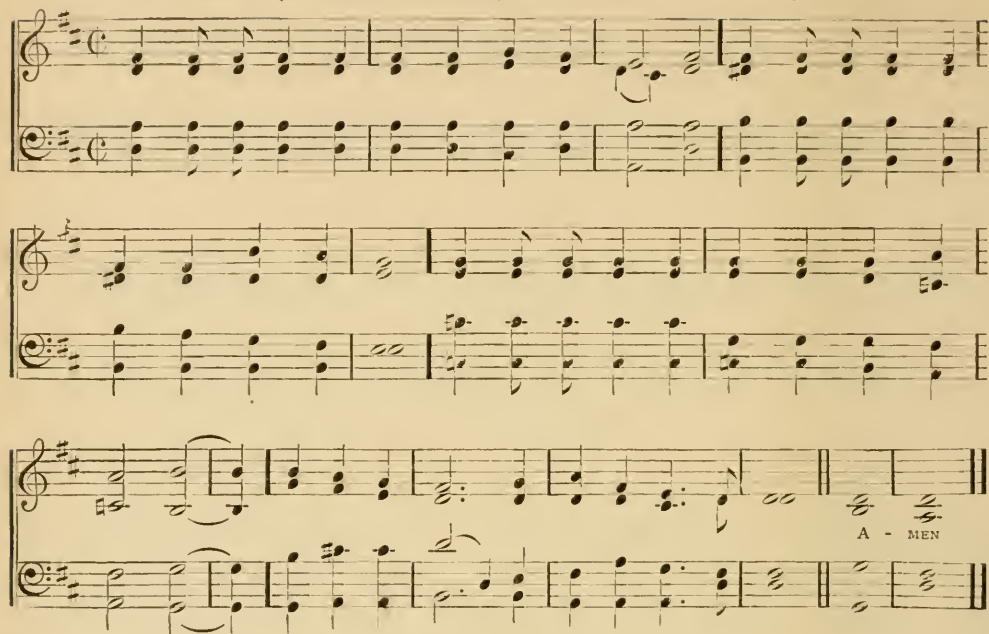
That we may conquer base desire and passion,
 That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
 O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
 Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
 Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed :
 Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean ;
 Oh, speak the word, thy servants shall be healed ! AMEN.

James Freeman Clarke. 1842.

NEWNHAM. (BARNBY, NO. 14.) 11.10. 11.10.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



345.

For Divine Strength.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
 Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love ;
 For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
 Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
 And thou hast made each step an onward one ;
 And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

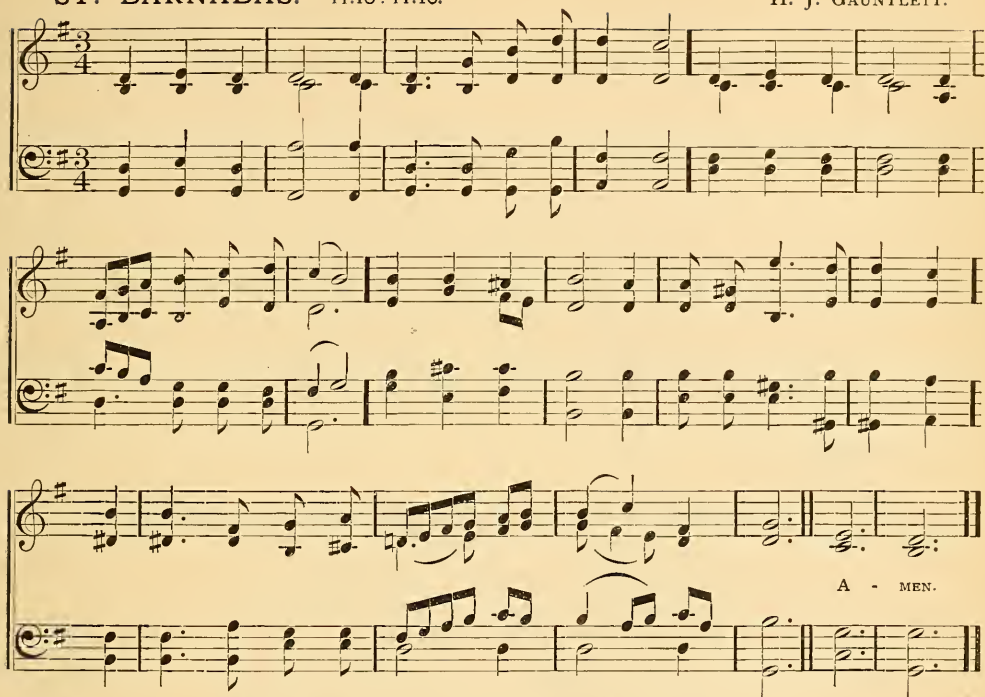
In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
 Abides ; and when pain seems to have her will,
 Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
 Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
 Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;
 Now make us strong, — we need thy deep revealing
 Of trust and strength and calmness from above. AMEN.

Samuel Johnson. 1846.

ST. BARNABAS. II. IO. : II. IO.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



346.

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence."

I CANNOT find thee. Still on restless pinion
 My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell :
 I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
 And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee. E'en when most adoring
 Before thy throne I bend in lowliest prayer ;
 Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
 From farthest quest comes back : thou art not there.

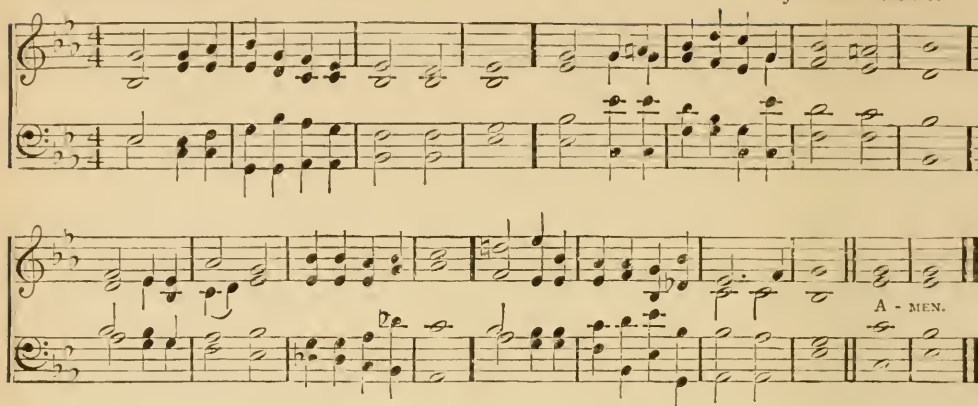
Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
 And folded far within the inmost heart,
 And deep below the deeps of unconscious being,
 Thy splendor shineth : there, O God ! thou art.

I cannot lose thee. Still in thee abiding,
 The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam :
 The hand that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
 And I must rest at last in thee, my home. AMEN.

Eliza Scudder.

BETHSAIDA. 10.10:10.10.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



347.

"When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

QUIET from God ! how beautiful to keep
 This treasure, the All-merciful hath given ;
 To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
 Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven !

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
 To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel ;
 To bear about forever in the heart
 The gladness which his Spirit doth reveal !

Who shall make trouble ? Not the evil minds
 Which like a shadow o'er creation lower ;
 The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds
 How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

What shall make trouble ? Not the holy thought
 Of the departed ; that will be a part
 Of those undying things His peace hath wrought
 Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble ? Not slow-wasting pain,
 Not the impending, certain stroke of death ;
 These do but wear away, then snap the chain
 Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

Sarah J. Williams.

348.

"In him we live, and move, and have our being."

FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,
 Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed :
 Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
 In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found ;
 In losing thee are all things lost beside ;
 Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
 And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see,
 Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
 And in the spirit-land may ever be,
 And feel thy presence with us always near. AMEN.

Jones Very.

349.

"We have known and believed the love that God hath to us."

NOR what I am, O Lord, but what thou art !
 That, that alone can be my soul's true rest ;
 Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
 And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

Girt with the love of God, on every side,
 Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
 I work or wait, still following my Guide,
 Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

'Tis what I know of thee, my Lord and God,
 That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song ;
 Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod,
 Leaning on thee, in weakness I am strong.

Horatius Bonar.

350.

Psalm lxxxiv.

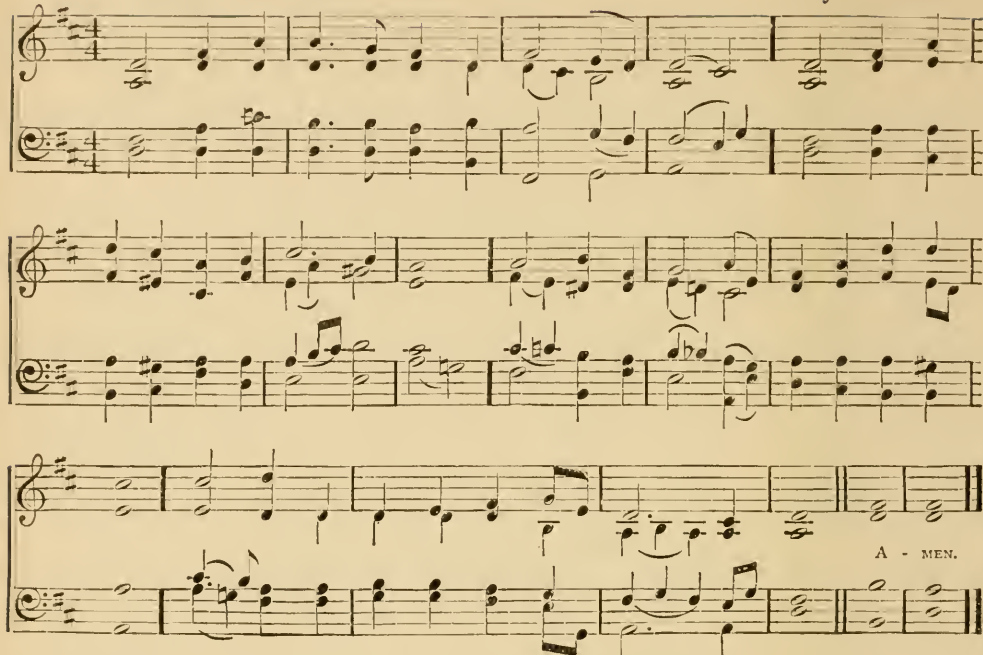
How lovely, how beloved is thine abode,
 Lord of the hosts of heaven, thou King of saints !
 My heart cries out for thee, the living God,
 And for thy courts my spirit longs and faints.

In dark and danger sun and shield art thou.
 And grace and glory spring from thee alone ;
 The Refuge of thy pilgrim people now,
 Their Home forever gathered round thy throne. AMEN.

E. H. Bickersteth.

PAX DEI. 10.10:10.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



351.

"Live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

O FATHER Spirit, who with gentlest breath
 Dost calm and teach, dost comfort or reprove,
 Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
 Through whom we live at peace with all in love !

Now shed thy mighty influence abroad
 On souls that would their Father's image bear ;
 Make us as holy temples of our God,
 Where dwells forever calm, adoring prayer. AMEN.

C. J. P. Spitta.

352.

"The God of peace make you perfect in every good work to do his will."

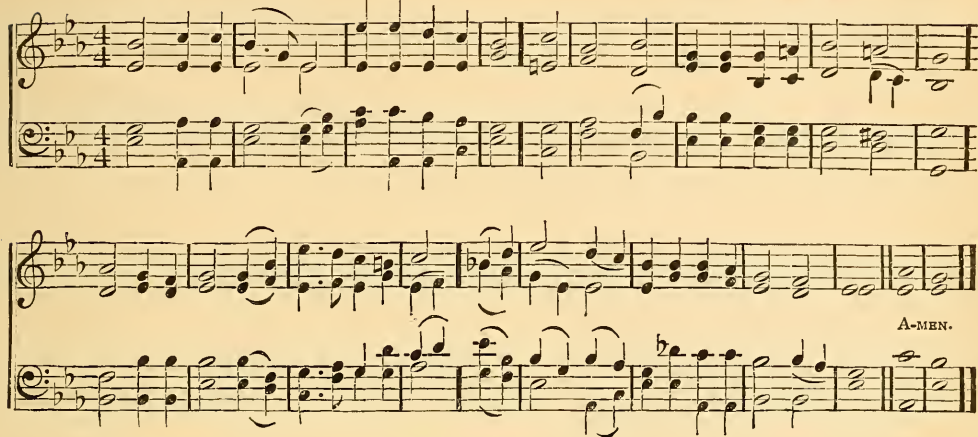
O THOU, the primal fount of life and peace,
 Who shedd'st thy breathing quiet all around,
 In me command that pain and conflict cease,
 And turn to music every jarring sound.

So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
 In full accord with all thy world of joy,
 May I be nerved to labors high and pure,
 And thou thy child to do thy work employ. AMEN.

John Sterling.

RUSSIAN HYMN. 10.10 : 10.10.

ALEXIS THEODORE LWOFF.



353.

"In thy light shall we see light."

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
 On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
 With silent confidence and holy rest :
 From thee, great God, we spring ; to thee we tend,
 Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End. AMEN.

Boethius. Tr. Dr. Samuel Johnson.

354.

God is Spirit.

O GOD, O Spirit, Light of all that live,
 Who dost on them that sit in darkness shine !
 The darkness ever with the light doth strive,
 Yet pour on us again thy beams divine.

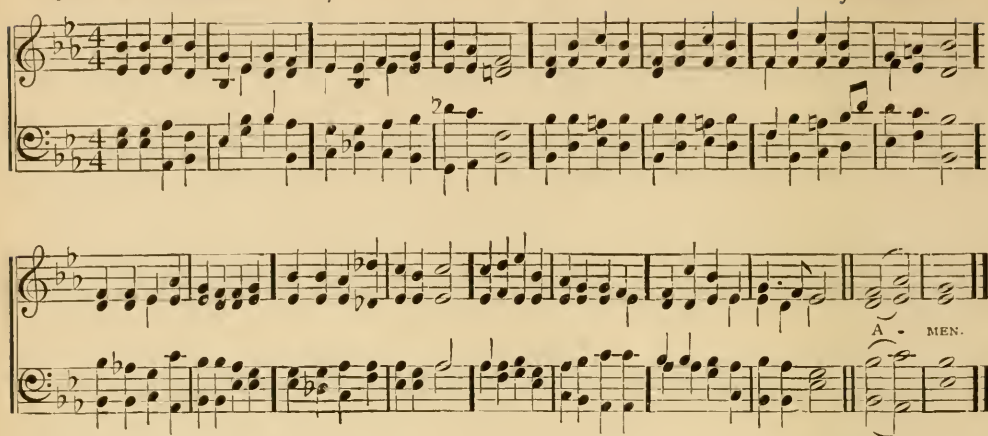
O Breath from out the eternal silence ! blow
 Softly upon our spirits' waiting ground ;
 The precious fulness of our God bestow,
 That fruits of faith, love, reverence may abound.

O Fountain, that dost unexhausted flow
 To quench the thirst that seeks thy waters clear !
 O God, O Spirit, Life of life ! flow now
 Into the hearts which seek thy quickening here. AMEN.

Gerhard Tersteegen. †

ST. ANDREWS. 8.7. Double.

J. BARNBY.

355. *"The redeemed shall return, and shall come with singing unto Zion."*

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the Promised Land.
 And before us through the darkness
 Gleameth clear the guiding light ;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 And steps fearless through the night.

One the light of God's dear presence
 O'er his faithful people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread :
 One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain which mouths of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one ;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun :
 One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the resurrection shore,
 With one Father o'er us shining
 In his love for evermore.

Bernhard Severin Ingemann.
 Tr. Sabine Baring-Gould.

356. *From Grace to Glory.*

TAKE, my soul, thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care ;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear :
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
 What a Father's smile is thine ;
 What a Saviour died to win thee, —
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?
 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

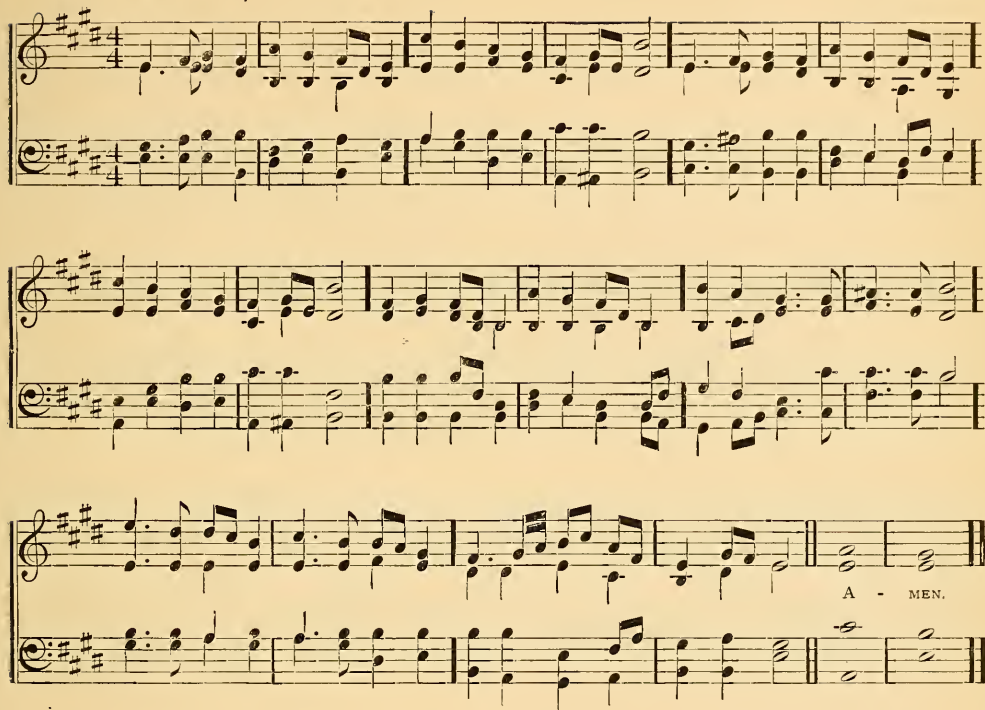
Henry Francis Lyte.

357. *"The Lord shall be thine everlasting light."*

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you ;
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways :
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

AUSTRIA. 8.7. Double.

HAYDN.



There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow :
 Still in undisturbed possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me :
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

William Cowper.

358.

The City of God.

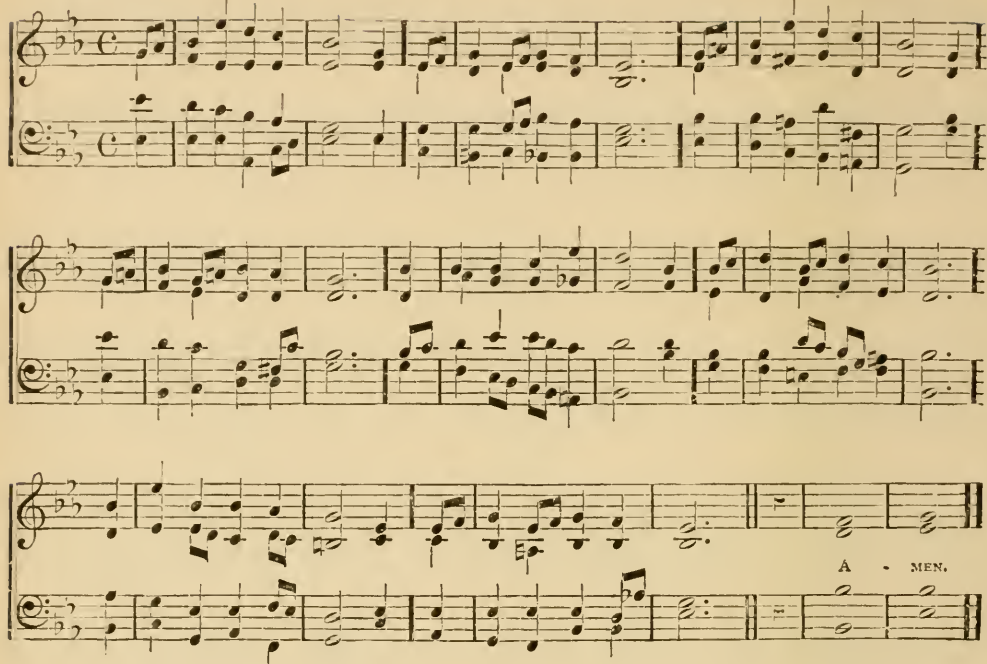
GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See ! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

John Newton

TOURS. 7.6. Double.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



359.

Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing on his wings :
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new ;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 " E'en let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may !

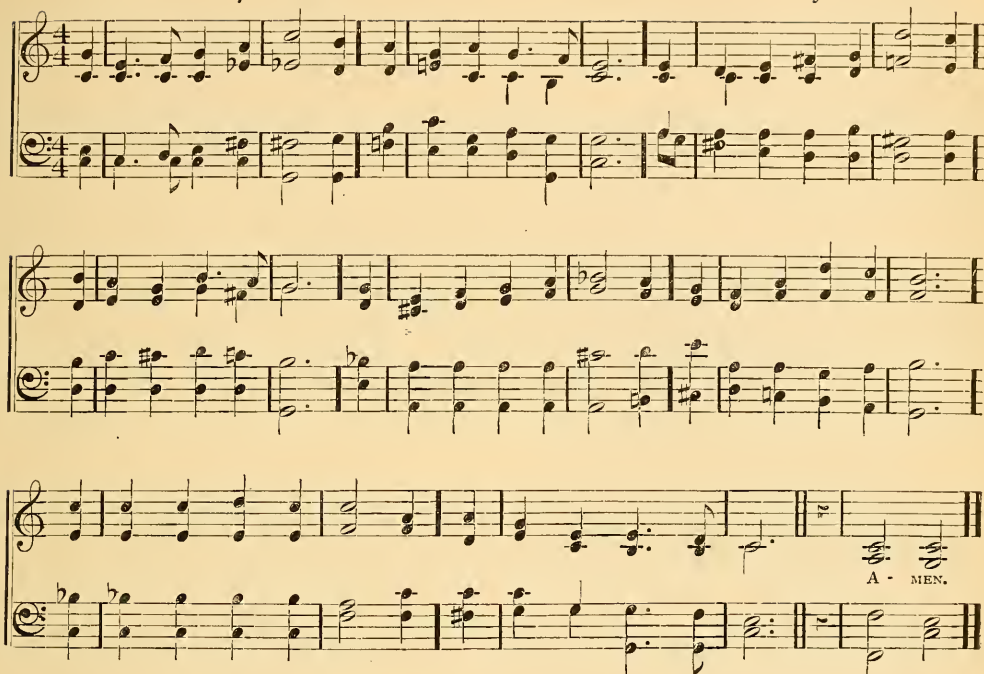
" It can bring with it nothing
 But he will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe his people too ;
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.

" Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice :
 For, while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice."

William Cowper.

MOSCOW. 7.6. Double.

J. B. CALKIN.



360.

Heavenly Love.

In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid;
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

Wherever he may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim;
 He knows the way he taketh,
 And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me
 Where darkest clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path in life is free:
 My Father has my treasure,
 And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring. 1850.

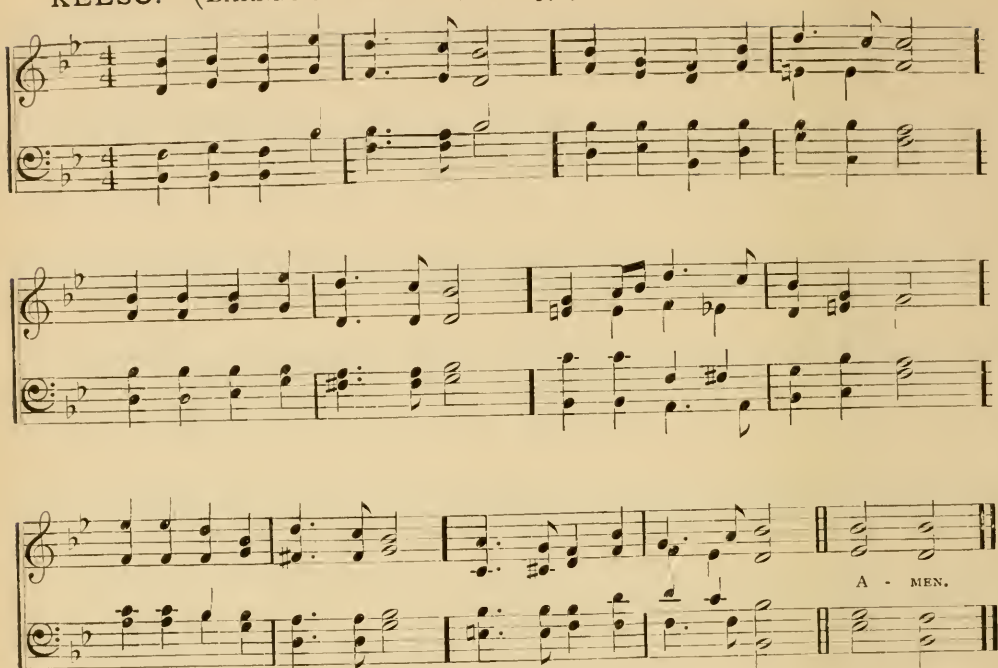
361.

"Thou art with me."

ABOVE me and beside me,
 My God is ever near,
 To watch, protect, and guide me,
 Whatever ills appear.
 Though other friends may fail me,
 In sorrow's dark abode,
 Though death itself assail me,
 I'm ever safe with God.

Tr. from the Dutch.

KELSO. (BARNBY'S HYMNARY, NO. 57.) 7. Six lines. E. J. HOPKINS.



362.

Psalm cxxxi.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art, —
Make me as a weanèd child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
'T is enough that thou wilt care :
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,

Fears to stir a step alone, —
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide. AMEN.
John Newton.

363.

Psalm xlii.

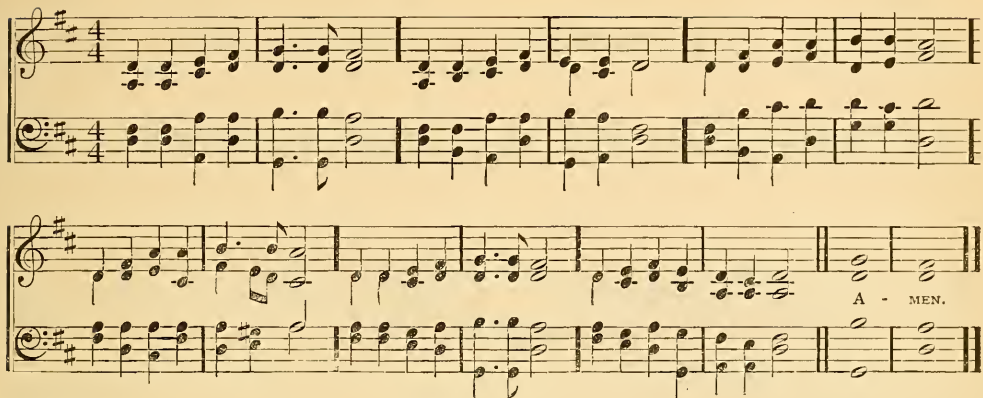
As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see ;
When, oh when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near ?

Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole :
Why art thou disquieted ?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

James Montgomery.

GETHSEMANE. 7. Six lines.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



364.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

GLORIOUS Shepherd of the sheep,
 May I dare to call me thine,
 One whom thou wilt tend and keep
 Safe beneath thy wings divine?
 Ah, with thee so kind and near,
 What have I to wish or fear?

Where the heavenly pastures grow,
 Where the living waters glide,
 Led and fed by thee below,
 I have nought to ask beside;
 Nought but thankfulness of heart,
 To proclaim how good thou art.

Keep me in thy righteous ways,
 Guide me with thy holy wand,
 Through this life's perplexing maze,
 Through the vale of death beyond;
 Gracious thou, and happy I,
 With so great a Friend so nigh.

In the desert then I'm fed,
 Manna round me rains from high;
 Holy oil anoints my head,
 And my cruse is never dry;
 Then from grace I pass to grace,
 Soon to meet thee face to face.

Henry Francis Lyte.

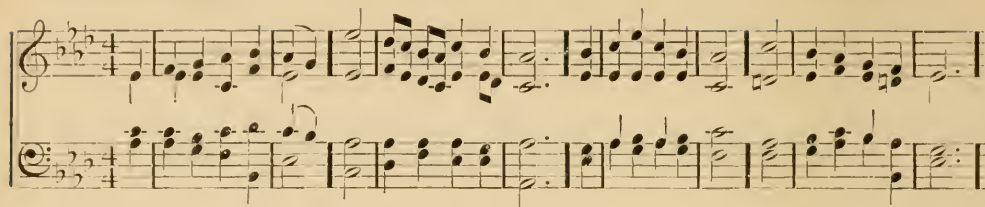
NASSAU. 7. Six lines.

Arranged by Sir JOHN GOSS.



HAREWOOD. 6.6.6.6 : 8.8. (H.M.)

S. S. WESLEY.



365.

God our Preserver. Ps. cxxi.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;
 From God is all my aid, —
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made :
 God is the tower to which I fly :
 His grace is nigh in every hour.

My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my Guard and Guide,
 Defends me from my fears :
 Those wakeful eyes that never sleep
 Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there.
 Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
 To guard my head by night or noon.

Hast thou not given thy word,
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath.
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
 Till from on high thou call me home.

Isaac Watts.

366.

"In the Lord put I my trust."

My trust is in the Lord,
 What foe can injure me?
 Why bid me like a bird
 Before the fowler flee?
 The Lord is on his heavenly throne,
 And he will shield and save his own.

His flock to him is dear,
 He watches them from high ;
 He sends them trials here,
 To form them for the sky ;
 But safely will he tend and keep
 The humblest, feeblest of his sheep.

Henry Francis Lyte.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7:8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



367.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never ;
 I nothing lack if I am his,
 And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow,
 My ransomed soul he leadeth,
 And, where the verdant pastures grow,
 With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
 But yet in love he sought me,
 And on his shoulder gently laid,
 And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
 With thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
 Thy light before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
 Thy unction grace bestoweth,
 And oh the transport of delight
 With which my cup o'erfloweth !

And so, through all the length of days,
 Thy goodness faileth never ;
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
 Within thy house forever ! AMEN.

Sir Henry W. Baker. †

368.

"Feed my Lambs."

Ho ! ye that rest beneath the rock,
 On pastures greenly growing,
 Or roam at will, a favored flock,
 By waters gently flowing, —

Hear ye, upon the desert air,
 A voice of woe come crying,
 Where, cold upon the barren moor.
 God's little lambs are dying.

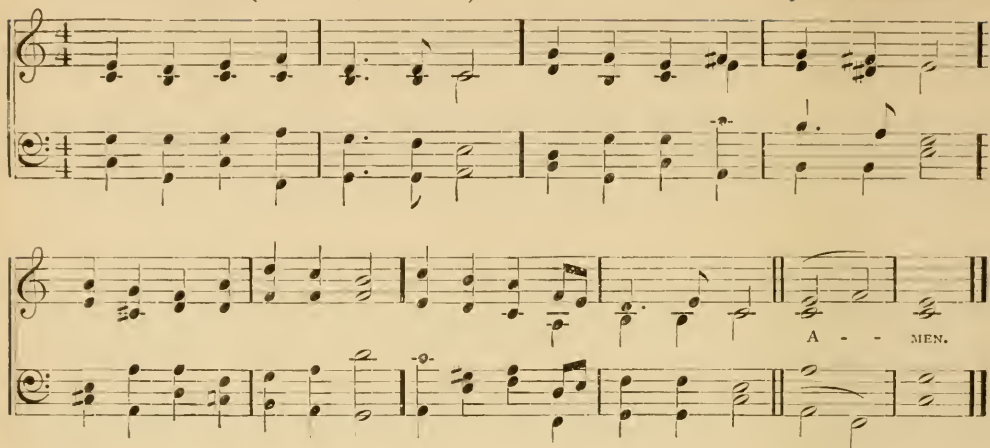
See the great Shepherd bend and call
 From fields of light and glory :
 "Go, feed my lambs, and bring them all,
 From moor and mountain hoary !"

Ye little flock, the call obey ;
 And from the desert dreary
 Lead those who faint along the way,
 Or wander lost and weary.

Edmund H. Sears

KESWICK. (BARNBY, No. 11.) 7-7:7-7.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



369.

Our Daily Bread.

Day by day the manna fell :
 Oh, to learn this lesson well !
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

“Day by day,” the promise reads ;
 Daily strength for daily needs :
 Cast foreboding fears away ;
 Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in thy hand :
 All my sanguine hopes have planned
 To thy wisdom I resign,
 And would make thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give ;
 Day by day to thee I live :
 So shall added years fulfil,
 Not my own, my Father's will.

Oh, to live exempt from care,
 By the energy of prayer ;
 Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
 Yet elate with gratitude !

Josiah Conder. 1836.

370.

A Life hidden in God.

LET my life be hid in thee,
 Life of life and Light of light !
 Love's illimitable sea !
 Depth of peace, of power the height !

Let my life be hid in thee
 From vexation and annoy ;
 Calm in thy tranquillity,
 All my mourning turned to joy.

Let my life be hid in thee
 When alarms are gathering round,
 Covered with thy panoply,
 Safe within thy holy ground.

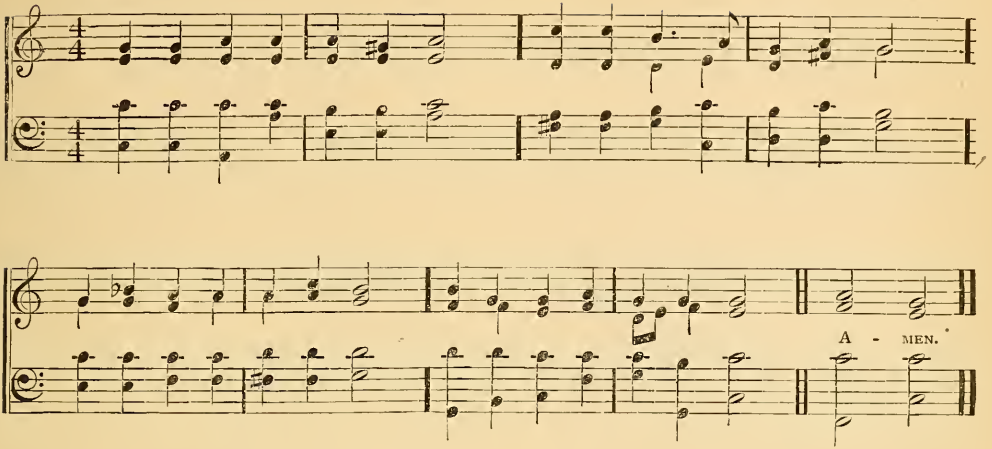
Let my life be hid in thee
 When my strength and health shall fail ;
 Let thine immortality
 In my dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid in thee,
 In the world and yet above ;
 Hid in thine eternity,
 In the ocean of thy love. AMEN.

J. B. Clipstone.

SUBMISSION. 7-7-7-7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



371.

Psalm xci.

Oh, how safe, how happy he,
 Lord of hosts, who dwells with thee !
 Sheltered 'neath almighty wings,
 Guarded by the King of kings !

Thou my hope, my refuge art ;
 Touch with grace my rebel heart,
 Draw me home unto thy breast,
 Give me there eternal rest !

Hark the voice of Love divine !
 "Fear not, trembler, thou art mine !
 Fear not, I am at thy side,
 Strong to succor, sure to guide.

"Call on me in want or woe,
 I will keep thee here below ;
 And, thy day of conflict past,
 Bear thee to myself at last !"

Henry Francis Lyte.

372.

"They who on the Lord rely."

THEY who on the Lord rely,
 Safely dwell, though danger's nigh ;
 Lo ! his sheltering wings are spread
 O'er each faithful servant's head.

When they wake, or when they sleep,
 Angel guards their vigils keep ;
 Death and danger may be near,
 Faith and love have nought to fear.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

373.

"My times are in thy hand."

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise,
 All my times are in thy hand,
 All events at thy command, —

Times of sickness, times of health ;
 Times of penury and wealth ;
 Times of trial and of grief ;
 Times of triumph and relief.

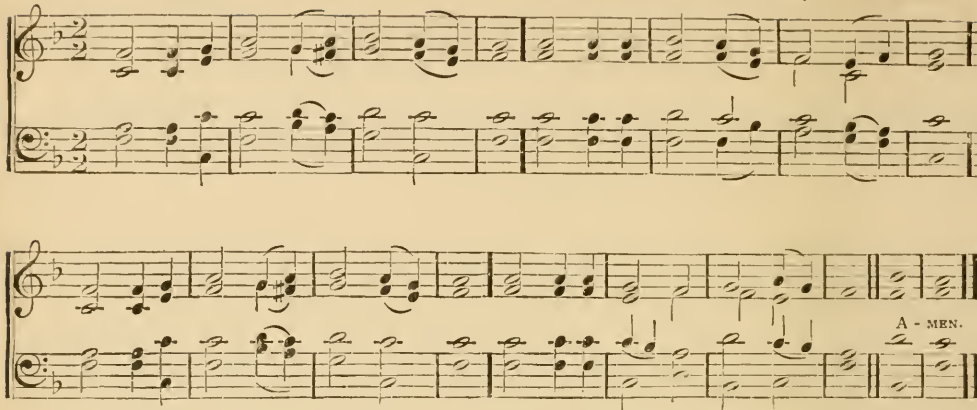
O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just !
 In thy hands my life I trust :
 Have I something dearer still ?
 I resign it to thy will.

Thee at all times will I bless ;
 Having thee, I all possess ;
 How can I bereaved be,
 Since I cannot part with thee ?

John Ryland. 1777.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tone I. by LOWELL MASON.



374. "Behold, I make all things new."

O LIFE, that maketh all things new, —
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men !
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one, —

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joys of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God ;

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death, —
The Life that maketh all things new.

Samuel Longfellow.

375. "Lead me in a plain path."

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light !
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for thee :
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free !

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way :
No foes, no violence, I fear ;
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O Lord, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart !

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease.
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

Gerhard Tersteegen. 1731.

376. God the Eternal Dwelling-place. Ps. xc.

THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

In thee our fathers sought their rest,
In thee our fathers still are blest ;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

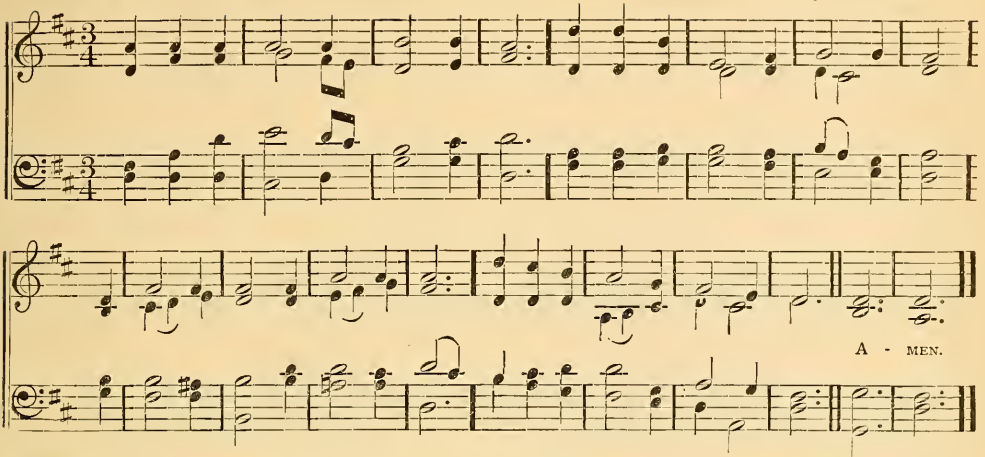
Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

Philip Doddridge.

RIVAULX. L.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



377.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light ;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night ;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires, —
These stars have been above us still.

Look backward, how much has been won ;
Look round, how much is yet to win !
The watches of the night are done ;
The watches of the day begin.

O thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,
Oh, keep us steadfast, patient, true. AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow.

378.

Psaln lxxi.

In thee, O Lord, my trust I place,
They cannot fail who rest on thee ;
Thou hast upheld me by thy grace,
On to the close my refuge be !
Brought into life by thee at first,
My childhood's Guide, my manhood's Friend,
By thee till now sustained and nursed,
Why should I doubt thee to the end ?

The guardian of my earliest hours,
The strengthener of my feeble frame,
Will not desert my sinking powers,
But love and tend me still the same.
Strong in thy righteousness I stand ;
On in thy might I hope to move ;
And each new blessing from thy hand
Shall wake from me new praise and love.

Henry Francis Lyte.

379.

"The Lord is near."

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right ;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

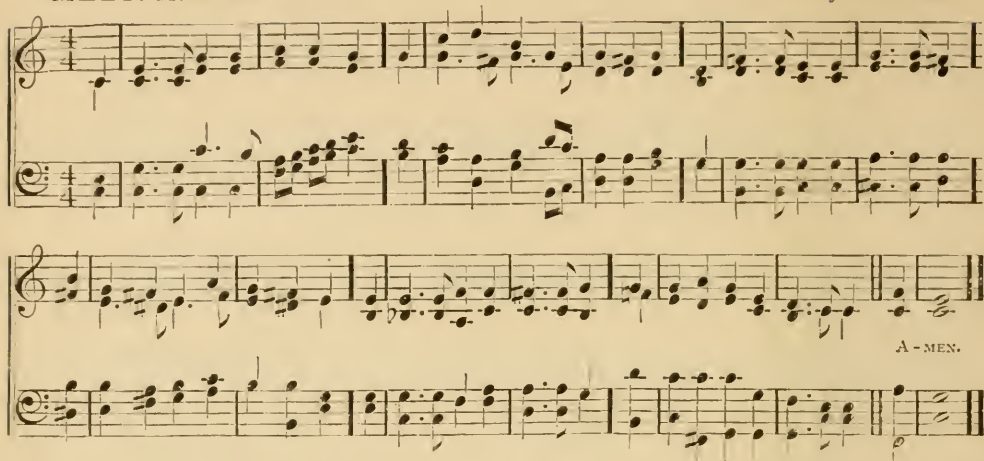
Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my soul shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

John G. Whittier.

MELITA. L.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



380.

*"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the
Most High, shall abide under the shadow of
the Almighty."*

O THOU, with whom, in sweet content,
The soul that loves thee shall abide,
Grant that thy spirit may be sent,
That by its influence purified
And touched and blessed, we may be free,
Father and Friend, to dwell with thee.

Oh, fire our hearts with quenchless love
For men, and for thy truth divine, —
That we may guide to things above,
Where in thy heavens eternal shine
The strong attractions of that home
From which, when found, no soul can roam.

And if upon our lonely way,
We faint and cry to thee for aid,
Then, O our Father, grant, we pray,
That, by us trembling and afraid,
May walk the Leader of our race,
Filling with light and joy the place.

Crown us with love, and so with peace,
Transfigure duty to delight;
Our lips inspire, our faith increase,
Brighten with hope our darkest night.
Bring us from earthly bondage free,
To find our heaven in serving thee. AMEN.

Henry Wilder Foote. 1861.

381.

Trust in God.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent.
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee:
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

George Neumark. 1653.

ST. MATTHIAS. L.M. Six lines.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

A - MEN.

382.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower."

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am while thou art mine :
 And, lo ! from sin and grief and shame
 I hide me, Father, in thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above ;
 Comfort it brings, and power and peace,
 And joy and everlasting love :
 To me, with thy dear name are given
 Pardon and holiness and heaven.

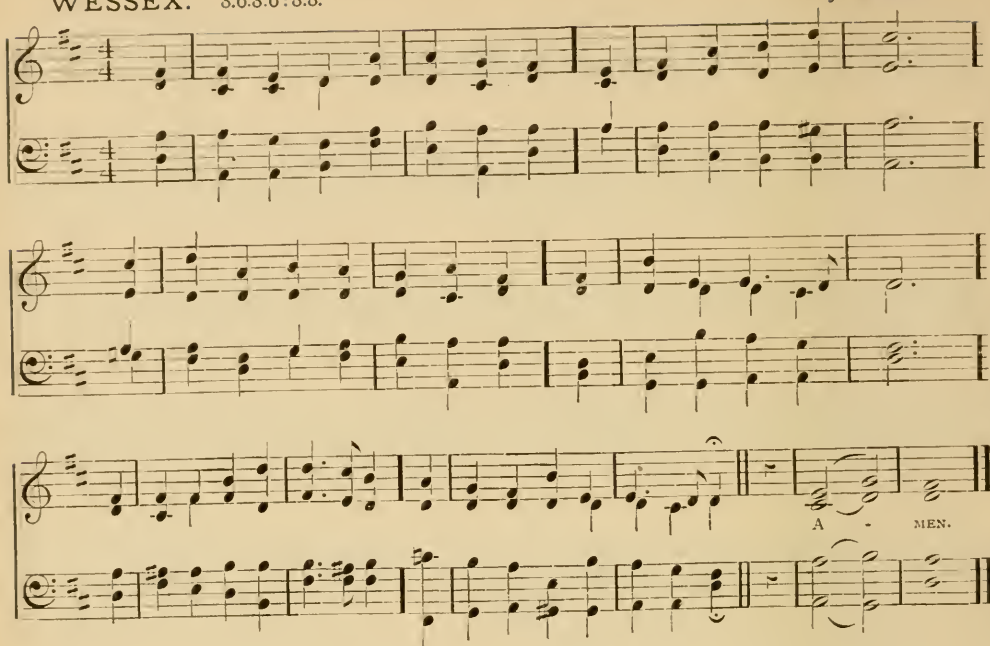
Father, my all in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
 The balm to heal my broken heart ;
 In war my peace, in loss my gain ;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
 In shame, my glory and my crown ;

In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, my almighty power ;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My light in evil's darkest hour ;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable :
 My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

WESSEX. 8.6.8.6:8.8.

E. J. HOPKINS.



383.

"I will show thee my faith by my works."

TRUE faith in holy life will shine ;
 The soul, that looks above,
 And more would learn of things divine,
 Must daily grow in love ;
 For faith not only brings us light,
 But strength to love and do the right.

They only please the Father well,
 Who study to obey ;
 In them, O God, thy love doth dwell
 Who keep thy perfect way ;
 Love strong and steadfast unto death,
 This is the fruit and test of faith.

He rests in God and God in him,
 Who still abides in love :
 In love the saints and seraphim
 Obey and praise above :
 For God is love ; the loveless heart
 Hath in his life and joy no part.

"I LOOK TO THEE." S.6.S.6:S.S.

JOHN W. TUFTS.



A - MEN.

384.

"God's hand in all things, and all things in God's hand."

I LOOK to thee in every need,
 And never look in vain ;
 I feel thy touch, Eternal Love,
 And all is well again ;
 The thought of thee is mightier far
 Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears,
 I sink beside the road, —
 But let me only think of thee,
 And then new heart springs up in me.

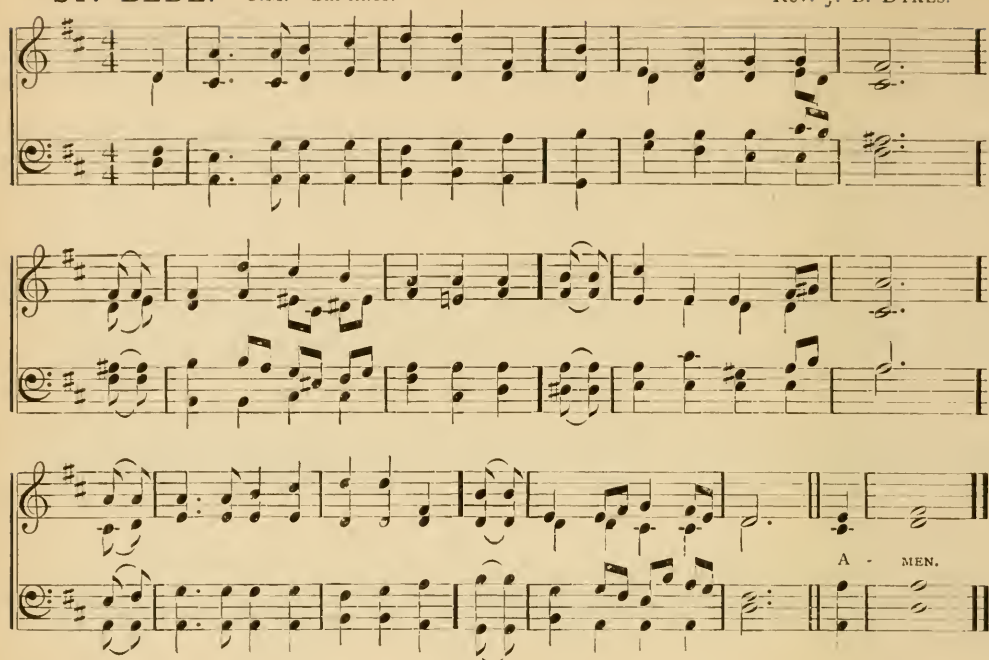
Thy calmness bends serene above,
 My restlessness to still ;
 Around me flows thy quickening life
 To nerve my faltering will ;
 Thy presence fills my solitude ;
 Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
 Held in thy law I stand ;
 Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in thy hand ;
 Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

ST. BEDE. C.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



385.

"My times are in thy hand."

FATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me,
 And the changes that are sure to come
 I do not fear to see ;
 But I ask thee for a present mind
 Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
 And a heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathize.

Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoever estate.
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate ;
 And a work of lowly love to do
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

Anna L. Waring.

386.

"Ye have not received the spirit of bondage."

I ASK thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied ;
 And a mind to blend with outward life
 While keeping at thy side :
 Content to fill a little space,
 If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
 In my cup of blessing be,
 I would have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to thee, —
 More careful, not to serve thee much,
 But to please thee perfectly.

In a service which thy will appoints,
 There are no bonds for me ;
 For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
 That makes thy children "free :"
 And a life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty.

Anna L. Waring

387.

God in the Soul.

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Farther than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high :
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God, art nigh.

We hear thy voice when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey thy dread control,
 Yet still thou art not there :
 Where shall I find him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?

Oh, not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast ;
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does his Spirit rest !
 Oh, come, thou Presence Infinite,
 And make thy creature blest ! AMEN.
Josiah Conder.

388. *"Praise the Lord. . . Stormy wind fulfilling
his word."*

Go not far from me, O my Strength,
 Whom all my times obey ;
 Take from me anything thou wilt,
 But go not thou away ;
 And let the storm that does thy work
 Deal with me as it may.

Thy love has many a lighted path
 No outward eye can trace,
 And my heart sees thee in the deep,
 With darkness on its face,
 And communes with thee, 'mid the storm,
 As in a secret place.

When I am feeble as a child,
 And flesh and heart give way,
 Then on thy everlasting strength,
 With passive trust I stay ;
 And the rough wind becomes a song,
 The darkness shines like day.

Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
 Almighty to restore,
 Borne onward, sin and death behind,
 And love and life before,
 Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
 And praise thee more and more.

Deep unto deep may call, but I
 With peaceful heart will say,
 Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
 No waves can take away ;
 And let the storm that speeds me home
 Deal with me as it may.

Anna L. Waring.

389.

"I, even I, am he that comforteth you."

SWEET is the solace of thy love,
 My heavenly Friend, to me,
 While through the hidden way of faith
 I journey home with thee,
 Learning by quiet thankfulness
 As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of thy peace
 My feet would often stray,
 Thy mercy follows all my steps,
 And will not turn away ;
 Yea, thou wilt comfort me at last,
 As none beneath thee may.

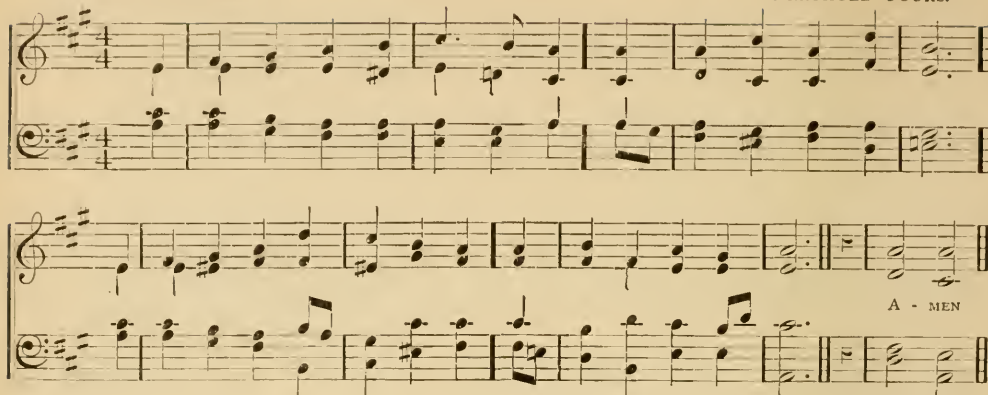
Then in the secret of my soul,
 Though hosts my peace invade,
 Though through a waste and weary land
 My lonely way be made,
 Thou, even thou, wilt comfort me ;
 I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
 I would awhile abide,
 Till with the solace of thy love
 My heart is satisfied,
 And all my hopes of happiness
 Stay calmly at thy side.

Anna L. Waring.

GOUDA. C.M.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



390.

Psalm xxiii.

My Shepherd is the Lord ; I know
No care or craving need ;
He lays me where the green herbs grow
Along the quiet mead :

He leads me where the waters glide,
The waters soft and still ;
And homeward he will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.

He brings me on the righteous path,
E'en for his Name's dear sake.
What if in vale and shade of death
My dreary way I take ?

I fear no ill, for thou, O God,
With me forever art ;
Thy shepherd's staff, thy guiding rod,
'T is they console my heart.

Oh, nought but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me ;
And I within my Father's gate
For long bright years shall be.

John Keble.

The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed ;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine ;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine !

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all !

Henry Francis Lyte.

392.

Psalm cxv.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

Deal gently, Lord ! with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

391.

Psalm xci.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine.
Reserved for all the heirs of grace ;
Oh, be that refuge mine !

MANOAH. C.M.

Arranged from ROSSINI.



393.

The Love of God.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall
O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us, safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within !

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee !

Eliza Scudder.

394.

"While I live, will I praise the Lord."

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart !
But thou canst read it there.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

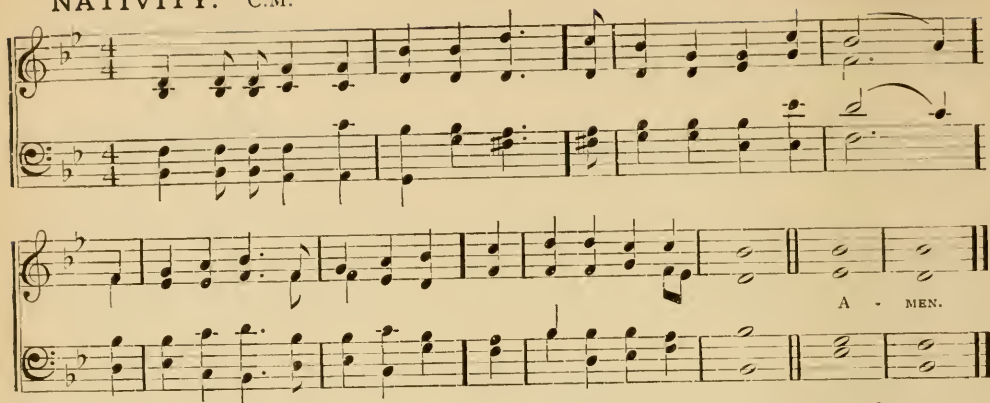
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Joseph Addison.

NATIVITY. C.M.

HENRY LAHEE.



395.

God our Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

My Shepherd is the living Lord,
I therefore nothing need ;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

Yea, though I walk the vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

Through all my life thy favor is
So frankly shown to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Thomas Sternhold.

396.

All as God wills.

ALL as God wills ! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

John G. Whittier.

397.

Rejoicing in God.

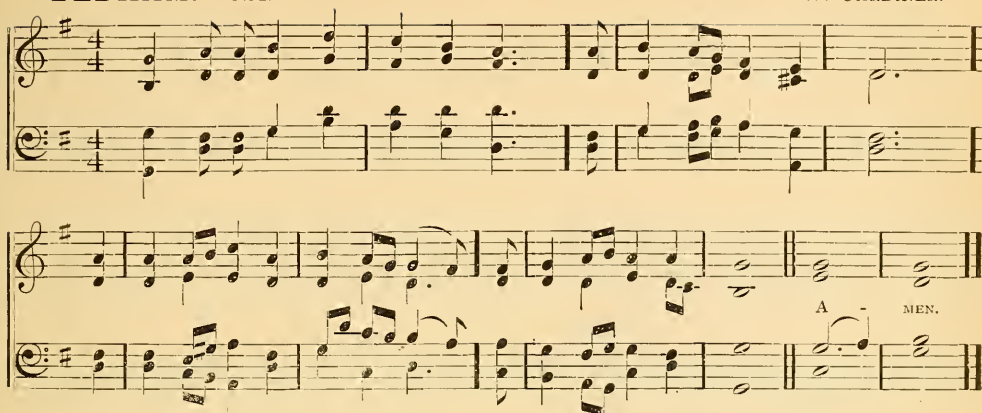
REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own :
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die ;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

DEDHAM. C.M.

W. GARDINER.



Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
 Faith sees him always near,
 A Guide, a Glory, a Defence :
 Then what have you to fear?

As surely as Christ overcame,
 And triumphed once for you,
 So surely you that love his name
 Shall triumph in him too.

John Newton.

There garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head,
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows, all are fled.

March on in your Redeemer's strength ;
 Pursue his footsteps still ;
 And let the prospect cheer your eye,
 While laboring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge.

398. *"Sing unto the Lord a new song."*

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord ;
 Your great Deliverer sing ;
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.

See the fair way his hand hath raised ;
 How holy, and how plain !
 Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
 Nor ask the track in vain.

No ravening lion shall destroy,
 Nor lurking serpent wound :
 Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
 Through all the path are found.

A hand divine shall lead you on
 Through all the blissful road,
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And see your smiling God.

399. *"It belongs not to my care."*

LORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live :
 To love and serve thee is my share,
 And this thy grace must give.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than he went through before ;
 He that unto God's kingdom comes
 Must enter by this door.

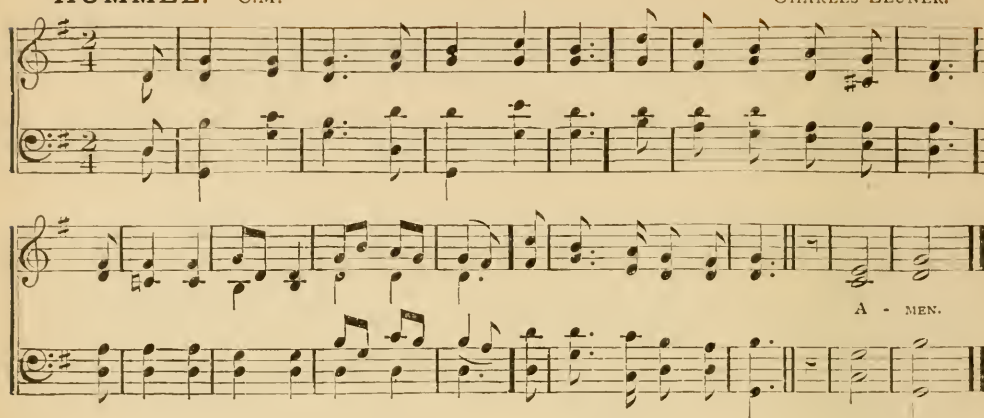
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see ;
 For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will thy glory be ?

My knowledge of that life is small :
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 But it's enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter. 1681.

HUMMEL. C.M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



400.

"I will alway give thanks unto the Lord."
Ps. xxxiv.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

The angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

Oh, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

Tate and Brady.

401.

The Will of God.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God !
And all thy ways adore ;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed will !
For all my cares are thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

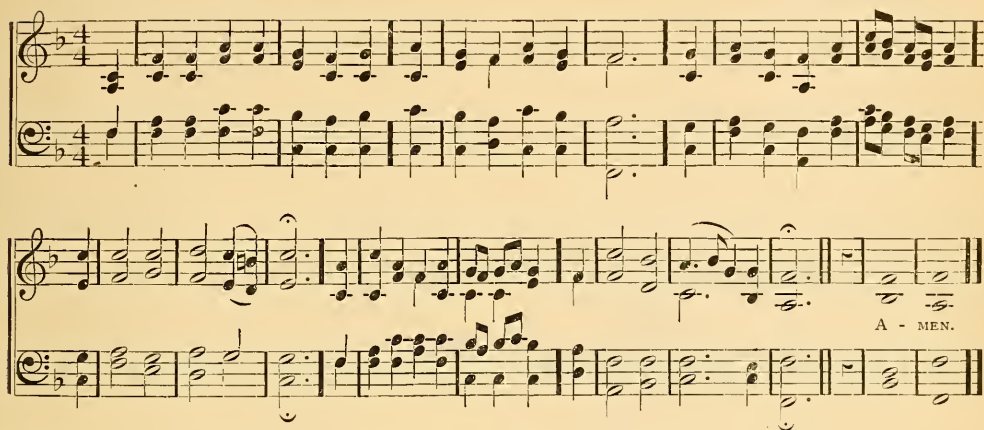
He always wins who sides with God ;
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be his sweet will !

Frederick W. Faber

CORONATION. C.M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



402.

The Lord of All.

SING forth his high eternal name
 Who holds all powers in thrall,
 Through endless ages still the same, —
 The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,
 Upholds us lest we fall;
 His hand is still outstretched to bless, —
 The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
 Our strong defence and wall;
 His providence our life surrounds, —
 The saving Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed
 Doth to his judgment call;
 Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
 The righteous God of all.

When, turning from forbidden ways,
 Low at his feet we fall,
 His strong and tender arms upraise, —
 The pardoning Lord of all.

Unwearied he is working still,
 Unspent his blessings fall,
 Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
 The only Lord of all. AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow.

403.

"To-day if ye shall hear his voice."

OUR God, our God, thou shinest here;
 Thine own this latter day;
 To us thy radiant steps appear;
 Here leads thy glorious way!

We shine not only with the light
 Thou didst shed down of yore;
 On us thou streamest strong and bright;
 Thy comings are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee;
 New births are in thy grace;
 All open to our souls shall be
 Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on thy outgoings bright;
 Down cometh thy full power;
 We, the glad bearers of thy light;
 This, this thy saving hour!

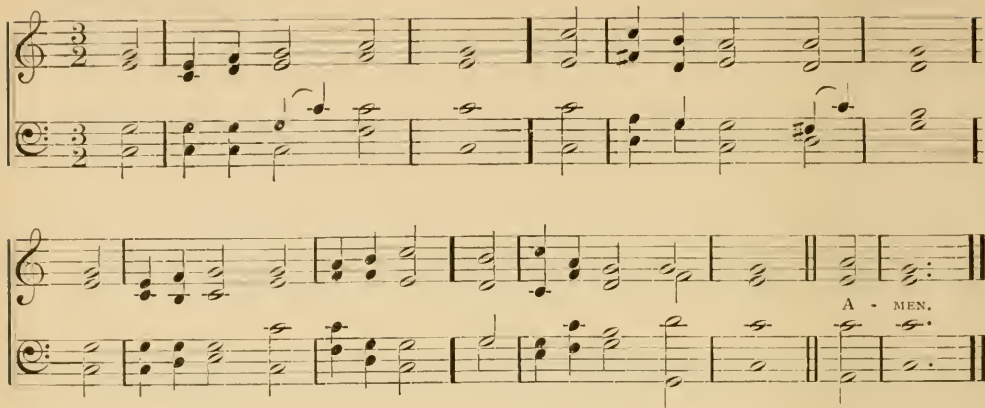
On us thy spirit thou hast poured,
 To us thy word has come;
 We feel, we bless thy quickening, Lord!
 Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Thou comest near; thou standest by;
 Our work begins to shine;
 Thou dwellest with us mightily, —
 On come the years divine!

Thomas H. Gill.

BOYLSTON. S.M.

LOWELL MASON.

404. *"Cast your burden upon the Lord"*

How gentle God's commands !
 How kind his precepts are !
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.
 While Providence supports,
 Let saints securely dwell ;
 That hand which bears all nature up,
 Shall guide his children well.
 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind :
 Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.
 His goodness stands approved,
 Down to the present day :
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

405. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place ;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.

The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.

Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry :
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

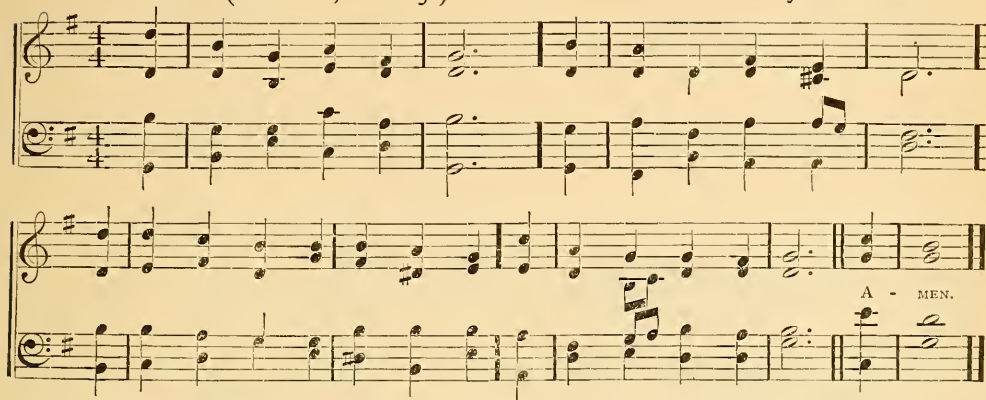
406. *"This is the love of God."*

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
 That taught us this sweet way,
 Only to love thee for thyself,
 And for that love obey.

O thou, our souls' chief hope !
 We to thy mercy fly :
 Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
 Whate'er we need, supply.

OTTERY. (BARNBY, NO. 15.) S.M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

John Austin. 1668.

In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest :
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform :
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

407. "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

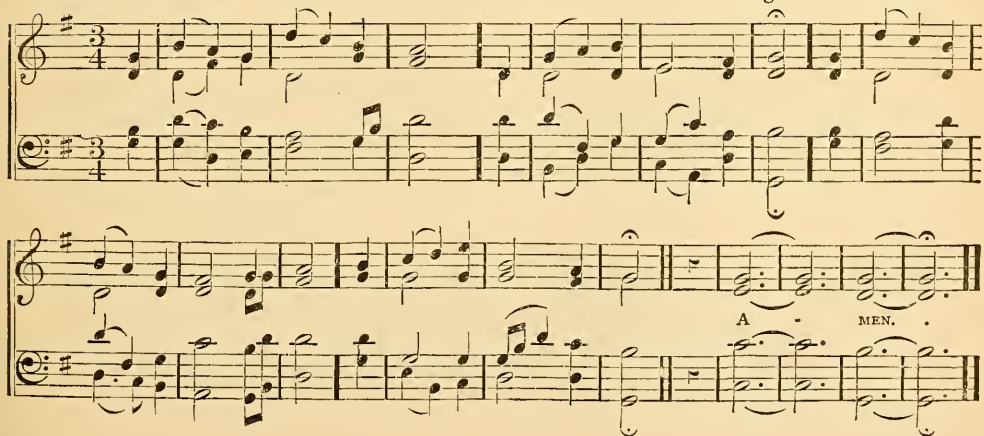
My spirit, on thy care,
Blest Father, I recline :
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

THATCHER. S.M.

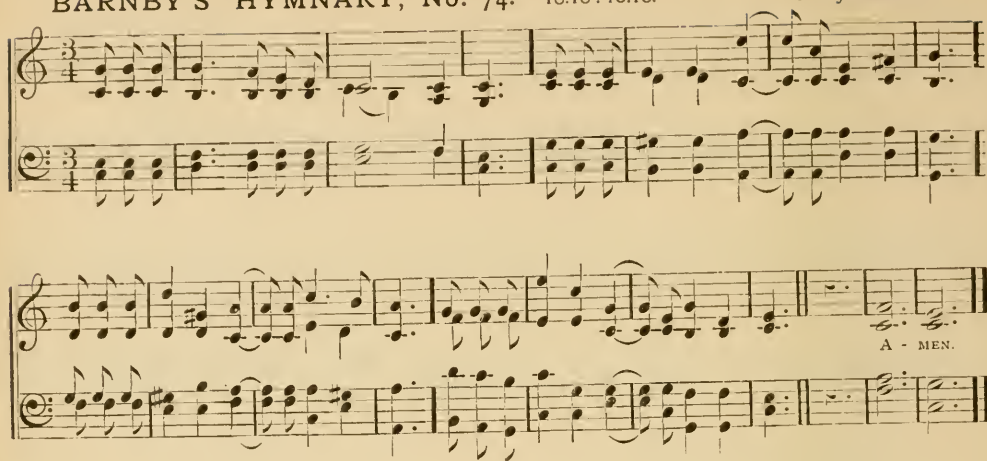
Arranged from HÄNDEL.



BARNBY'S HYMNARY, No. 74.

10.10: 10.10.

Sir JOHN GOSS



408. "In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul"

THOU that art strong to comfort, look on me !
 I sit in darkness, and behold no light ;
 Over my soul the waves of agony
 Have gone, and left me in a rayless night.

A bruised and broken reed sustain ! sustain !
 Divinest Comforter, to thee I fly,
 To whom no soul hath ever fled in vain ;
 Support me with thy love, or else I die.

Father, whate'er I had, it all was thine ;
 A God of mercy thou hast ever been ;
 Oh, help me what I most loved to resign,
 And, if I murmur, count it not for sin.

My soul is strengthened now, and it shall bear
 All that remains, whatever it may be ;
 And from the very depths of my despair
 I will look up, O God, and trust in thee.

Mary Howitt. †

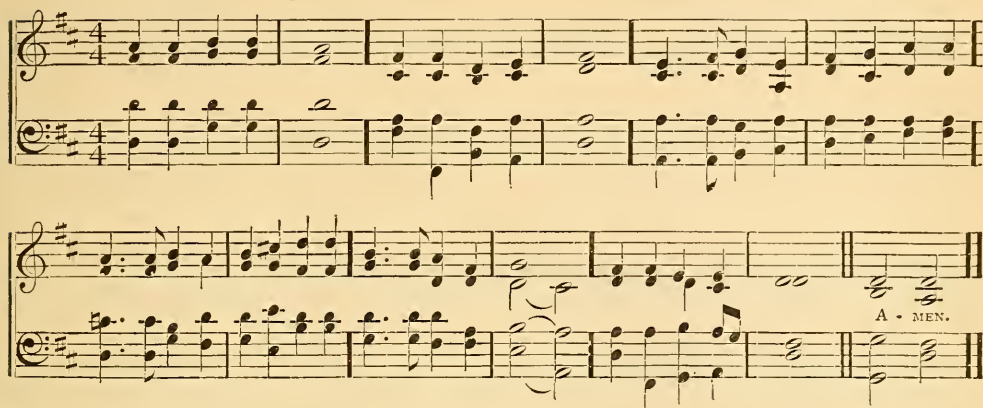
409.

"Whom but Thee?"

THOU Life within my life, than self more near !
 Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear !
 From all illusive shows of sense I flee,
 To find my centre and my rest in thee.

ST. HUBERT. 5.5:8.8:5.5.

REV. LEICESTER DARWALL.



Below all depths thy saving mercy lies,
Through thickest glooms I see thy light arise ;
Above the highest heavens thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise,
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies !
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares !

How shall I call thee who art always here,
How shall I praise thee who art still most dear,
What may I give thee save what thou hast given,
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven ?

Eliza Scudder.

410.

" They forsook all, and followed him."

JESUS, still lead on
Till our rest be won ;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless :
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring :
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf. Tr. Jane Borthwick.

PENZANCE. (BARNBY, NO. 16.) 11.10 : 11.10 : 10.10.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

A little slower.

A - MEN.

4II.

"Thou knowest the way I take."

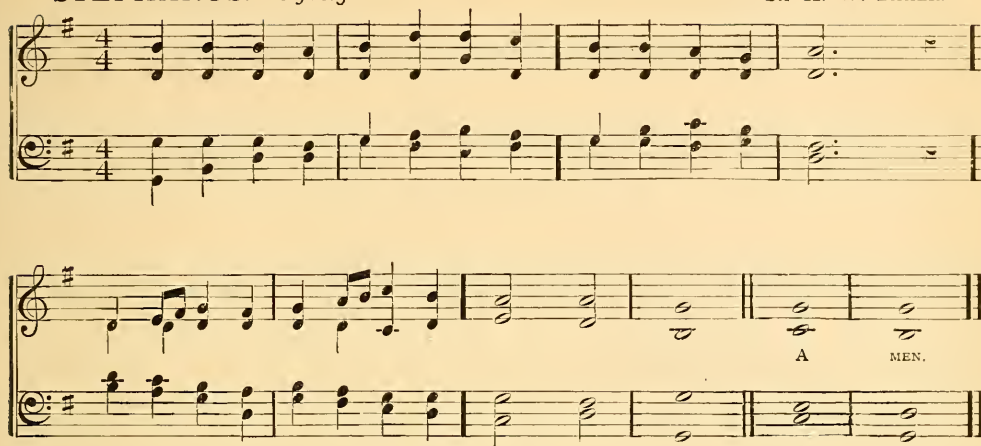
THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
 Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest :
 Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
 Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed ;
 We come before thee at thy gracious word,
 And lay them at thy feet : thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past : how long and blindly
 On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed ;
 How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
 He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid ;
 And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
 And brought back life and hope and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present : each temptation,
 Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
 All to each one assigned of tribulation,
 Or to beloved ones, than self more dear ;
 All pensive memories, as we journey on,
 Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

STEPHANOS. 8.5:8.3.

Sir H. W. BAKER.



Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
 Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
 And the dark river to be crossed at last.
 Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
 To tread that path, but this, thou knowest, Lord!

Jane Borthwick.

412.

"Come unto me, and ye shall find rest."

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distressed?
 "Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
 If he be my guide?
 "In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And his side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
 That his brow adorns?
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
 What his guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

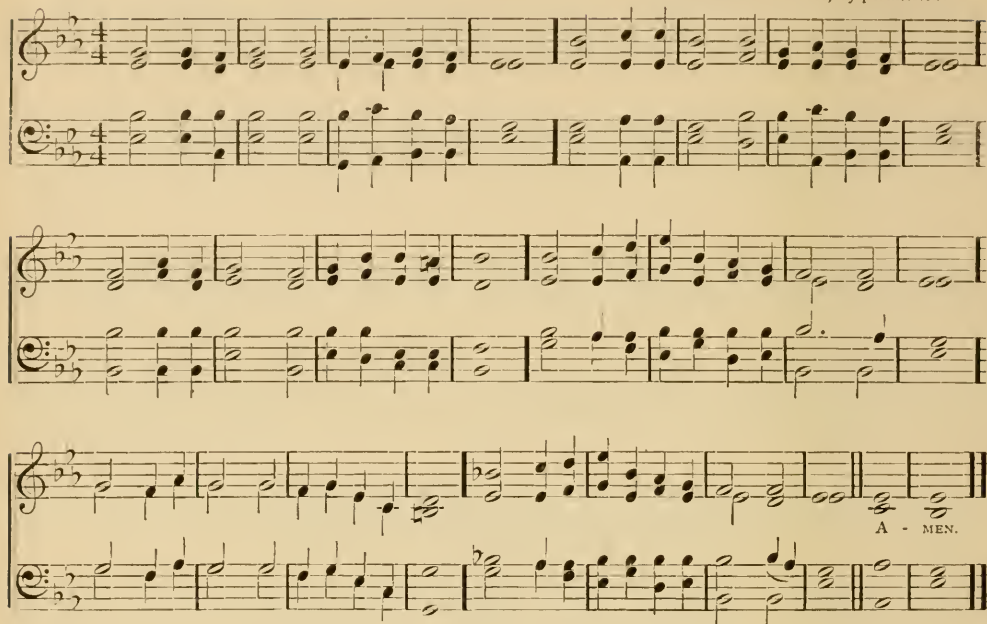
If I still hold closely to him,
 What hath he at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,
 Will he say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is he sure to bless?
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, Yes."

Saint Stephen the Sabaite, d. 794.
 Tr J. M. Neale.

ST. WINIFRED. 10. Six lines.

From "The Church Hymnal" of Rev.
Charles L. Hutchins, by permission.

413.

"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul."

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
 Far did I rove, and found no certain home ;
 At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
 Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come :
 With him I found a hope, a rest divine ;
 And I since then am his, and he is mine.

The good I have is from his stores supplied ;
 The ill is only what he deems the best ;
 He for my Friend, I 'm rich with nought beside ;
 And poor without him, though of all possessed :
 Changes may come ; I take, or I resign ;
 Content, while I am his, and he is mine.

Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen ;
 A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines ;
 Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
 And sweetly on his people's darkness shines.
 All may depart ; I fret not nor repine,
 While I my Father's am, and he is mine.

Henry Francis Lyte.

ST. GODRIC. 6.6.6.6:8.8. (H.M.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

414.

"Thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Thou, infinite in love,
 Guide this bewildered mind,
 Which, like the trembling dove,
 No resting-place can find
 On the wild waters! — God of light,
 Through the thick darkness lead me right!

Bid the fierce conflict cease,
 And fear and anguish fly;
 Let there again be peace,
 As in the days gone by:
 In Jesus' name I cry to thee,
 Remembering Gethsemane.

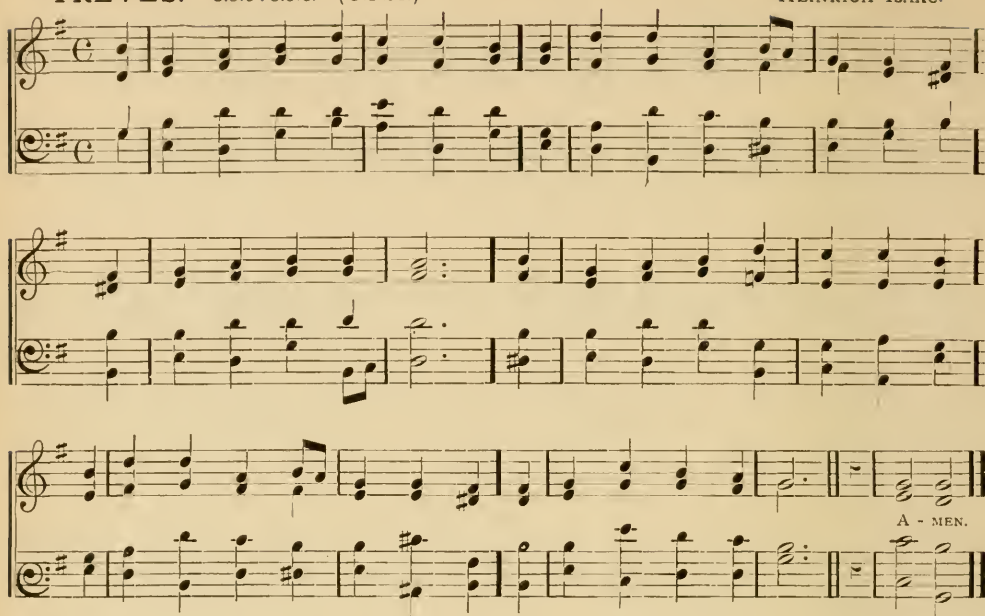
Fain would earth's true and dear
 Save me in this dark hour;
 And art not thou more near;
 Art thou not love and power?
 Vain is the help of man, — but thou
 Canst send deliverance even now.

Though through the future's shade
 Pale phantoms I descry,
 Let me not shrink dismayed,
 But ever feel thee nigh;
 There may be grief and pain and care,
 But, O my Father! thou art there.

Sarah E. Miles.

TREVES. 8.8.6:8.8.6. (C.P.M.)

HEINRICH ISAAC.



415.

"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

ORT as we run the weary way
That leads through shadows unto day,
With trial sore amazed,
We deem our sorrows are unknown,
Our battle joined and fought alone,
Our victory unpraised.

Faithless and blind, who cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race,
Beyond the sense's ken;
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
For love to God and Man,

Who, from the battlements above,
Follow our course with eager love,
And cheer our contest on;
Who cry at every faithful blow,
Struck at the old usurping foe, —
"Servant of God, well done!"

And One, the conqueror of death,
Captain and perfecter of faith,
Who for the joy of love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
Awakes us in the battle flame,
And waits for us above.

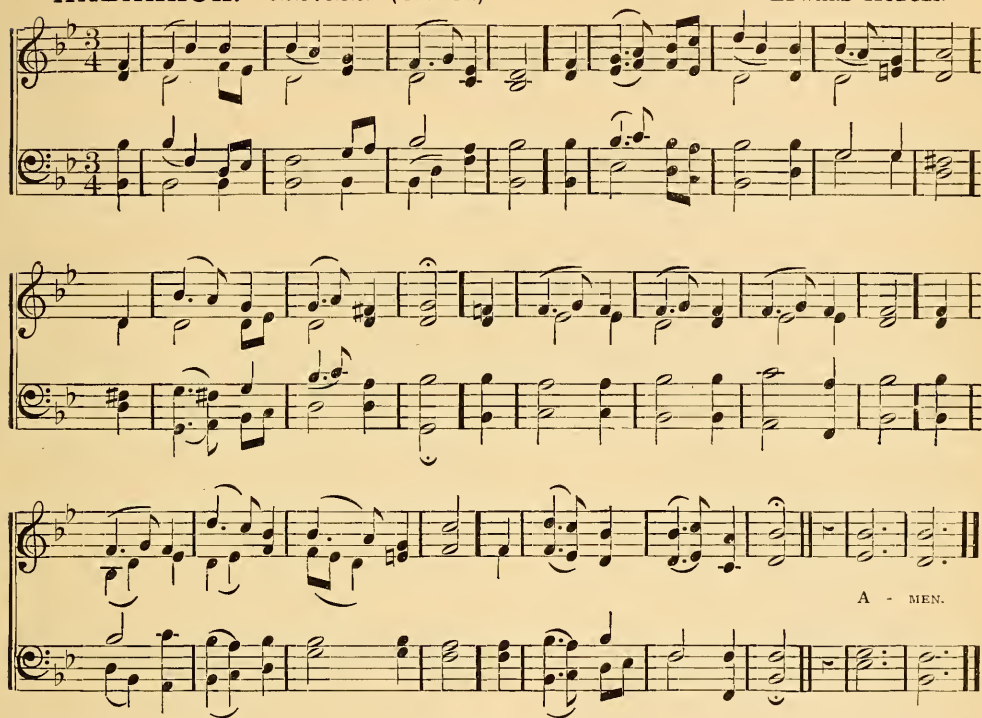
Therefore with patience run the race,
With joy and confidence and grace,
With cheerful hope and power;
Cast off the sin which checks our speed,
The weights that faith and love impede,
Withstand the evil hour.

For Heaven is round us as we move,
Our days are compassed with its love,
Its light is on our road:
And when the knell of death is rung,
Loud hallelujahs shall be sung
To welcome us to God.

Stopford A. Brooke.

HABAKKUK. S.8.6:8.8.6. (C. P. M.)

EDWARD HODGES.



416.

"Cast your care on Him."

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee,

If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life ;
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms !

Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,

Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear, in that we fear !

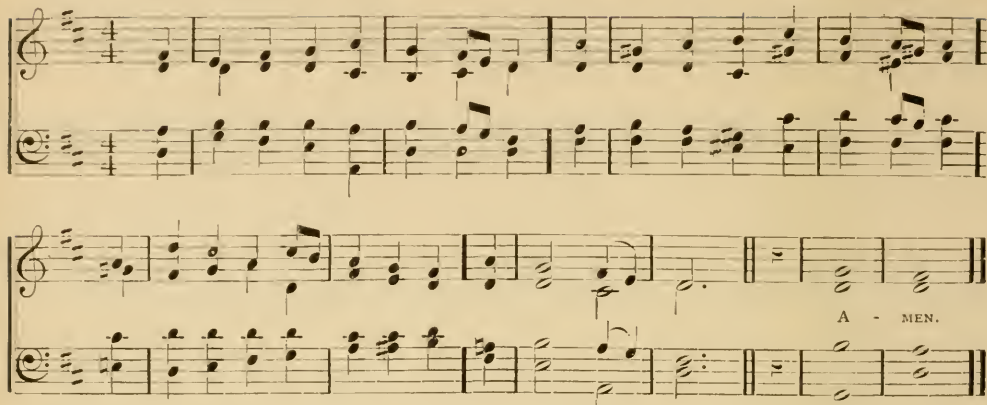
We cannot trust him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowers around us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers ;

Make them from self to cease ;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace. AMEN.

LUX ÆTERNA. S.S.S.: 4.

CHARLES GOUNOD.



417.

"Thy will be done."

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path and sad my lot.
Let me be "still" and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, —
"Thy will be done!"

Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine:
I have but yielded what was thine, —
"Thy will be done!"

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest, —
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!" AMEN.

Charlotte Elliott. 1836.

418.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, my strength, in whom I will trust."

My God, my Father, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on thee, —
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek, —
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send thou forth some cheering ray, —
Thou art my Light.

I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies, —
Thou art my Rock.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink, —
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. AMEN.

John R. Macduff.

MILMAN. 7-7-7-7:4-4-4-4-

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

A - MEN.

419.

Psalm cxxx.

FROM the depths of grief and fear,
 Lord ! to thee my soul repairs :
 From thy heaven bow down thine ear ;
 Let thy mercy meet my prayers.

Oh, if thou mark'st
 What 's done amiss,
 What soul so pure
 Can see thy bliss ?

But with thee sweet mercy stands,
 Sealing pardons, working fear :
 Wait my soul, wait on his hands ;
 Wait mine eye, oh, wait mine ear !

If he his eye
 Or tongue affords,
 Watch all his looks,
 Catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,
 Looks for light, and looks again ;
 When the night grows old and gray,
 To be relieved he calls again ;

So look, so wait,
 So long mine eyes,
 To see my Lord,
 My Sun arise.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6.5. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

420.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."

CHRISTIAN ! dost thou see them
 On the holy ground,
 How the powers of darkness
 Rage thy steps around?
 Christian ! up and smite them,
 Counting gain but loss ;
 In the strength that cometh
 By the holy cross.

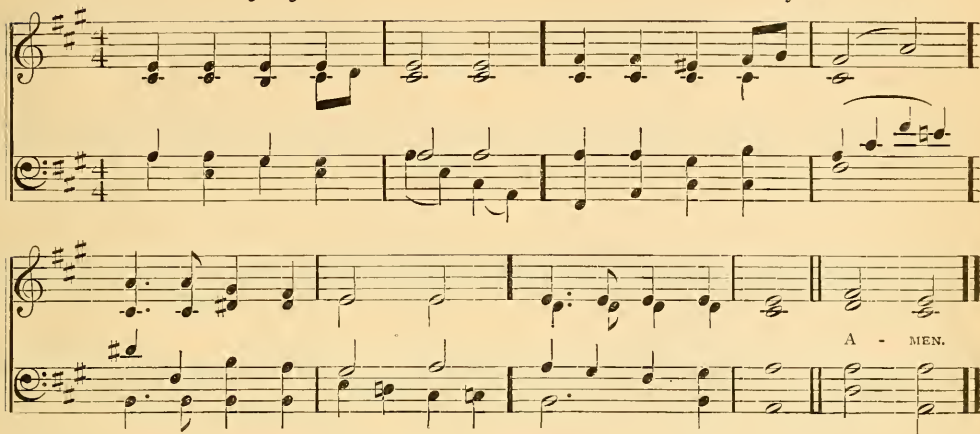
Christian ! dost thou feel them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goadng into sin?
 Christian ! never tremble ;
 Never be down cast ;
 Gird thee for the battle,
 Watch and pray and fast.

Christian ! dost thou hear them,
 How they speak thee fair, —
 "Always fast and vigil,
 Always watch and prayer?"
 Christian ! answer boldly :
 "While I breathe I pray !"
 Peace shall follow battle,
 Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
 O my servant true ;
 Thou art very weary,
 I was weary too ;
 But that toil shall make thee
 Some day all mine own,
 And the end of sorrow
 Shall be near my throne."

MERRIAL. 6.5:6.5.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



421.

Light in Darkness.

PURER yet and purer
 I would be in mind,
 Dearer yet and dearer
 Every duty find ;
 Hoping still and trusting
 God without a fear,
 Patiently believing
 He will make all clear ;
 Calmer yet and calmer
 Trial bear and pain,
 Surer yet and surer
 Peace at last to gain ;
 Suffering still and doing,
 To his will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart and will and mind.
 Higher yet and higher,
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light, —
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest.

Anonymous.

422.

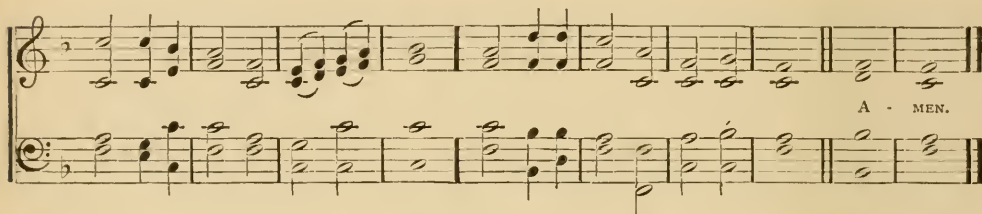
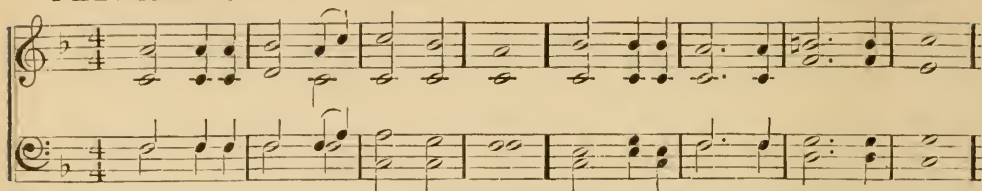
The Silent Hour.

As the storm retreating
 Leaves the vales in peace,
 Let the world's vain noises
 O'er our spirits cease.
 Sounds of wrath and striving,
 Man with man at war,
 Hearts with Heaven contending, —
 Hear we now no more.
 Now the hours of stillness,
 Wondrous visions show ;
 Heaven unfolds before us,
 Angels come and go.
 Holy human faces,
 From earth's shadows free,
 Look with love upon us,
 Bid us patient be.
 Almost we discern them,
 Almost read their smile,
 Almost hear them saying,
 "Wait a little while."
 Thus in hours of stillness,
 Faith to Heaven shall rise,
 Till death's last, deep silence
 Quite unseals our eyes.

Theodore C. Williams.

FEDERAL STREET. L.M.

H. K. OLIVER.



423.

"I will trust in the Lord."

My God, I thank thee ! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will. AMEN.

Andrews Norton.

424.

"I will arise, and go unto my Father."

To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children, in ;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be ;
Oh, leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without thee !

We trusted hope and pride and strength :
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain ;
Our dreams have faded all at length, —
We come to thee, O Lord, again !

A guide to trembling steps yet be,
Give us of thine eternal powers !
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

T. W. Higginson. 1847.

425.

"The gift of God is eternal life."

My God, in thee all fulness lies,
All want in me from thee apart ;
In thee my soul hath endless joys,
In me is but an aching heart.

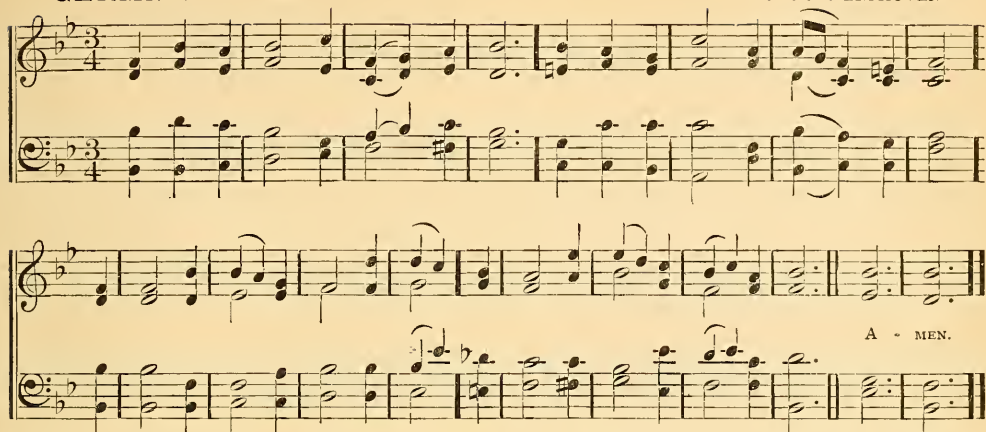
Thou seest whatsoe'er we need,
Thou seest it, and pitiest me ;
Thy swift compassions hither speed,
Ere yet my woes are told to thee.

I leave to thee whate'er is mine,
And in thy will I calmly rest ;
I know that richest gifts are thine :
Thou canst and thou wilt make me blest.

Anonymous. Lyra Germanica.

GERMANY. L.M.

From BEETHOVEN.



A - MEN.

426. "I will trust in the covert of thy wings."

God of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head, —

In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see :
Oh, help me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

Whither, oh, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

I have no skill the snare to shun ;
But thou, O God, my wisdom art :
I ever into ruin run ;
But thou art greater than my heart.

Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find, —
The heaven of loving thee alone. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread ;
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near !

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear !
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

428. *Grateful Reliance on God.*

How rich the blessings, O my God,
Which teach this grateful heart to glow !
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of thy mercy flow !

How calmly rolls the sea of life !
Secure in thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.

Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.

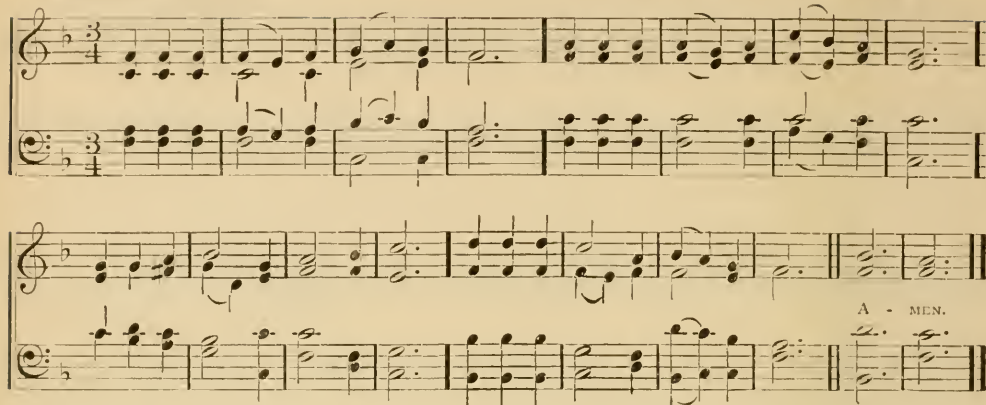
Jane Roscoe.

427. *Hymn of Trust.*

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care ;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

HURSLEY. L.M.

Arranged from HAYDN by W. H. MONK.

429. *Made Perfect through Suffering.*

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power ;
For now, my shallow cisterns spent,
I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take thy hand, and fears grow still ;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove :
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love ?

That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm ;
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

Oh, be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to love and power. AMEN.

Samuel Johnson.

430. *The Darkness of Providence.*

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers and the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God ;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

Isaac Watts.

431. *The Bitter Cup.*

THY will be done ! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love :
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with
tears ;

And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years ?

Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love ;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe :
O Father ! joyful on my way,
To drink thy bitter cup, I go.

Jane Roscoe.

LAUDS. L.M.

R. REDHEAD.



432. "He healeth the broken in heart."

OUR God is good, in every place
His love is known, his help is found,
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.

He who can heaven and earth control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.

When sins and follies long forgot
Upon thy tortured conscience prey;
Oh, come to God, and fear him not,
His love shall sweep them all away.

Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
God gently to his bosom takes,
And bids them all his fulness know.

What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom?
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.

J. F. Zihn. 1682.

433.

The Hope of Man.

THE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps, to come to thee;
And, in each purpose high and strong,
The influence of thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

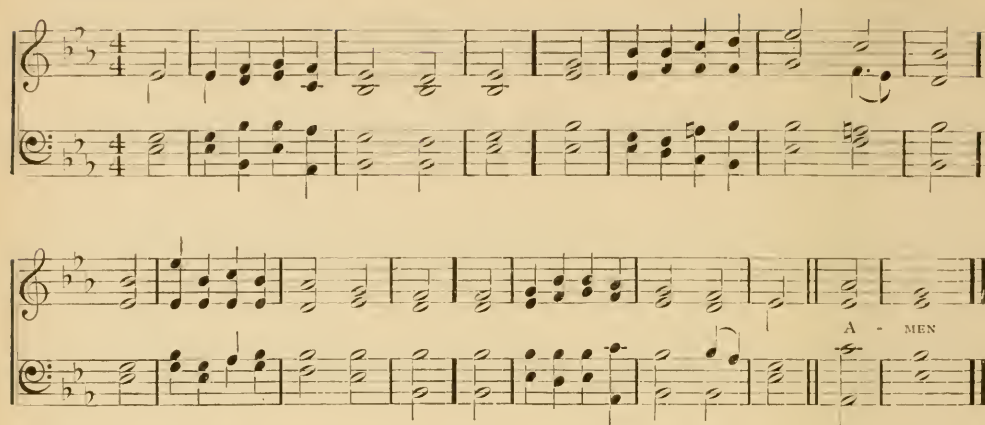
But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now:
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer thou!

'Tis dark around, 't is dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun:
We cannot doubt thy certain love;
And Man's true aim shall yet be won!

T. W. Higginson. 1847.

UXBRIDGE. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.

434. *"A pillar of fire by night."*

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze ;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray !

And, oh, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light. AMEN.

Sir Walter Scott.

435. *Trust in God.*

Be still, my heart : these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?

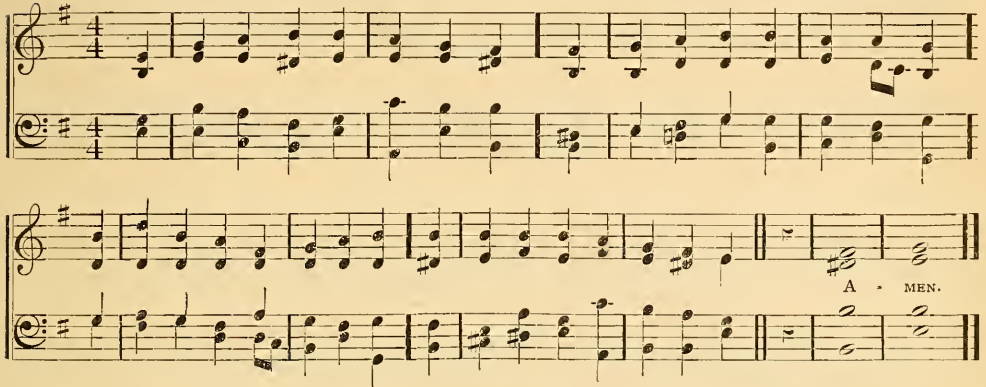
Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise passed
That thou shalt overcome at last ?

He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

John Newton.

BABYLON'S STREAMS. L.M.

From the Scotch Psalter, 1600.



436. *The Weeping Seed-time and Joyful Harvest.*
Ps. cxxvi.

THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers !
Troubled with storms, and big with showers ;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But Nature pours forth all her tears.

Yet let the sons of grace revive ;
God bids the soul that seeks him live,
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown ;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !

In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home :
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

Philip Doddridge.

437. "Peace ! be still!"

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call ;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill ;
Control the waves ; say, "Peace ! be still !"

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

Though tempest-tost and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

William Cowper.

438. "I will be with him in trouble."

THE way is long ! Come near to me,
I cannot live afar from thee,
Nor journey to my home above,
Unless thou aid me with thy love.

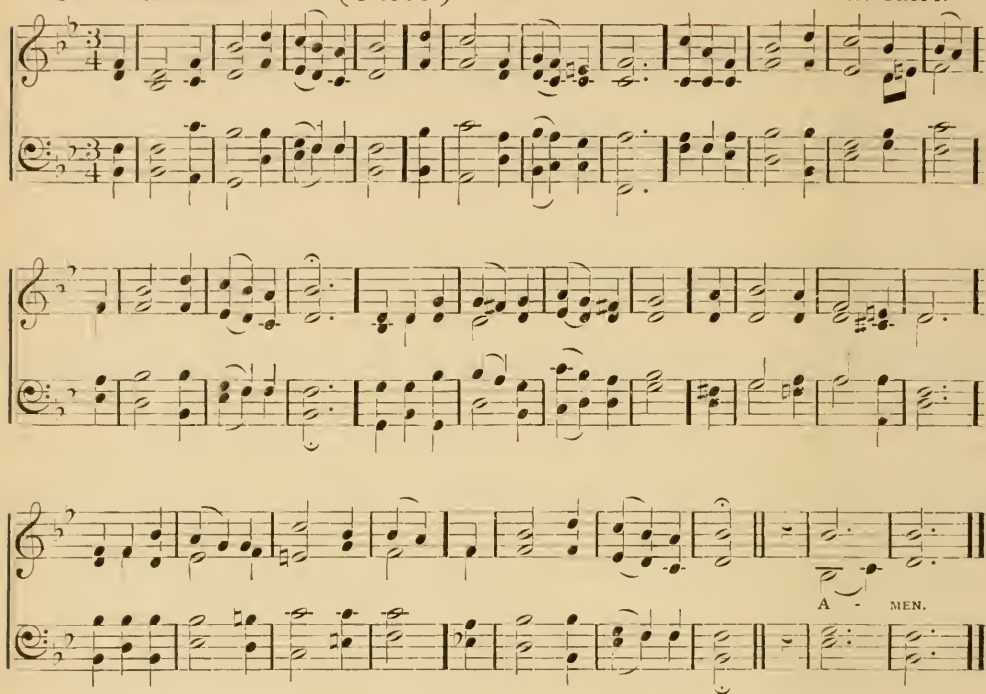
So many errors clog my soul,
So many evils round me roll,
I faint with all the weary strife :
Come near me, Lord, for thou art life.

Come near at morning, noon, and night ;
Be thy sweet presence my delight,
Thy gracious comfort freely give,
That I may look to thee and live. AMEN.

Anonymous.

ST. MATTHEW. (CROFT.) C.M. Double.

W. CROFT.

439. *A Song of Trust.*
"O God, in thee, in thee, have I trusted."

O Love Divine, of all that is
 The sweetest still and best,
 Fain would I come and rest my heart
 Upon thy faithful breast.
 I pray thee turn me not away,
 For, sinful though I be,
 Thou knowest everything I need,
 And all my need of thee.

I do not pray because I would ;
 I pray because I must :
 There is no meaning in my prayer
 But thankfulness and trust ;
 And thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
 And not the words I say ;
 Wilt hear the thanks among the words
 That only seem to pray.

Thou dost not wait until I urge
 My wayward steps to thee,
 But in the darkness of my life
 Art coming still to me.
 And, even while it sighed, my heart
 Has sung itself to rest,
 O Love Divine, forever near,
 Upon thy faithful breast.

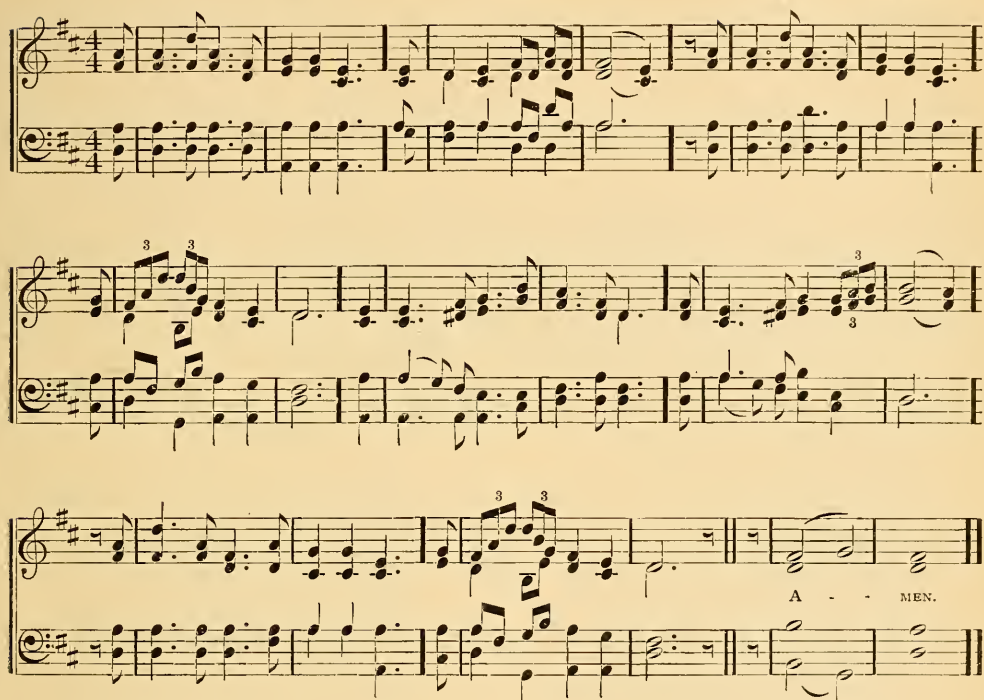
John W. Chadwick.

440. "Help us, Lord."

O God, that mad'st the earth and sky,
 The darkness and the day,
 Give ear to this thy family,
 And help us when we pray.
 For wide the waves of bitterness
 Around our vessel roar,
 And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
 To view the rocky shore.

BRATTLE STREET. C.M. Double.

Arranged from PLEYEL.



The cross our Master bore for us,
 For him we fain would bear ;
 But mortal strength to weakness turns,
 And courage to despair.
 Then mercy on our failings, Lord ;
 Our sinking faith renew ;
 And, when his sorrows visit us,
 Oh, send his patience too ! AMEN.

Reginald Heber.

441. "My times are in thy hand."

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, —
 That mercy I adore.

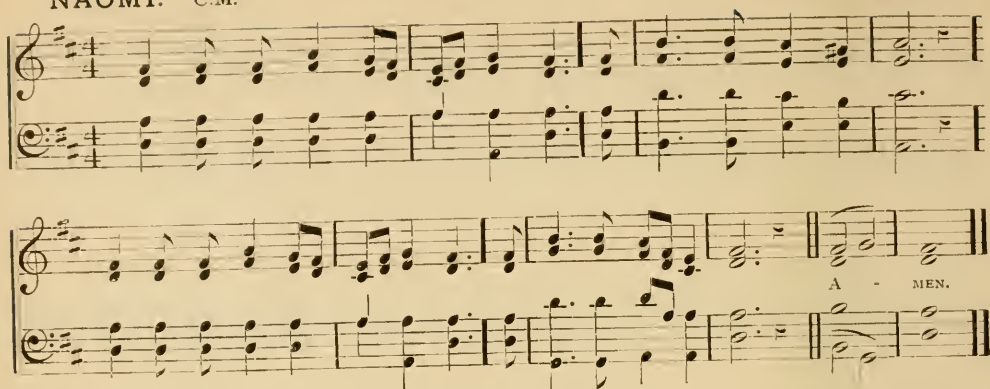
In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul more dear.
 Because conferred by thee.
 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The lowering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear, —
 That heart shall rest on thee.

Heien Maria Williams. 1785

NAOMI. C.M.

LOWELL MASON.



442.

The One Petition.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign hand denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise, —

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And let me live to thee ;

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My path of life attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And bless its happy end." AMEN.

Anne Steele.

443.

Resignation.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil ;
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink from thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ;
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?

No : rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize, to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold, from me.

William Cowper 177 /

444.

The Mystery and Benignity of Providence.

God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform :
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his vast designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and will break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace :
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour :
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

William Cowper

SAWLEY. C.M.

F. PIGOU.

445. *"Faith is the evidence of things unseen."*

OH for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe ;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe ; —

That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God ; —

A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ; —

A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
 Lights up a dying bed !

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home. AMEN.

William H. Bathurst.

446. *"Thy will be done."*

ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
 When I am wholly thine ;
 Thy will, my God, thy will be done ;
 And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
 In thee I firmly trust ;
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.

May I remember that to thee,
 Whate'er I have I owe ;
 And back in gratitude from me
 May all thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
 When used as talents lent ;
 Those talents only well employed
 When in thy service spent.

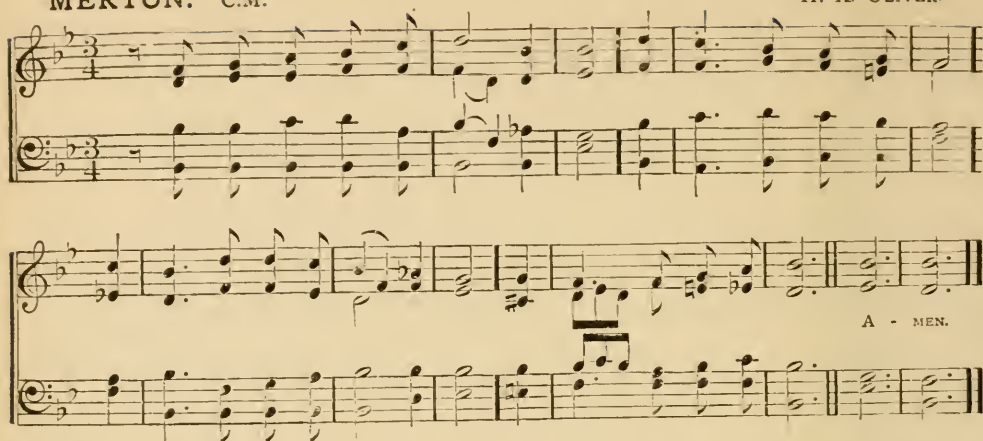
And, though thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign thy will ?

No : let me bless thy name, and say,
 "The Lord is gracious still." AMEN.

James Montgomery.

MERTON. C.M.

H. K. OLIVER.



447. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

BENEATH thine hammer, Lord, I lie

With contrite spirit prone :

Oh, mould me till to self I die,

And live to thee alone !

With frequent disappointments sore

And many a bitter pain.

Thou laborest at my being's core

Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord ! thine hammer's needful wound

My baffled hopes confess ;

Thine anvil is the sense profound

Of mine own nothingness.

Smite, till, from all its idols free,

And filled with love divine,

My heart shall know no good but thee,

And have no will but thine.

Frederic H. Hedge.

448. "All things work together for good to them
that love God."

COURAGE, my soul ! thy bitter cross

In every trial here

Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,

But shall not enter there.

Courage, my soul ! on God rely ;

Deliverance soon will come :

A thousand ways the Father hath

To bring his children home.

And thou, my shepherd, friend, and guide,

Hast led me kindly on, —

Taught me to rest my fainting head

Upon thy heart alone.

So comforted and so sustained,

With dark events I strove,

And found, when rightly understood,

All messengers of love.

Wesley's Collection †

449. Fortitude founded on Godly Fear.

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord ;

His well-established mind,

In every varying scene of life,

Shall true composure find.

Oft through the deep and stormy sea

The heavenly footsteps lie ;

But on a glorious world beyond

His faith can fix its eye.

Though dark his present prospects be,

And sorrows round him dwell,

Yet hope can whisper to his soul,

That all shall issue well.

Full in the presence of his God,

Through every scene he goes ;

And, fearing him, no other fear

His steadfast bosom knows.

Exeter Collection.

THE BLESSED HOME. 6. Double.

Sir JOHN STAINER.



450.

"Choose Thou my path."

THY way, not mine, O Lord !
 However dark it be :
 Lead me by thine own hand ;
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best :
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to thy rest.

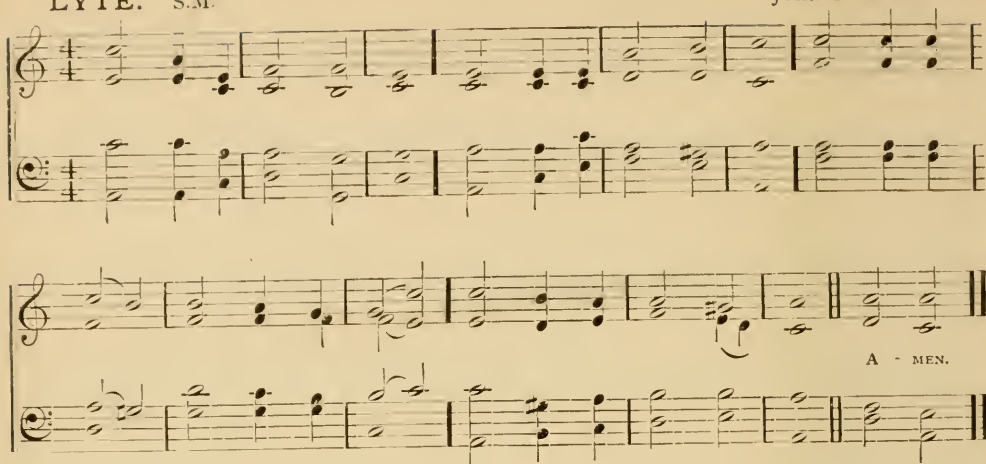
I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not, if I might :
 Choose thou for me, my God ;
 So shall I walk aright.

Take thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to thee may seem ;
 Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine, the choice,
 In things or great or small :
 Be thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all ! AMEN.

LYTE. S.M.

JOHN P. WILKES.



451.

Psaln cxxxvii.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung :
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till thou inspire my tongue ?

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee :
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

God of my life, be near :
On thee my hopes I cast ;
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. AMEN.

Henry Francis Lyte.

452.

*"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment,
worketh for us a far more exceeding and
eternal weight of glory."*

OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
Where martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

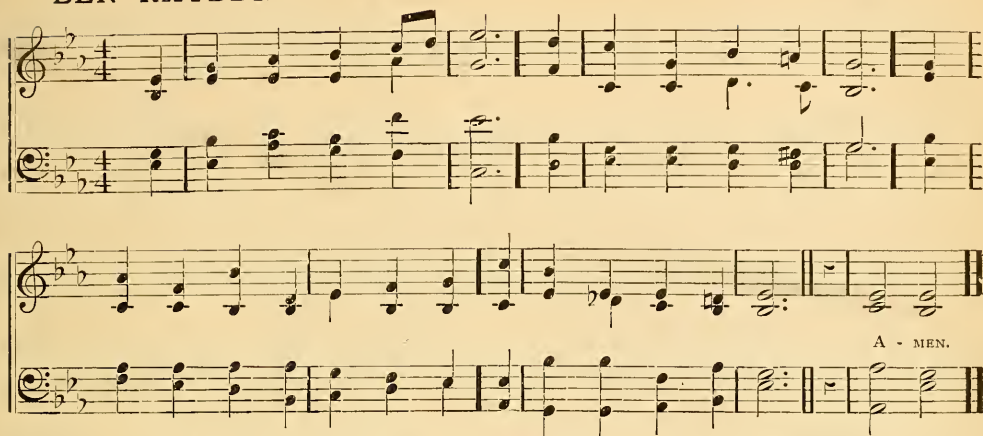
Lord ! may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

Sir Henry W. Baker

BEN RHYDDING. S.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



453.

*"The cup which my Father hath given me,
shall I not drink it?"*

AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine !
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

Thrice comfortable hope
That calms my stormy breast ;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

He knows whate'er I want ;
He sees my helplessness ;
And always readier is to grant
Than I to ask his grace.

My fearful heart he reads,
Secures my soul from harms,
And, underneath, his mercy spreads
Its everlasting arms.

Here is firm footing ; here,
My soul, is solid rock,
To break the waves of grief and fear,
And trouble's rudest shock.

This only can sustain
When earth and heaven remove :
Oh, turn thee to thy rest again,
Thy God's eternal love !

Charles Wesley.

454.

"Thou very present Aid."

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears ;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

It hallows every cross ;
It sweetly comforts me ;
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

455.

*"He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber
nor sleep."*

THOU seest my feebleness ;
Father, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

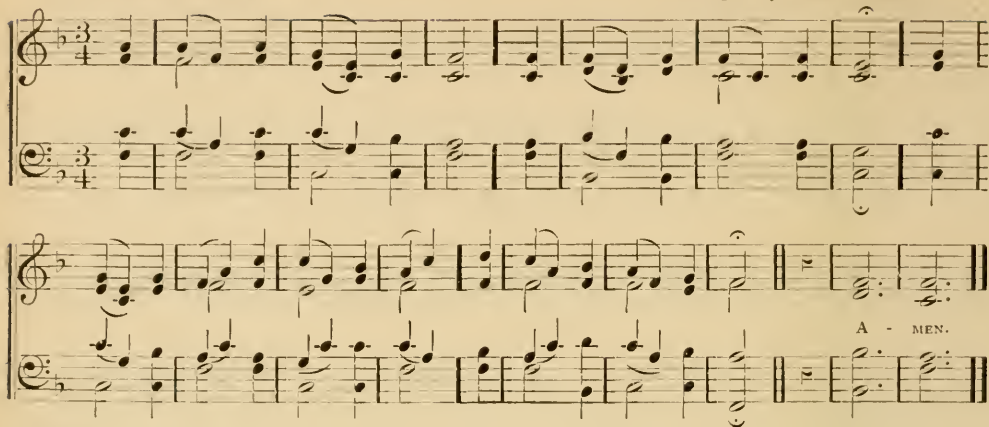
Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep,
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

My soul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend ;
Thou, Father, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

DENNIS. S.M.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.

456. *"Let us labor to enter into that rest."*

OH, where shall rest be found, —
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'T is not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love:

Here would we end our quest:
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love, — the rest
 Of immortality.

James Montgomery.

457. *"Sing us one of the songs of Zion."*

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of love divine
 Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.

Fastened within the veil,
 Hope be your anchor strong;
 His loving Spirit the sweet gale
 That wafts you smooth along.

Or should the surges rise,
 And peace delay to come,
 Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
 That drives us nearer home.

When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon his name.

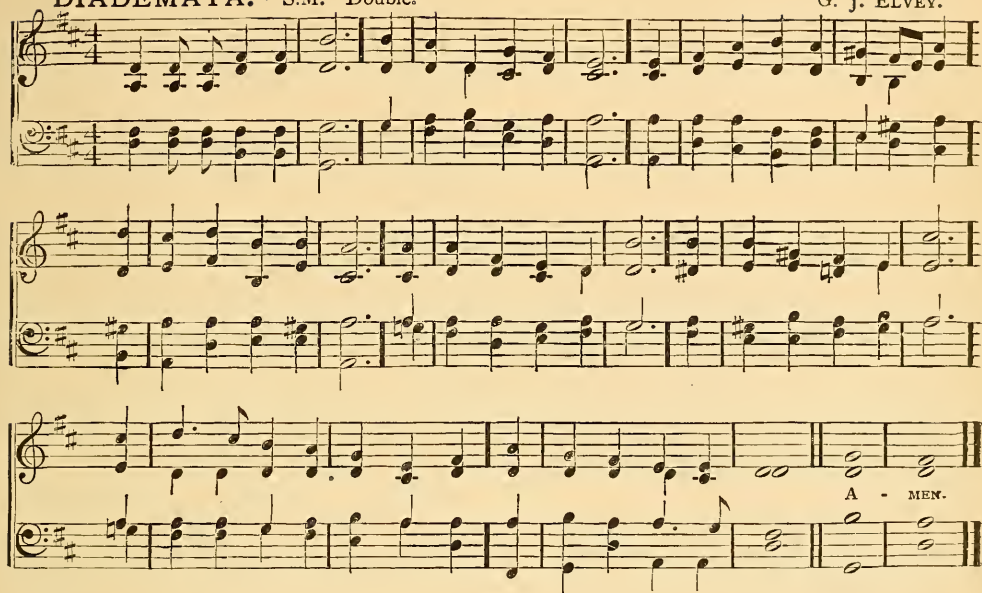
Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at his control;
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.

Still on his plighted love
 At all events rely;
 The very hidings of his face
 Shall train thee up to joy.

Augustus M. Toplady.

DIADEMATA. S.M. Double.

G. J. ELVEY.



458. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands, —
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father! thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. John Wesley.

459. "Trust in the Lord."

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to thee:
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. John Wesley.

HEAVEN. 10.6:10.6:7.6:7.6.

MELCHIOR FRANCK, d. 1639.

460.

"The city of the great King"

JERUSALEM, thou city fair and high,
 Would God I were in thee !
 My longing heart fain, fain, to thee would fly,
 It will not stay with me ;
 Wide from the world outleaping,
 O'er hill and vale and plain,
 My soul's strong wing is sweeping,
 Thy portals to attain.

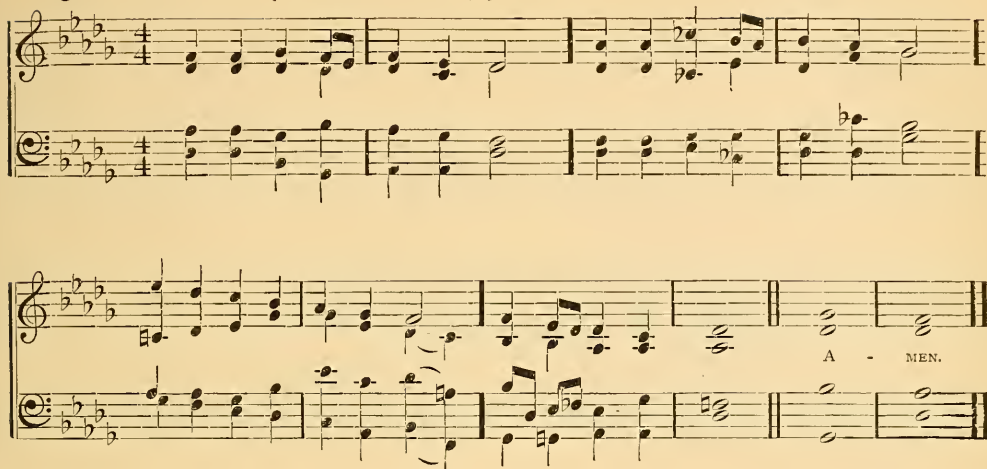
O happy day, and yet far happier hour,
 When thou come at last ?
 When fearless to my Father's love and power,
 Whose promise standeth fast,

My soul I gladly render ;
 For surely will his hand
 Lead her with guidance tender
 To heaven her fatherland.

Oh, what the nation, what the glorious host,
 Comes sweeping swiftly down ?
 The chosen ones on earth who wrought the most,
 The church's brightest crown,
 Our Lord hath sent to meet me,
 As in the far-off years
 Their words oft came to greet me
 In yonder land of tears.

QUANTOCK. (BARNBY, NO. 17.) 7-7:5.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



And when within that lovely Paradise
 At last I safely dwell,
 From out my blissful soul what songs shall rise,
 What joy my lips shall tell,
 While holy saints are singing
 Hosannas o'er and o'er,
 Pure hallelujahs ringing
 Around me evermore.

Unnumbered choirs before the shining throne
 Their joyful anthems raise,
 Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with the
 tone
 Of that great hymn of praise,
 And all its host rejoices,
 And all its blessed throng
 Unite their myriad voices
 In one eternal song.

John Matthias Meyfart. 1630.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. †

461.

"Even life for evermore."

WHEN the day of toil is done,
 When the race of life is run,
 Father, grant thy wearied one
 Rest for evermore.

When the strife of sin is stilled,
 When the foe within is killed,
 Be thy gracious word fulfilled, —
 Peace for evermore !

When the darkness melts away,
 At the breaking of thy day,
 Bid us hail the cheering ray, —
 Light for evermore !

When the heart by sorrow tried
 Feels at length its throbs subside,
 Bring us, where all tears are dried,
 Joy for evermore !

When for vanished days we yearn,
 Days that never can return,
 Teach us in thy love to learn
 Love for evermore !

When the breath of life is flown,
 When the grave must claim its own,
 Lord of Life ! be ours thy crown, —
 Life for evermore. AMEN.

John Ellerton.

EGYPT. (EWYAS HAROLD.) 6.6.8.6 4-4-4:7.

S. S. WESLEY.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

We are on our way to God. A - - - MEN.

462.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."

FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Alleluia!
We are on our way to God.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more:
Alleluia!
We are on our way to God.

There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
Alleluia!
We are on our way to God.

How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast!
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest!
Alleluia!
We are on our way to God.

Thomas Kelly.

SARUM. 10.10.10. With Alleluia.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

463.

"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
 Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.

Alleluia.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their
 might ;

Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
 fight ;

Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light,

Alleluia.

Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of
 gold.

Alleluia.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine !
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
 Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are
 strong.

Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west :
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest ;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blessed.

Alleluia.

William Walsham How.

VOX ANGELICA. 11.10:11.10:5.4:5.6.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

A - MEN.

464.

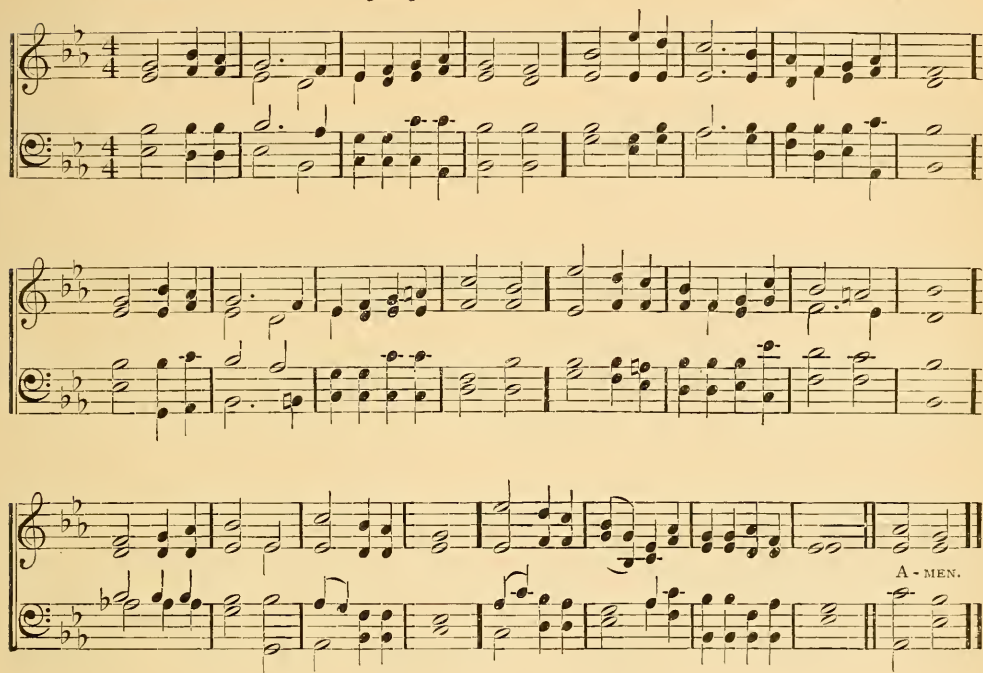
"The night is far spent, and the day is at hand."

HARK ! hark, my soul ! Angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

Angels of Jesus,
 Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome
 The pilgrims of the night.

PILGRIMS. 11.10:11.10:5.4:5.6.

HENRY SMART.



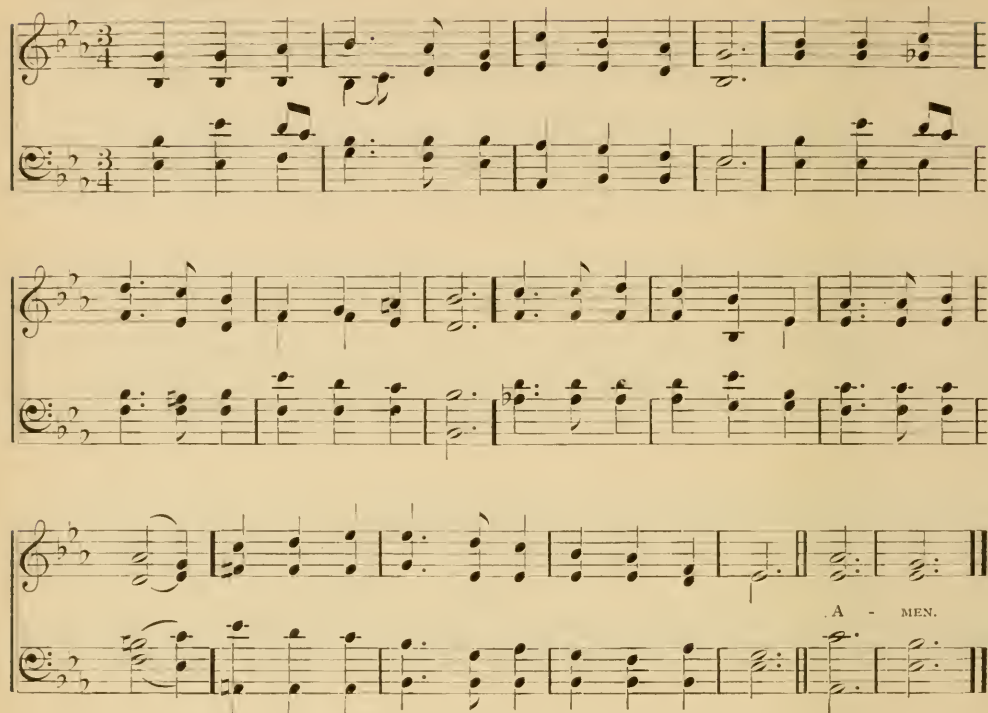
Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

ASTRA MATUTINA. 10.10:10.10.

E. H. THORNE.



465.

"The morning stars sang together."

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
 Filled with celestial resplendence and light,
 These that, where night never followeth day,
 Raise the "Thrice holy, Lord," ever and aye :

These are thy counsellors ; these dost thou own,
 Lord God of Sabaoth ! nearest thy throne.
 These are thy ministers : these dost thou send,
 Help of the helpless ones ! man to defend.

Still let them succor us ; still let them fight,
 Lord of angelic hosts ! battling for right :
 Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
 We with the angels may bow and adore. AMEN.

ELLERS. 10.10 : 10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.

466.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
 In full activity of zeal and power :
 A Christian cannot die before his time ;
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

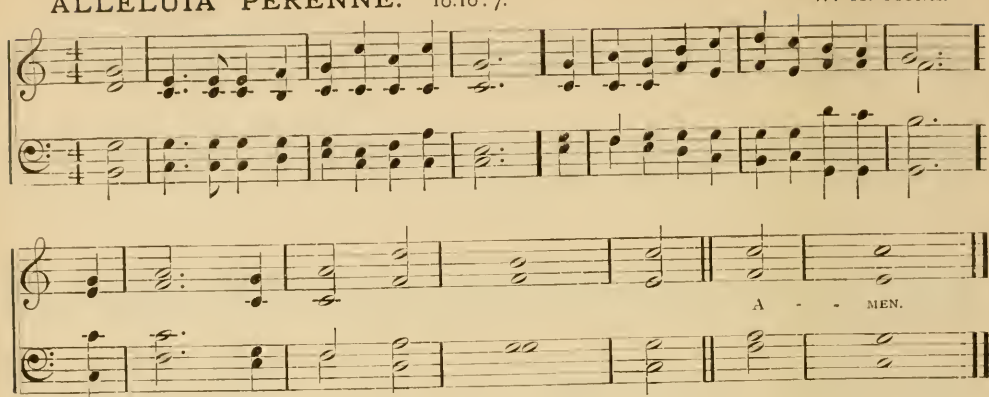
Go to the grave : at noon from labor cease ;
 Rest on thy sheaves ; thy harvest-task is done ;
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave ; for there thy Saviour lay
 In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;
 And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave : no, take thy seat above ;
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
 And open vision for the written word.

ALLELUIA PERENNE. 10.10:7.

W. H. MONK.



467.

"Alleluia ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
 O citizens of heaven ; and sweetly raise
 An endless Alleluia.

Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light,
 In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
 An endless Alleluia.

The holy city shall take up your strain,
 And with glad songs resounding wake again
 An endless Alleluia.

In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
 To render to the Lord with thankful voice
 An endless Alleluia.

Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
 Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
 An endless Alleluia.

There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring
 The strains which tell the honor of your King,
 An endless Alleluia.

While thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
 Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
 An endless Alleluia.

Almighty Lord, to thee our voices sing
 Glory for evermore ; to thee we bring
 An endless Alleluia. AMEN.

Latin Hymn, eighth century. Tr. J. Ellerton.

THE BLESSED HOME. 6. Double.

Sir JOHN STAINER.

468.

Our Blessed Home.

THERE is a blessed home
 Beyond this land of woe,
 Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
 Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crowned,
 And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe ;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

Sir Henry W. Baker. 1861.

469.

The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
 Or on the waters cast,
 Their ashes shall be watched,
 And gathered at the last ;
 And from that scattered dust,
 Around us and abroad,
 Shall spring a plenteous seed
 Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
 Their latest living breath ;
 Yet vain is Satan's boast
 Of victory in their death :
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
 And trumpet-tongued proclaim
 To many a wakening land
 The one prevailing name.

Martin Luther. Tr. Samuel Longfellow.

PARADISE. 8.6:8.6:6.6.6.6.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

Where loy-al hearts and true Stand

Where loy-al hearts and true Stand

A - MEN.

470.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
 Who doth not crave for rest,
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore ;

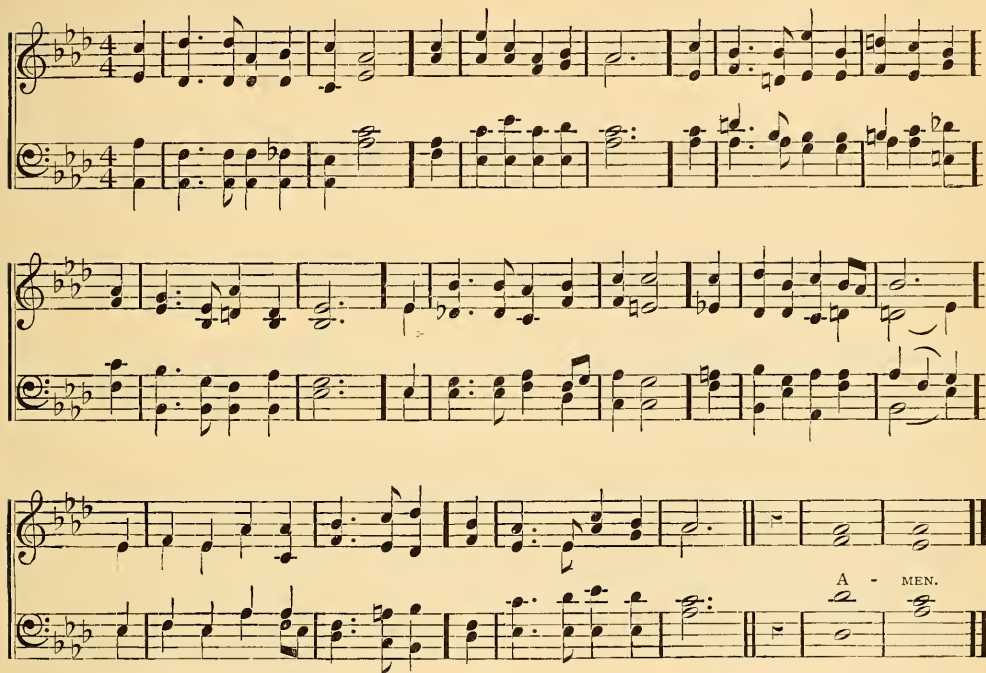
Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
 I feel 't will not be long ;
 Patience ! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of thy song.
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

Frederick W. Faber.

ALFORD. 7.6:8.6. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



471.

"All nations shall flow unto it."

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light :
 'T is finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky !
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made !
 O joy, for all its former woes,
 A thousand-fold repaid !

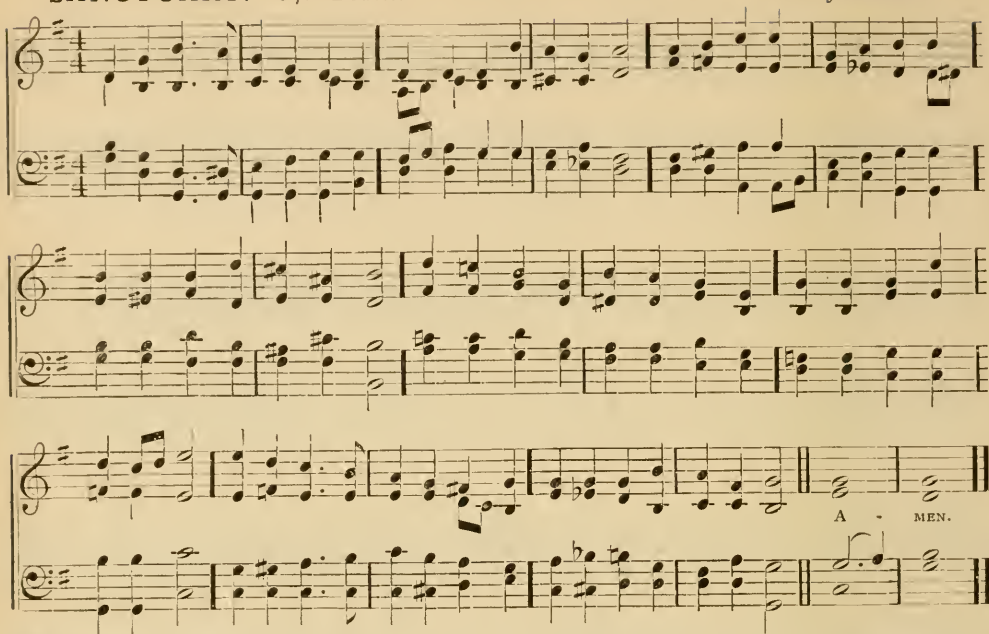
Oh, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more !
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late,
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light :
 'T is finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

Henry Alford.

SANCTUARY. S. 7. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



472.

"Alleluia, Lord, to thee."

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting at the crystal sea,
 Alleluia, alleluia,
 Alleluia, Lord, to thee :
 Multitude, which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stands,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy prophet,
 Who prepared the way of Christ,
 King, apostle, saint, and martyr,
 Confessor, evangelist,
 Saintly maiden, godly matron,
 Widows who have watched to prayer,
 Joined in holy concert, singing
 To the Lord of all, are there.

Marching with thy cross their banner,
 They have triumphed, following
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,
 Thee, their Saviour and their King,

Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered,
 Gladly, Lord, with thee they died ;
 And by death to life immortal
 They were born and glorified.

Christopher Wordsworth.

473. *"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."*

KING of Saints, to whom the number
 Of thy starry host is known,
 Many a name, by man forgotten,
 Lives forever round thy throne ;
 Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened,
 There are shining full and clear,
 Princes in the court of heaven,
 Nameless, unremembered here.

None can tell us ; all are written
 In the Lamb's great book of life,
 All the faith and prayer and patience,
 All the toiling and the strife ;
 There are told thy hidden treasures ;
 Number us, O Lord, with them,
 When thou makest up the jewels
 Of thy living diadem. AMEN.

John Ellerton.

MORGENSTERNE. 8.7:8.7:7.7.

DARMSTADT GESANGBUCH, 1698.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'A - MEN.' below the staff.

474.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."

WHO are these, like stars appearing,
 These, before God's throne who stand?
 Each a golden crown is wearing, —
 Who are all this glorious band?
 Alleluia! hark they sing,
 Praising loud their heavenly King!

Who are these of dazzling brightness,
 These in God's own truth arrayed,
 Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
 Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
 Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand, —
 Whence comes all this glorious band?

These are they whose hearts were riven,
 Sore with woe and anguish tried,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven

With the God they glorified;
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,
 God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
 Did as priests before him stand,
 Soul and body always waiting
 Day and night at his command:
 Now in God's most holy place
 Blest they stand before his face.

Cast my lot in earth and heaven
 With thy saints most like to thee,
 Let my bonds be also riven,
 Make thy child who loves thee free;
 Near the throne where thou dost shine,
 May a place at last be mine! AMEN.

H. T. Schenck. Tr. Frances Cox and C. Winkworth

RAPTURE. 7. Double.

From HAYDN.

A - MEN.

475.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes?"

WHAT are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song:
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name,

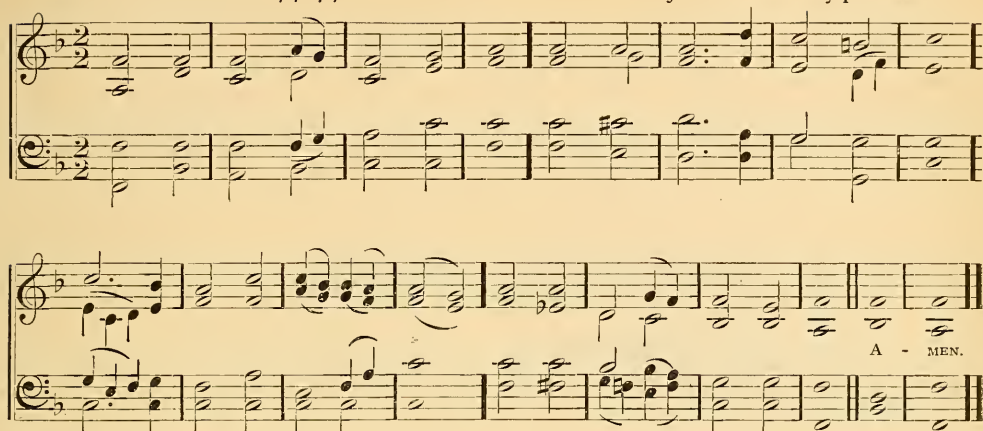
Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand.
 Through their dear Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fears,
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

James Montgomery.

ADORATION. 7.7:7.7.

J. W. TUFTS. By permission.

476. *"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."*

SONGS of praise the angels sang :
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

477. *"He doeth all things well."*

CHRIST will gather in his own
To the place where he is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice saith, "Come,"
Enter thine eternal home ;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

Had he asked us, well we know
We should cry, oh, spare this blow !
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him stay !"

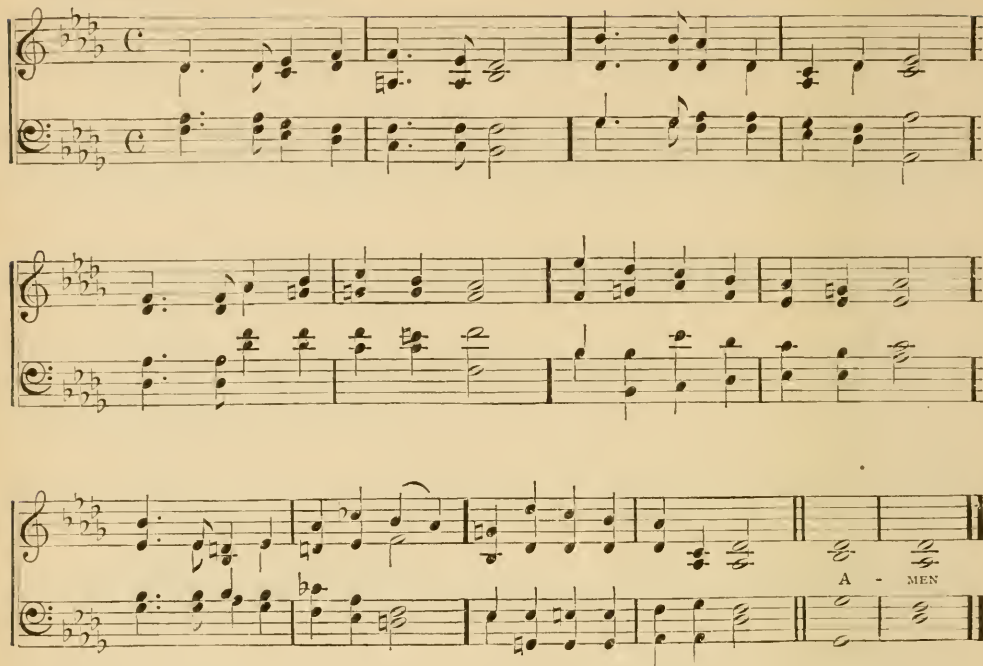
But the Lord doth nought amiss,
And since he hath ordered this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on his will.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah ! was all too inly dear ;
Yet, O Love, 't is thou dost call ;
Thou wilt be our All in all.

Moravian.

STAINER. 7. Six lines.

Sir JOHN STAINER.



478.

*The Abode of Saints.**"These are they which came out of great tribulation."*

NEED it is we raise our eyes
Up from earth towards the skies ;
Thinking of the souls that rest
In the mansions of the blest ;
Lest we faint in our distress,
Through exceeding heaviness.

Thee in them, O Lord most high,
Them in thee we glorify :
Noble athletes, that went home
Through the sea of martyrdom ;
And the saints, through toil and shame
Brave confessors of thy name.

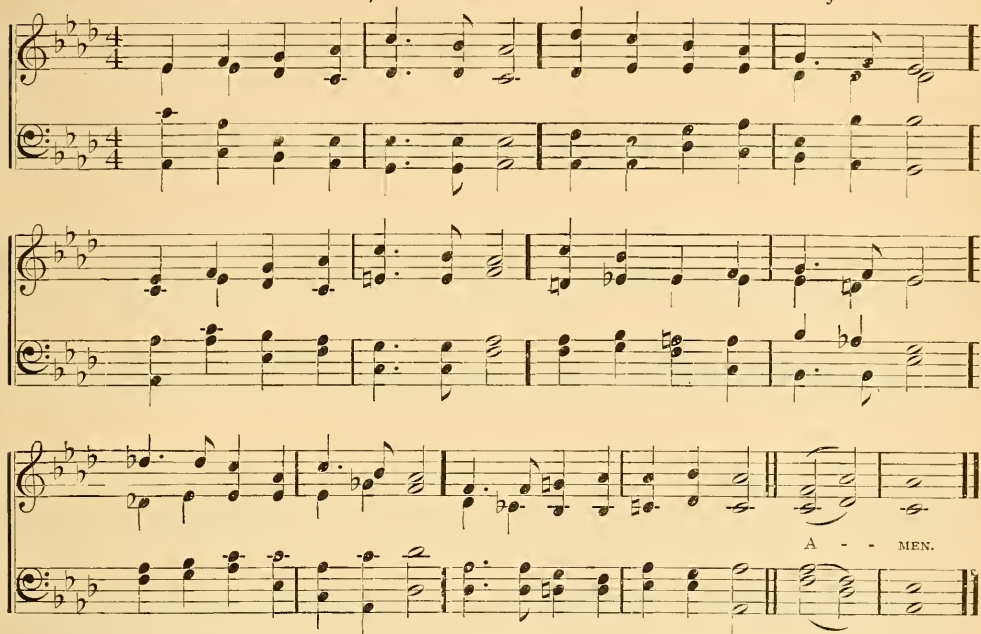
Glory, Lord, to thee alone,
Who hast glorified thine own ;
For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
Faithful lips and fearless breast,
Love and beauty, toils and rest !

Let their praises, heavenly King,
Let the blessed hymn they sing,
Some, though faintest, echo gain
In our own poor broken strain ;
Till one day shall join all powers
In one anthem,— theirs and ours. AMEN.

John Mason Neale. † 1866.

ST. ATHANASIUS. 7. Six lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.



479.

*Burial of a Child.**"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."*

LET no hopeless tears be shed ;
 Holy is this narrow bed :
 Death eternal life bestows,
 Open heaven's portal throws ;
 And no peril waits at last
Him who now away hath passed.

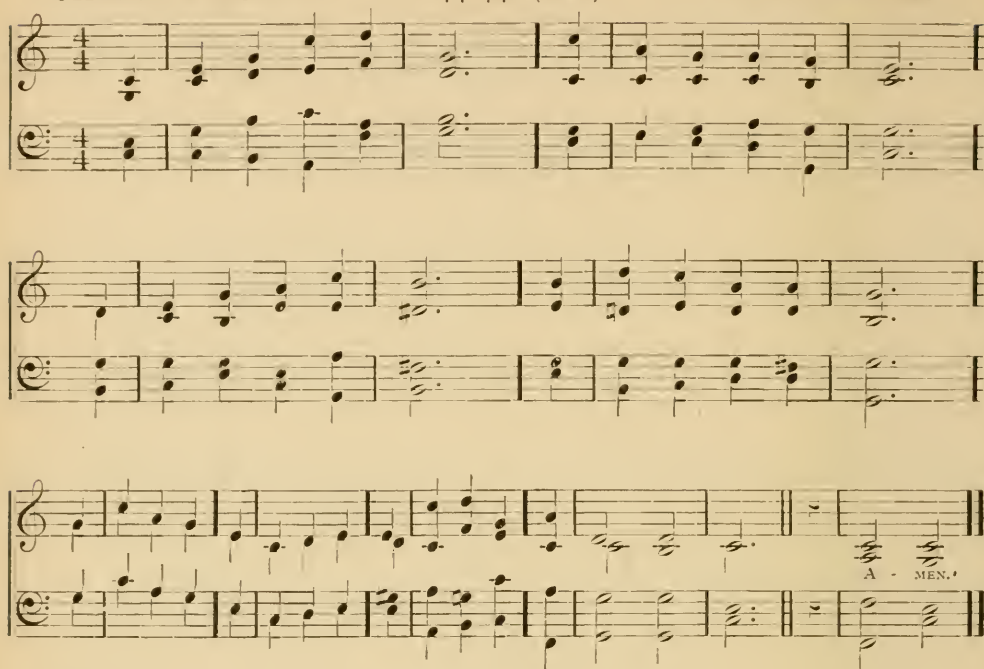
Not salvation hardly won,
 Not the meed for race well run ;
 But the pity of the Lord
 Gives his child a full reward ;
 Grants the prize without the course ;
 Crowns, without the battle's force.

God, who loveth innocence,
 Hastes to take his darling hence.
 Lord ! when this sad life is done,
 Join us to thy little one ;
 And, in thine own tender love,
 Bring us to the ranks above. AMEN.

Paris Breviary seventeenth century. Tr. R. F. Littledale.

CHRIST CHURCH. 6.6:6.6:4.4:4.4. (H.M.)

CHARLES STEGGALL.



480.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."

JERUSALEM on high
 My song and city is,
 My home where'er I die,
 The centre of my bliss ;
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with thee,
 To see thy face ?

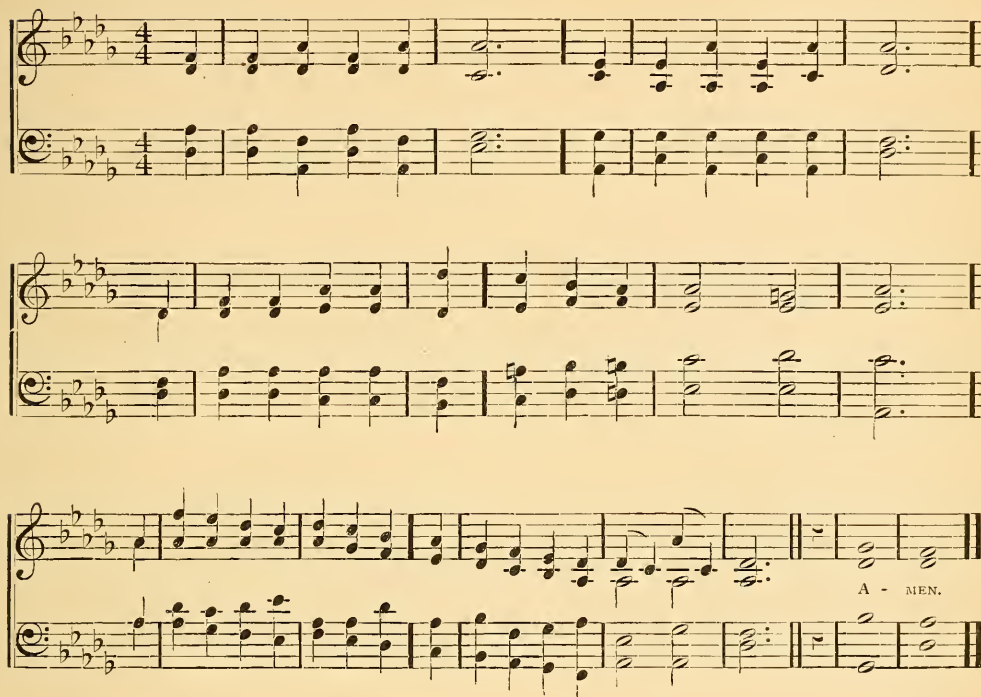
No sun by day shines there,
 No moon by silent night ;
 Oh, no ! these needless are ;
 The Lamb's the city's Light :
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with thee,
 To see thy face ?

There will temptation cease,
 My frailties there will end ;
 There shall I rest in peace,
 In the arms of my best Friend.
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with thee,
 To see thy face ?

No tears from any eyes
 Drop in that holy choir ;
 But Death itself there dies,
 And sighs themselves expire.
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with thee,
 To see thy face ?

SAFE HOME. 6.6:6.6:8.8. (H.M.)

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



481.

"He shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

SAFE home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck :
 But oh the joy upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
 The athlete nearly fell ;
 Bare all he *could* endure,
 And bare not always well :
 But he may smile at troubles gone,
 Who sets the victor-garland on !

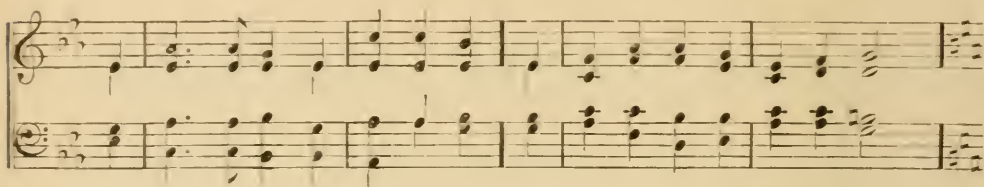
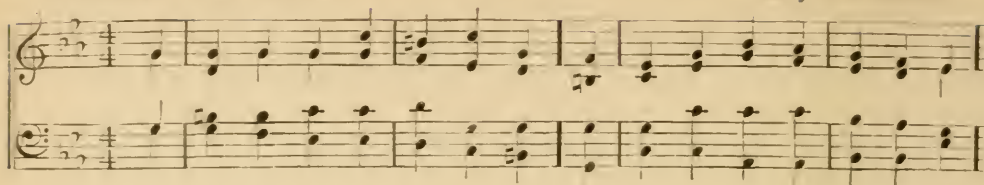
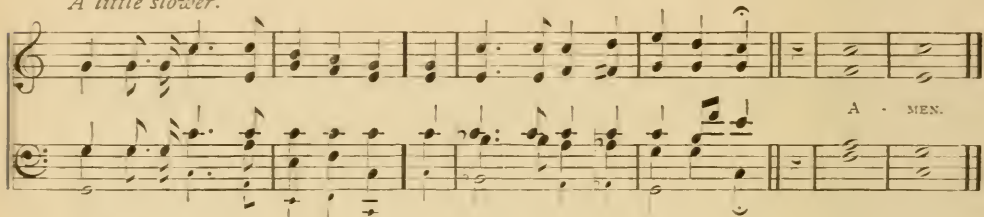
No more the foe can harm ;
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night-alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
 And yet how nearly he had failed, —
 How nearly had that foe prevailed !

The exile is at home !
 O nights and days of tears
 O longings not to roam,
 O sins, and doubts, and fears :
 What matter now this bitter fray ?
 The king has wiped those tears away.

S. Joseph of the Studium, A.D. 870. Tr. J. M. Neale.

CREDO. L.M. Six lines.

Sir JOHN STAINER.

*A little slower.*

ORGAN.

482.

"He is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies !
All souls are thine ; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their words, their
powers,

All thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair

Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
Not dead, but living unto thee.

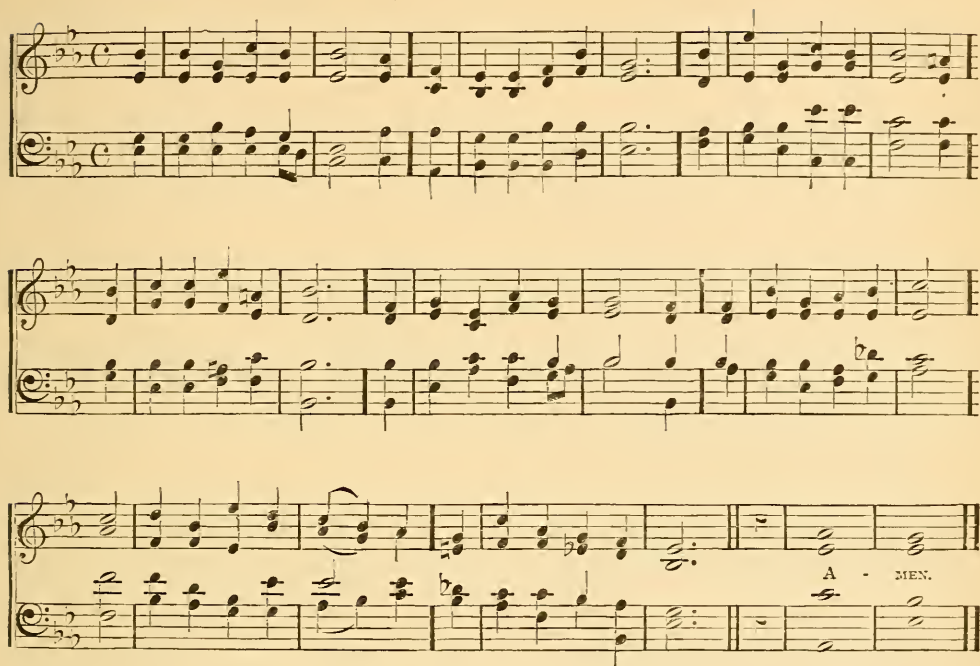
Thy word is true, thy will is just ;
To thee we leave them. Lord, in trust ;
And thank thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave.
That none might fear the world to see
Where all are living unto thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit be
Forever living unto thee ! AMEN.

John Elertson. 1867.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, No. 620. 7.6. Double.

HENRY SMART.



483.

"He turneth the shadow of death into morning."

AROUND my path life's mysteries
 Their deepening shadows throw ;
 And as I gaze and ponder,
 They dark and darker grow.
 Yet still, amid the darkness,
 I feel the light is near ;
 And in the awful silence
 God's voice I seem to hear :

But hear it as the thunder,
 Or murmuring of the sea ;
 The secret it is telling, —
 But tells it not to me.
 Yet hark ! a voice above me,
 Which says, " Wait, trust, and pray :
 The night will soon be over ;
 And light will come with day."

Amen ! the light and darkness
 Are both alike to thee :
 Then to thy waiting servant
 Alike they both shall be.
 That great, unending future !
 I cannot pierce its shroud ;
 But I nothing doubt, nor tremble :
 God's bow is on the cloud.

To him I yield my spirit ;
 On him I lay my load :
 Fear ends with death ; beyond it
 I nothing see but God :
 Thus moving toward the darkness,
 I calmly wait his call :
 Seeing and fearing nothing ;
 Hoping and trusting all !

Samuel Greg

PASSION CHORALE. 7.6. Double.

HASSLER.

484. *"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."*

THE precious seed of weeping
 To-day we sow once more,
 The form of one now sleeping,
 Whose pilgrimage is o'er.
 Ah, death but safely lands him
 Where we, too, would attain ;
 Our Father's voice demands him,
 And death to him is gain.

He has what we are wanting,
 He sees what we believe ;
 The sins on earth so haunting
 Have there no power to grieve ;
 Safe in his Father's keeping,
 Who sent him calm release ;
 'T is only we are weeping,
 He dwells in perfect peace.

C. J. P. Spitta.

485. *"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."*

BRIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there.
 O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest.

The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.
 There God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of his grace,
 Shall we behold forever,
 And worship face to face.

S. Bernard of Cluny. 1145. Tr. J. Mason Neale.

EWING. 7.6. Double.

ALEXANDER EWING.

486.

"The city of the great King."

JERUSALEM, the golden !
 With milk and honey blest ;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppress.
 I know not, oh, I know not
 What joys await us there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.

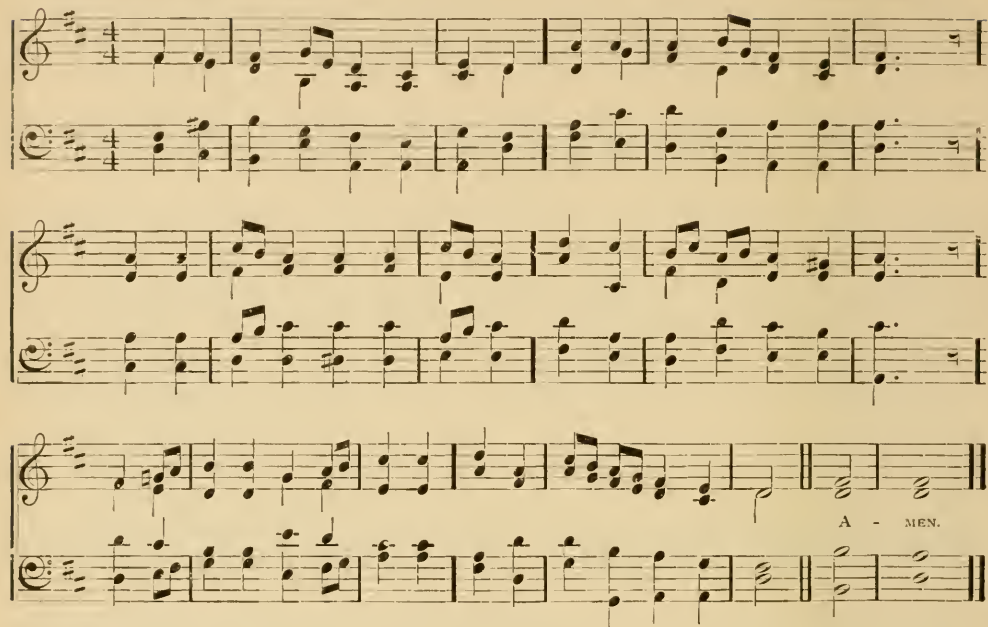
The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.
 And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.

S. Bernard of Cluny. 1145. Tr. J. M. Neale.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, No. 36. 8.7. Six lines.

CHARLES GOUNOD.



487.

"The holy city, new Jerusalem."

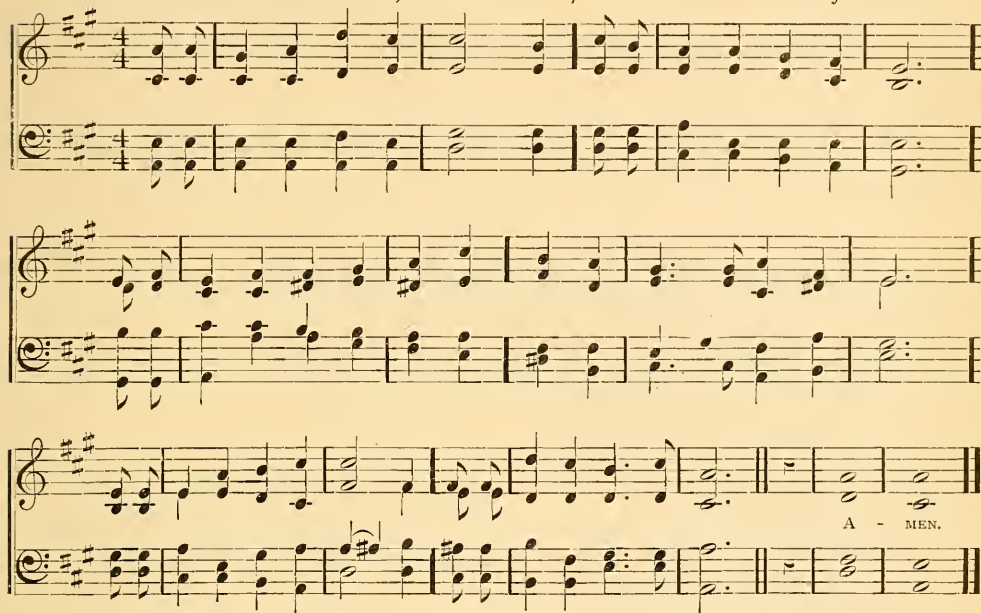
BLESSED City, heavenly Salem,
 Vision dear of peace and love,
 Who, of living stones upbuilt,
 Art the joy of heaven above,
 And with angel cohorts circled,
 As a bride to earth dost move !

Bright with pearls her portal glitters ;
 It is open evermore ;
 And, on wings of love ascending,
 Thither faithful souls may soar,
 Who, for Christ's dear name, in this world
 Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
 Polished well those stones elect,
 In their places now compacted
 By the heavenly Architect,
 Who therewith hath willed forever
 That his palace should be decked.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, No. 188. 8.7. Six lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.



488.

"The glory of God did lighten it."

LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
 Vision whence true peace doth spring,
 Brighter than the heart can fancy,
 Mansion of the highest King ;
 Oh how glorious are the praises
 Which of thee the prophets sing.

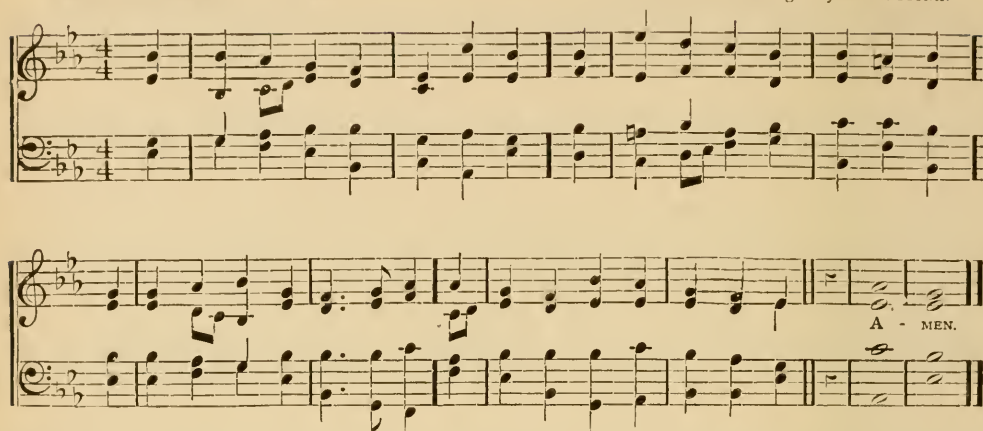
There forever and forever
 Alleluia is outpoured ;
 For unending, for unbroken
 Is the feast-day of the Lord ;
 All is pure, and all is holy,
 That within thy walls is stored.

Now with gladness, now with courage,
 Bear the burden on thee laid.
 That hereafter there thy labors
 May with endless gifts be paid,
 And in everlasting glory
 Thou with joy mayst stand arrayed.

Latin Hymn, thirteenth Century. Tr. John Mason Neale.

MELCOMBE. L.M.

SAMUEL WEBBE. Arranged by W. H. MONK.

489. *"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."*

THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge.

490. *"Everlasting joy shall be unto them."*

Oh, when the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep, it is not rest, —
'Tis glory opening to the blest !

Their way to heaven was pure from sin,
And Christ shall there receive them in ;
There each shall wear a robe of light
Like his, divinely fair and bright.

There parted hearts again shall meet
In union holy, calm, and sweet ;
There grief find rest, and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

There angels will unite their prayers
With spirits bright and blest as theirs,
And light shall glance on every crown
From suns that never more go down.

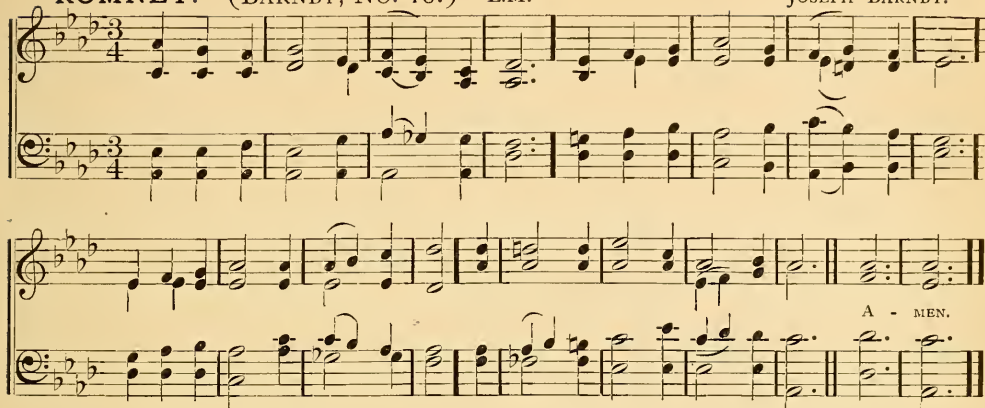
No storms shall ride the troubled air ;
No voice of passion enter there ;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales, that breathe and die.

For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as his own.

W. B. O. Peabody.

ROMNEY. (BARNBY, NO. 18.) L.M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



491. "Let me die the death of the righteous."

How blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest !
 How mildly beam the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around, —
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 And nought disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies !"

Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

492. "Asleep in Jesus."

ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
 From which none ever wakes to weep ;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest ;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
 Debars this precious hiding-place ;
 On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
 Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay.

493.

A Funeral Ode.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
 Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
 And give these sacred relics room
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 And angels watch the soft repose.

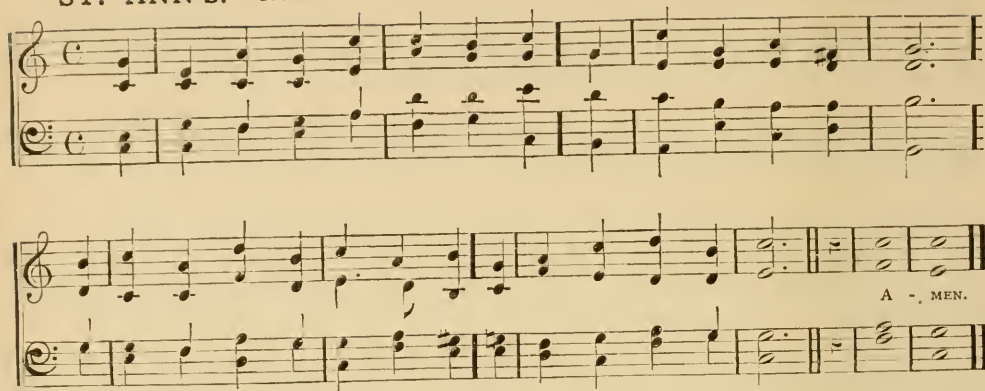
So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;
 Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word ;
 Restore thy trust, a glorious form :
 It must ascend to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

ST. ANN'S. C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT.



494. "The armies in heaven followed him."

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below, —
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:

Like him with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid:
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! AMEN.

Reginald Heber.

495. "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned."

GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph even in death.

Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

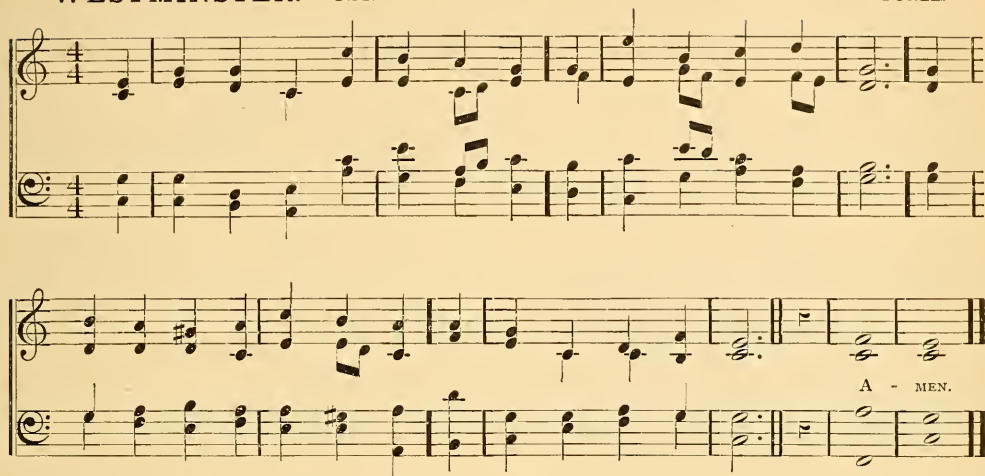
God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smoothe the wave,
For such as love his name.

Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

Moravian.

WESTMINSTER. C.M.

TURLE.

496. *"The hope which entereth into that within the veil."*

THEY passed away from sight and hand,
A slow, successive train :
To memory's heart, a gathered band,
Our lost ones come again.

Dear thoughts that once our union made,
Death does not disallow :
We prayed for them while here they stayed,
And what shall hinder now ?

Our Father, give them perfect day,
And portions with the blest ;
Oh, pity, if they went astray,
And pardon for the best !

As they may need, still deign to bring
The helping of thy grace,
The shadow of thy guardian wing,
Or shining of thy face.

For all their sorrows here below
Be boundless joy and peace ;
For all their love, a heavenly glow
That nevermore shall cease.

O Lord of souls ! when ours shall part,
To try the farther birth,
Let faith go journeying with the heart
To those we loved on earth.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

497. *"More than conquerors, through him that loved us."*

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, — how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

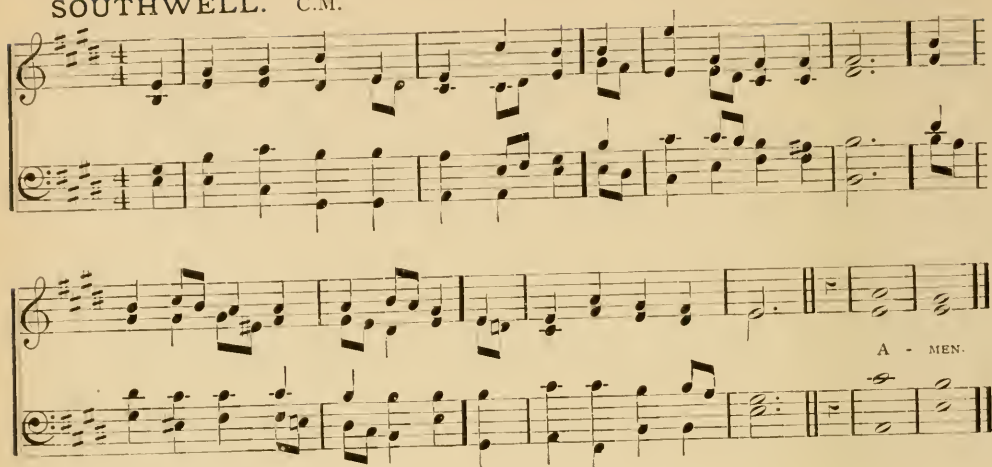
I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

SOUTHWELL. C.M.

H. S. IRONS.

498. *"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."*

THUS heaven is gathering one by one,
In its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent,
And beautiful and blest ;

The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart,
Part militant in earthly gloom,
In heavenly glory part.

But who can speak the rapture, when
The circle is complete.
And all the children sundered now
Around one Father meet ?

One fold, one Shepherd, one employ,
One everlasting home :

"Lo, I come quickly !" "Even so,
Amen, Lord Jesu, come !" AMEN.

E. H. Bickersteth.

499. *"The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."*

THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be ;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.

I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread ;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

The things unseen, O God ! reveal ;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel and see and know
The heavenly world is near.

Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife ;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life. AMEN.

John Taylor.

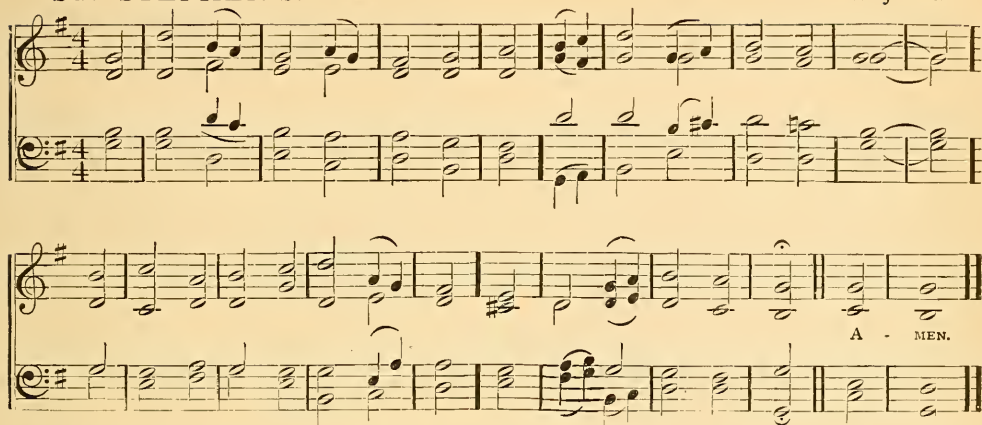
500. *"I am persuaded that neither death nor life, shall separate us from the love of God."*

I KNOW not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C.M.

W. JONES.



No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove :
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar :
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

John G. Whittier.

501.

The Communion of Saints.

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make :
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

One family, we dwell in him ;
One Church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream, —
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow :
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

O God ! be thou our constant guide :
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley.†

502.

Angels.

OH, not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs ;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight, voices sweet,
Like fragrance, fill the room ;
And happy ghosts, with noiseless feet,
Come brightening through the gloom.

We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came :
We veil our eyes before thy light,
We bless our Father's name !

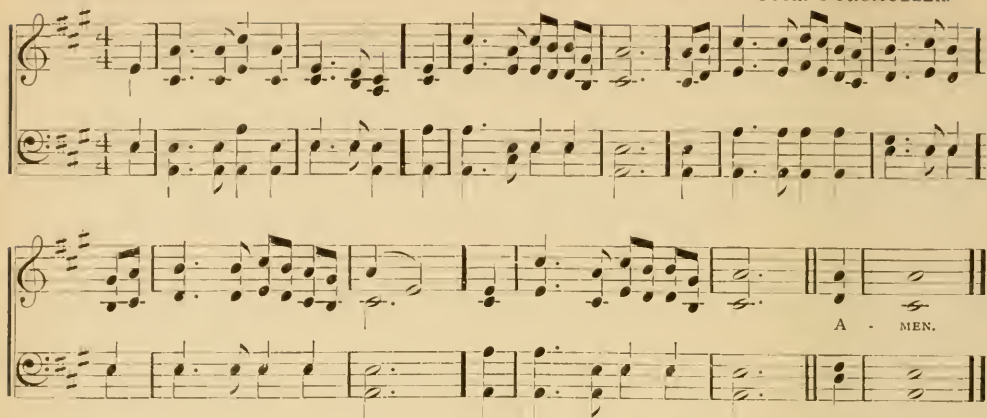
This frame, O God, this feeble breath,
Thy hand may soon destroy :
We think of thee, and feel in death
A deep and holy joy.

Dim is the light of vanished years
In glory yet to come :
O idle grief, O foolish tears,
When Jesus calls us home !

John Wilson. †

HOMELAND. C.M.

From BURGMÜLLER.



503.

Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

JERUSALEM, my happy home !

Name ever dear to me !

When shall my labors have an end

In joy and peace and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls

And pearly gates behold, —

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,

And streets of shining gold ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know :

Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes

I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,

Or feel at death dismay ?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,

And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there

Around my Saviour stand ;

And soon my friends in Christ below

Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home !

My soul still pants for thee :

Then shall my labors have an end,

When I thy joys shall see.

From Francis A. Baker. 1616.

504.

The Promised Land.

THERE is a land of pure delight,

Where saints immortal reign ;

Infinite day excludes the night,

And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,

And never-withering flowers :

Death, like a narrow sea, divides

This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood

Stand dressed in living green ;

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,

While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink

To cross this narrow sea ;

And linger, shivering on the brink,

And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,

Those gloomy doubts that rise.

And see the Canaan, that we love.

With unclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,

And view the landscape o'er, —

Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood.

Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts. 1703.

FAITH. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



505. "He is the head of the body, the Church."

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice which Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

Isaac Watts.

506. "The spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now:
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

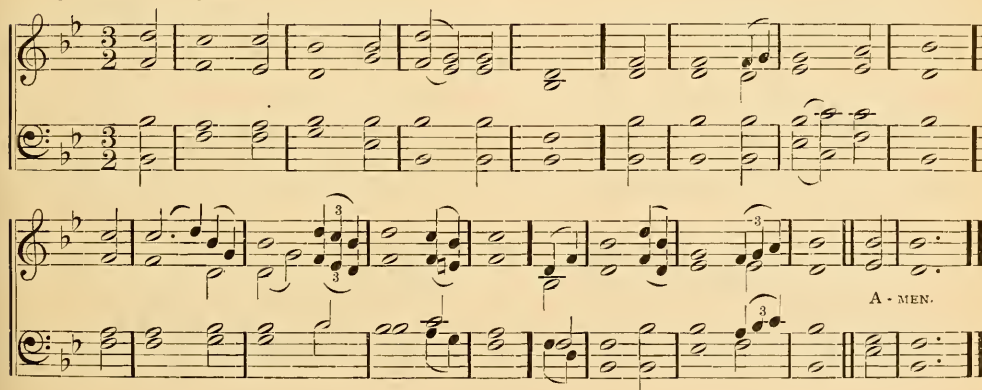
Dust, to its narrow house beneath;
Soul, to its home on high:
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
Since thy dear form is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own.

Felicia D. Hemans. 1822.

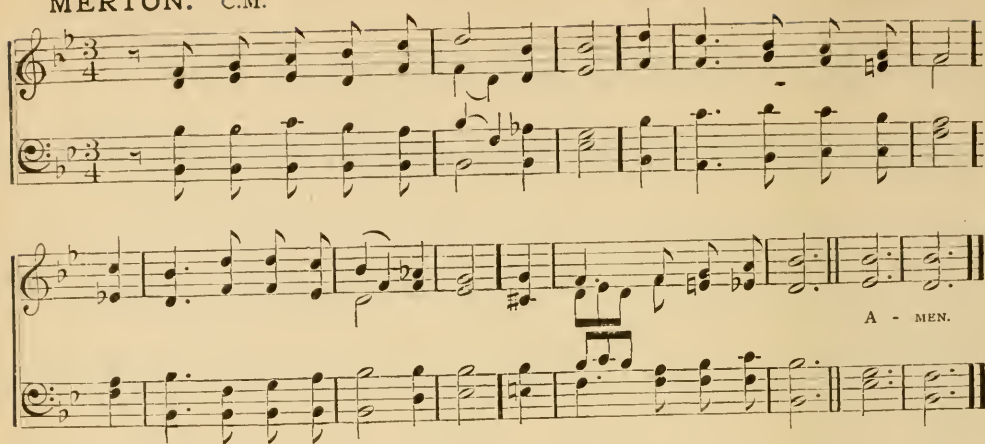
CHINA. C.M.

T. SWAN.



MERTON. C.M.

H. K. OLIVER.

507. *"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."*

Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and sea are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

"The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode ;
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

"His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

How long, dear Saviour ! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts.

508. *"God shall be your everlasting light."*

Ye golden lamps of heaven ! farewell,
With all your feeble light :
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, —
Pale empress of the night !

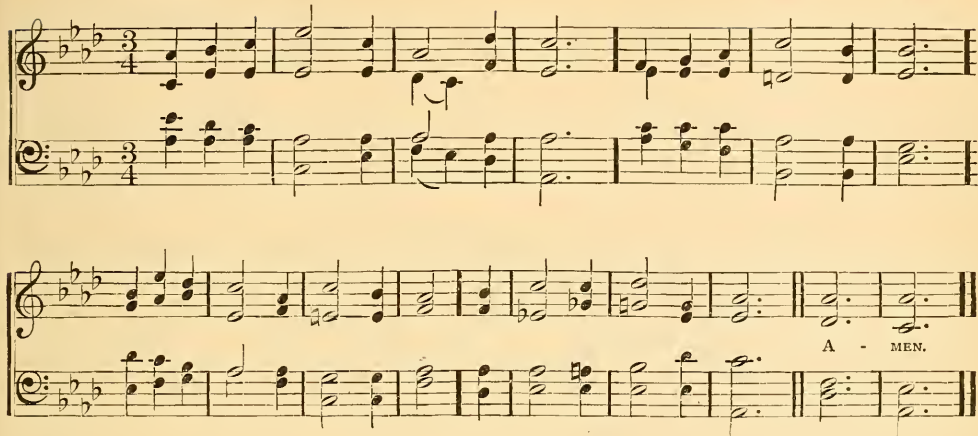
And thou, refulgent orb of day !
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

BEATITUDO. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes ;
 Nor the meridian sun decline
 Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite ;
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

Philip Doddridge.

509.

The New Heaven.

LET whosoever will, inquire
 Of spirit or of seer,
 To shape unto the heart's desire
 The new life's vision clear.

My God, I rather look to thee
 Than to these fancies fond,
 And wait, till thou reveal to me
 That fair and far Beyond.

Oh, joy ! to hear with sense new-born
 The angels' greeting strains,
 And sweet to see the first fair morn
 Gild the celestial plains.

But sweeter far to trust in thee
 While all is yet unknown,
 And through the death-dark cheerily
 To walk with thee alone.

In thee my powers, my treasures live,
 To thee my life must tend ;
 Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
 O soul-sufficing friend !

And wherefore should I seek above
 Thy city in the sky,
 Since firm in faith and deep in love
 Its broad foundations lie, —

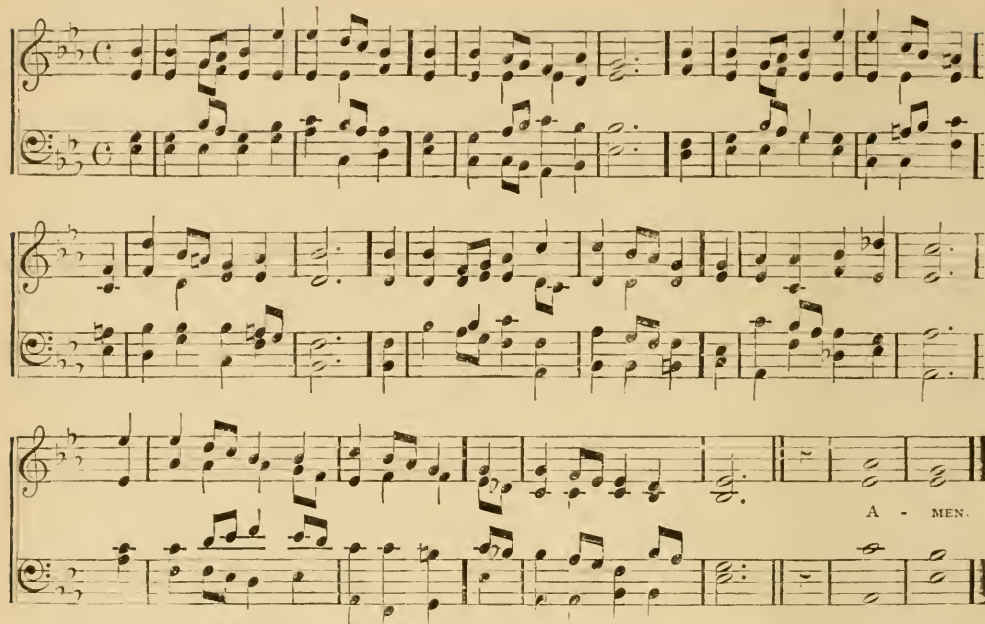
Since in a life of peace and prayer,
 Nor known on earth, nor praised,
 By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
 Its holy towers are raised ?

Where pain the soul hath purified,
 And penitence hath shriven,
 And truth is crowned and glorified,
 There — only there — is heaven.

Eliza Scudder.

EPIPHANY. C.M. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.

510. *"Partakers of the inheritance of the saints
in light."*

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone :
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in him.
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow :
Part of his host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

His militant, embodied host.
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.

Oh that we now might grasp our Guide !
Oh that the word were given !
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

511. *"Bless the Lord, ye his angels that do his
commandments."*

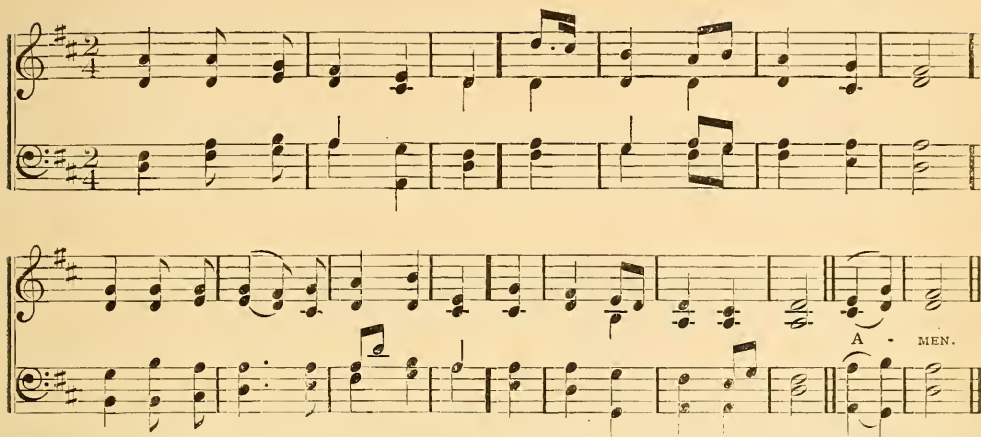
How solemn silent, and how still
The stars all range above !
They joy in their great Master's will,
And all their ways are love.
They teach us, ranged in order bright,
How God's great host on high,
The angels, walk in love and light
Beyond the starry sky.

Oh that God's children here below
Might thus his laws fulfil,
And each, where God has placed him, know
And do his holy will.
Guide us, O Lord, by grace divine,
That we may never stray ;
May Christ, our Sun, forever shine
Upon our heavenward way ! AMEN.

Hymnologia Christiana. Edited by B. H. Kennedy.

MORNINGTON. S.M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



512. "Then shall we be forever with the Lord."

"FOREVER with the Lord!"

Amen; so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

James Montgomery.

513. "Hold thou me up, and I shall stand."

I HEAR at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he
(Remembered or forgot),
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as he hath seen,
And shall forever see.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

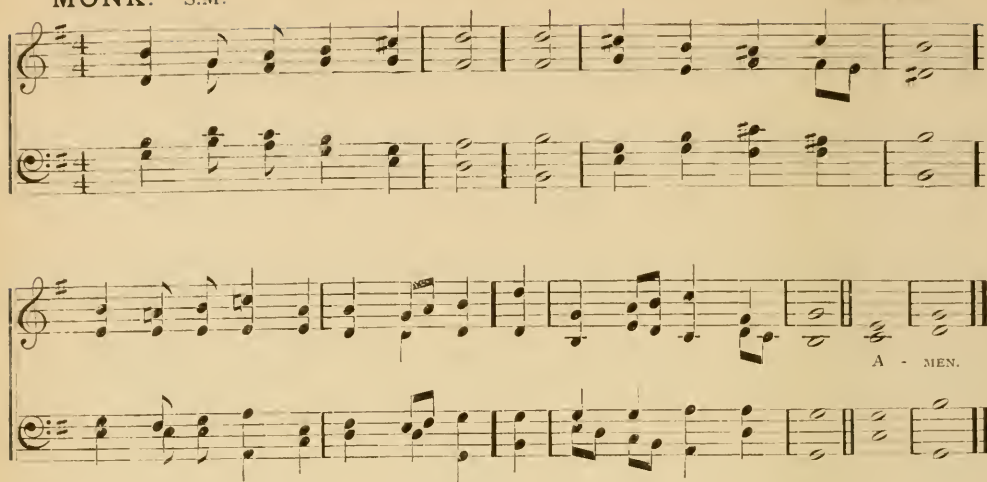
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

James Montgomery.

MONK. S.M.

E. G. MONK.



514. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From earthly chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this mortal dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To dwell with thee on high.

C. Malan. Tr. G. W. Bethune. 1847.

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

515. "Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

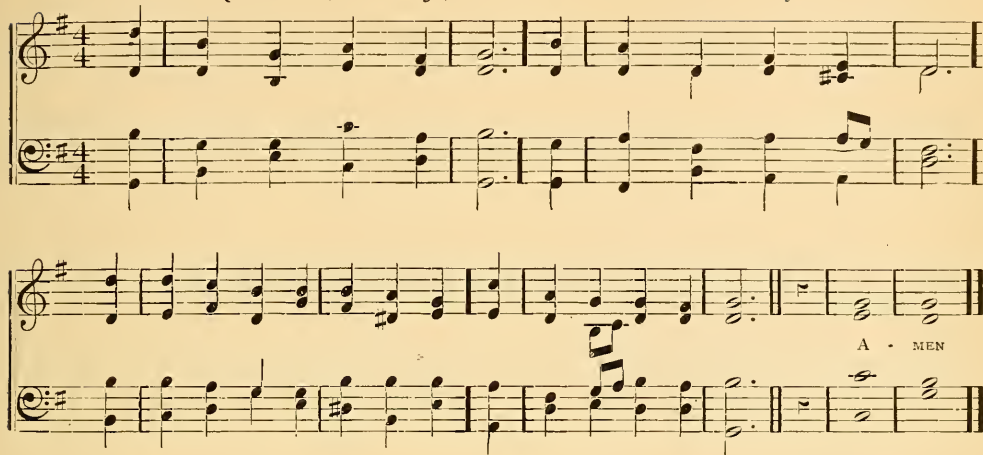
SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

OTTERY. (BARNBY, NO. 15.) S.M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

516. *"Partakers of the inheritance of the saints
in light."*

FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

They all in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

Thy mystic members, fit
To join thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
And fellowship of love.

For this, thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee. AMEN.

Richard Mant. †

517. *"Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall
give thee light."*

O SPIRIT, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done !
The weary world 's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun !

Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win :
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within !

Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime :
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time !

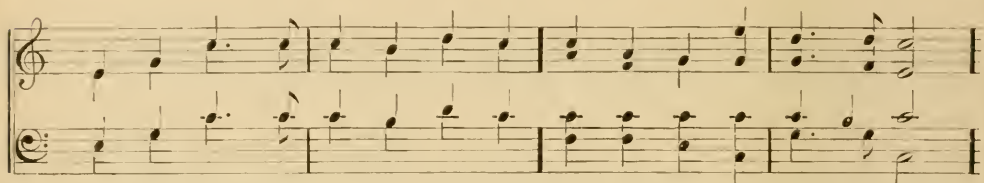
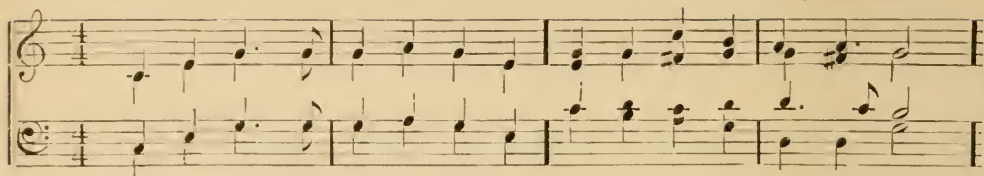
Awake, lift up thine eyes !
See, all heaven's host appears !
And be thou glad exceedingly,
Thou who hast done with tears !

Ascend ! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth :
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth !

Mary Howitt. 1834. †

TRIUMPH. 8.7 : 8.7 : 8.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



518. "O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer."

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
 Christ the head and corner-stone,
 Chosen of the Lord and precious,
 Binding all the church in one,
 Holy Zion's help forever,
 And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
 Dearly loved by God on high,
 In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody ;
 The Almighty God adoring
 In glad hymns eternally.

To this temple, where we call thee,
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day ;
 With thy wonted loving-kindness
 Hear thy servants as they pray ;
 And thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls alway.

Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
 What they ask of thee to gain,
 What they gain from thee forever
 With the blessed to retain,
 And hereafter in thy glory
 Evermore with thee to reign. AMEN.
 Latin Hymn, eighth century. Tr J. M. Neale. †

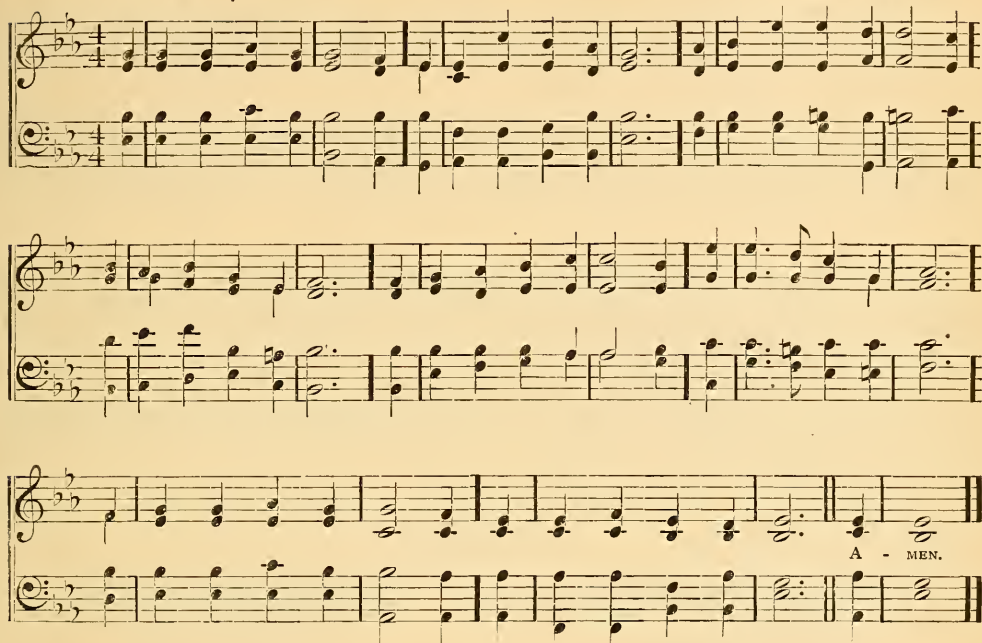
519. "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

ALLELUIA ! song of gladness,
 Song of everlasting joy ;
 Alleluia ! song the sweetest
 That can angel-hosts employ ;
 Hymning in God's holy presence
 Their high praise eternally.

Alleluia ! church victorious,
 Thou mayst lift this joyful strain ;
 Alleluia ! songs of triumph
 Well befit the blessed train ;
 We our songs must raise with sadness
 While in exile we remain.

AURELIA. 7.6. Double.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.



But one earnest supplication,
 Holy God, we raise to thee ;
 Bring us to thy blissful presence,
 Make us all thy joys to see ;
 Then we 'll sing our Alleluia,
 Sing to all eternity.

Latin Hymn, eleventh century. Tr. J. M. Neale.

520. *"This is the day the Lord hath made ; we will
 rejoice and be glad in it."*

O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright.
 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand ;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.

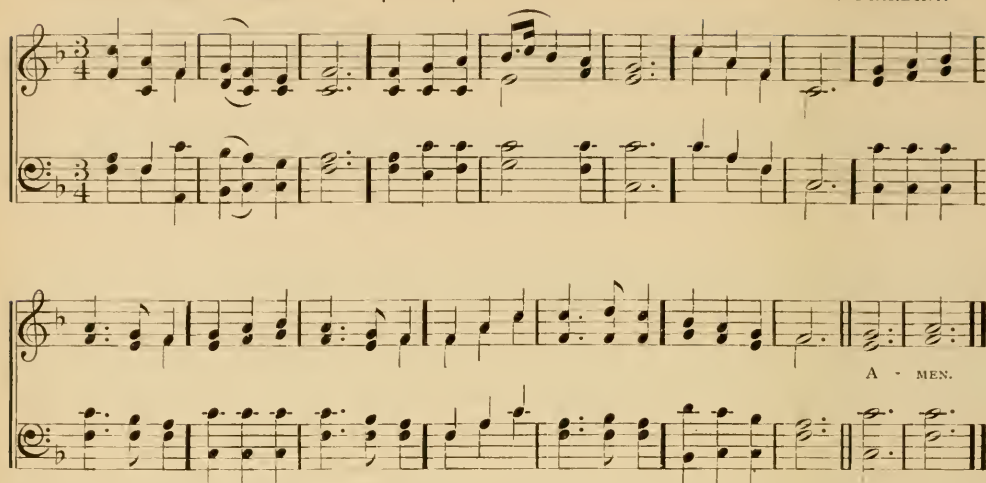
To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

A day of sweet refection,
 A day of holy love,
 A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.
 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.

Christopher Wordsworth.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6.6.4: 6.6.6.4.

F. GIARDINI.



521.

Invocation.

COME, thou Almighty King !
 Help us thy name to sing ;
 Help us to praise !
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days !

Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
 By heaven and earth adored !
 Our prayer attend !
 Come, and thy children bless ;
 Give thy good word success ;
 Make thine own holiness
 On us descend.

Never from us depart ;
 Rule thou in every heart,
 Hence, evermore.
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore. AMEN.

Charles Wesley. 1757.

522.

" Let there be Light."

THOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight !
 Hear us, we humbly pray ;
 And, where the gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light.

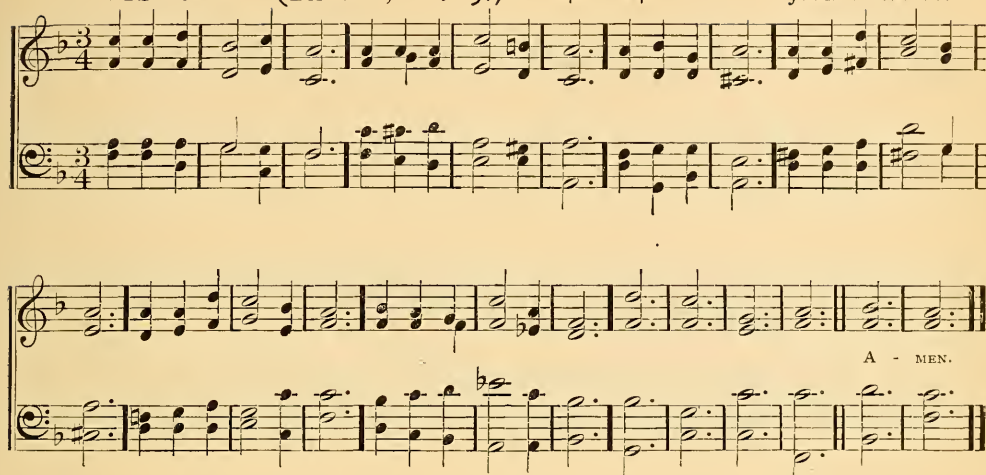
Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight !
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Light to the inly blind.
 Oh, now, to all mankind
 Let there be light !

Descend thou from above,
 Spirit of truth and love, --
 Speed on thy flight !
 Move o'er the waters' face,
 Spirit of hope and grace,
 And in earth's darkest place,
 Let there be light ! AMEN.

John Marriott. †

TAVISTOCK. (BARNBY, NO. 19.) 6.6.4:6.6.6.4.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



523.

Strength, Love, and Light.

COME, thou almighty Will !
Our fainting bosoms fill
With thy great power :
Strength of our good intents,
Our tempted hour's defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come, in this hour !

Come, thou most tender Love !
Within our spirits move,
Their sweetest guest :
Extinguish passion's fire,
Exalt each low desire,
To deeds of love inspire,
Quickener and Rest !

Come, Light serene and still !
Our darkened spirits fill
With thy clear day :
Guide of the feeble sight,
Star of grief's darkest night,
Reveal the path of right,
Show us thy way !

Hymns of the Spirit.

524.

"The Comforter shall teach you all things."

COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray !
Divinely good thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart :
Oh, come to-day !

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power :
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour !

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
Dwell in each breast :
We know no dawn but thine ;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest !

AMEN.

Ray Palmer.

FABEN. 8.7. Double.

J. H. WILLCOX.

A - MEN.

525. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."

HOLY Spirit, source of gladness,
 Come with all thy radiance bright ;
 O'er our weariness and sadness
 Breathe thy life and shed thy light !
 Send us thine illumination,
 Banish all our fears at length ;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Spirit of unfailing strength !

Let that love, which knows no measure,
 Now in quickening showers descend,
 Bringing us the richest treasure
 Man can wish or God can send :
 Hear our earnest supplication ;
 Every struggling heart release ;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Spirit of untroubled peace !

Paul Gerhardt and Samuel Longfellow.

526. "The God of peace give you peace always by all means."

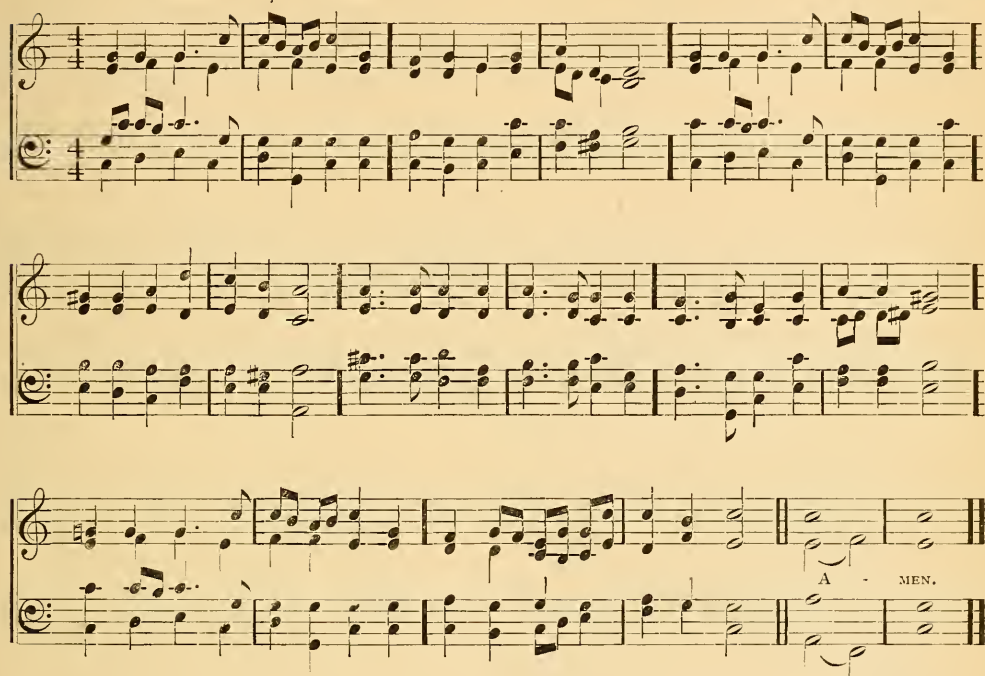
PEACE be to this congregation !
 Peace to every heart therein !
 Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
 Peace, the fruit of conquered sin ;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver ;
 Peace, to worldly minds unknown ;
 Peace, that floweth, as a river,
 From the eternal Source alone.

O thou God of Peace, be near us,
 Fix within our hearts thy home ;
 With thy bright appearing cheer us,
 In thy blessèd freedom come.
 Come with all thy revelations,
 Truth which we so long have sought ,
 Come with thy deep consolations,
 Peace of God which passeth thought !

Hymns of the Spirit.

WENDELL. 8.7. Double.

H. K. OLIVER.



527.

"The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father, thou art all compassion, —
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive :
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and sinless let us be :
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

528.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation."

Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath ;
Still we wait for thy appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart ;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.

Charles Wesley.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7:8.7:4.7.

HENRY SMART.

A - MEN.

529.

"Lead me in a plain path."

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim through this barren land :
 I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven !
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow :
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through ;
 Strong Deliverer !
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside :
 Cleave the flood, and stay the waters ;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

ZION. 8:7:8:7:4:7.

Dr. HASTINGS.



530.

Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !
Ever faithful

To the truth may we be found. AMEN.

Walter Shirley. 1725-1786.

531.

"Speak : for thy servant heareth."

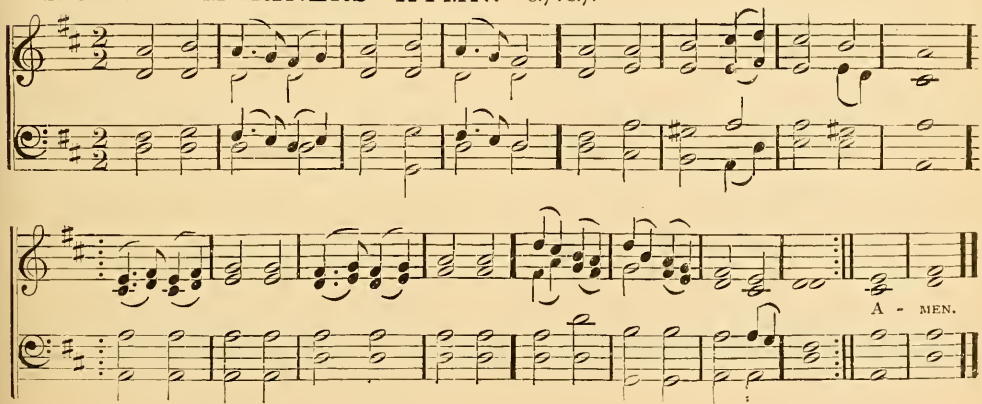
IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We thy people now draw near :
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let thy servants hear ;
Hear with meekness, —
Hear thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee,
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be ;
Till thy glory

Without cloud in heaven we see AMEN.

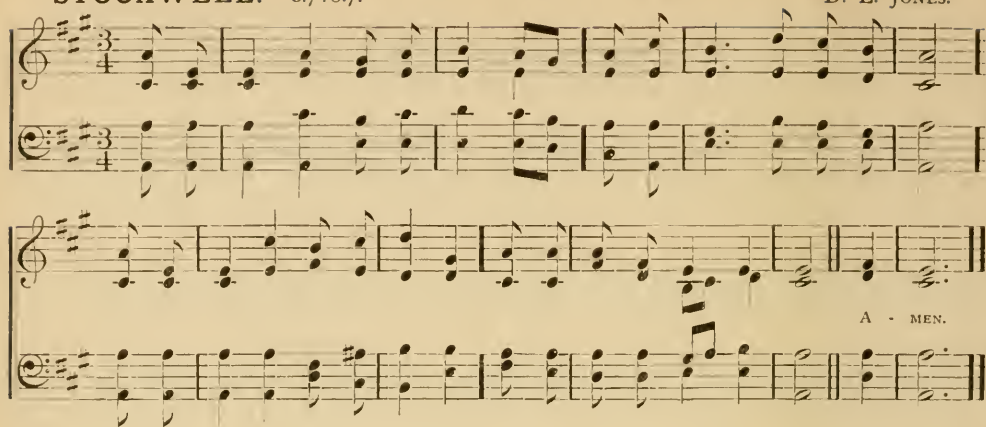
Thomas Kelly. 1815.

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN. 8:7:8:7.



STOCKWELL. 8.7:8.7.

D. E. JONES.



A - MEN.

532.

"Grace be with you, mercy, and peace."

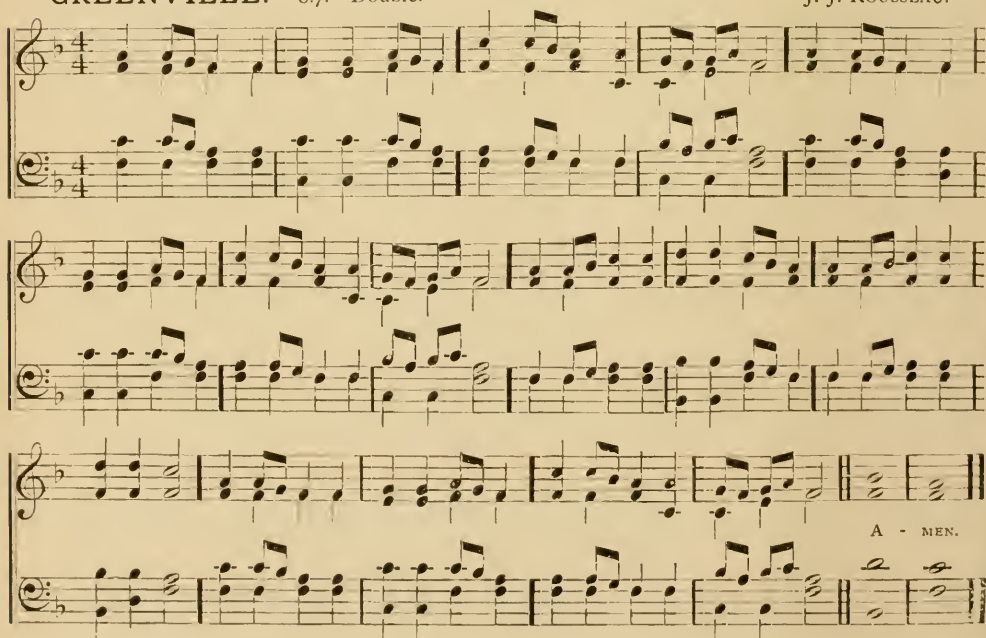
MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above !

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford !

John Newton.

GREENVILLE. 8.7. Double.

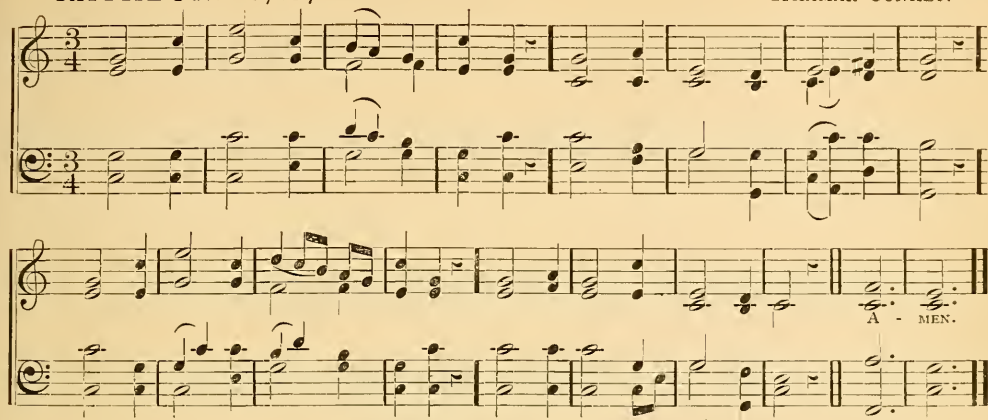
J. J. ROUSSEAU.



A - MEN.

RATHBUN. 8.7 : 8.7.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



By permission of the Oliver Ditson Company.

533. "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel."

ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
Lord, thy pardoning presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore ;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

E. Bickersteth.

534. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time :
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me :
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

535. *The Conflict of Life.*

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone ;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, — press thou on !

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it, — press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver ;
Oh, for their sake, press thou on !

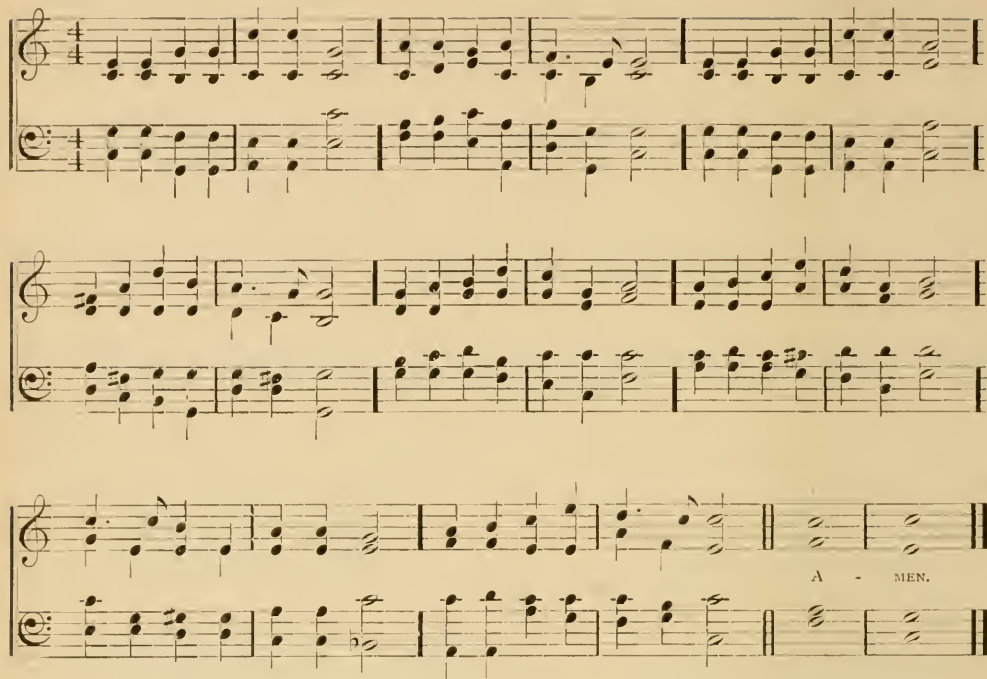
Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace ;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release ;

Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son ;
By the prayer of Jesus, — " Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done ! "

Samuel Johnson. 1847.

CULFORD. 7. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.



536. "While I live will I praise the Lord."

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days !
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.
 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield ;
 Flocks, that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :

All that Spring with bounteous hand
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal Autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores, —
 These to thee, our God ! we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Still to thee our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone !

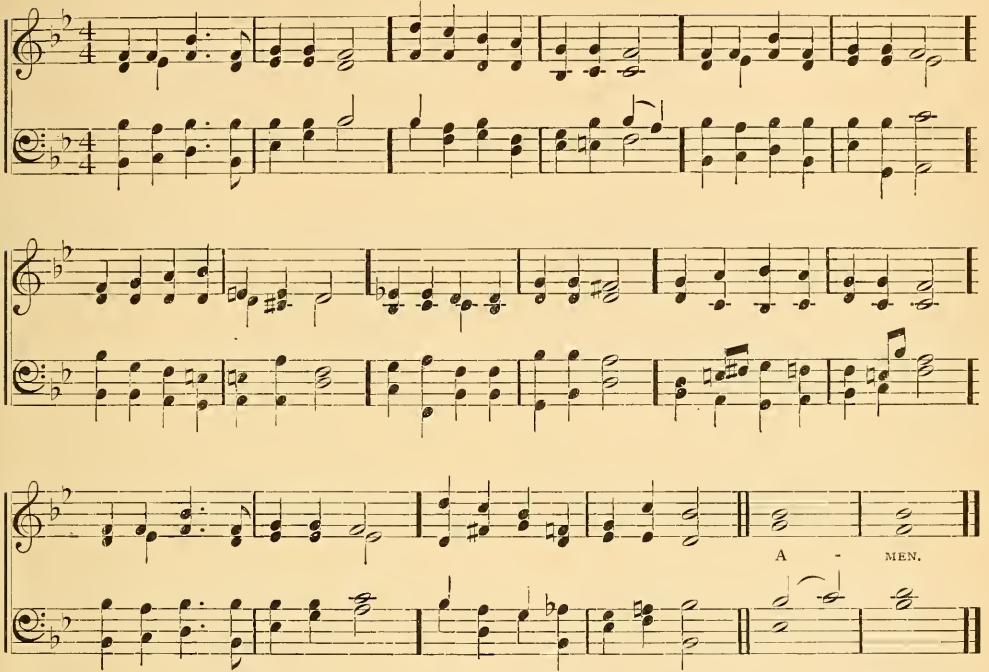
Anna L. Barbauld. †

537. "Praise ye the Lord."

HARK, my soul, how everything
 Strives to serve our bounteous King :
 Each a double tribute pays,
 Sings its part, and then obeys.
 Nature's chief and sweetest choir
 Him with cheerful notes admire ;
 Chanting every day their lauds,
 While the grove their song applauds.

ULLSWATER. (BARNBY, No. 20.) 7. Double.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



Though their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.
All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord;
We, on whom his bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.
Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

John Austin. 1668.

538. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?"

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire!
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father, in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require;
We will covet nothing less:
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

PLEYEL. 7:7:7:7.

IGNAZ PLEYEL.

539.

Benediction.

Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep !

May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night !

John Newton.

Bless thy word to old and young ;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;
And, when life's short race is run,
Let us dwell with thee above ! AMEN.

John Newton. †

541.

"Peace I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you."

PART in peace ! Christ's life was peace ;
Let us live our life in him :
Part in peace ! Christ's death was peace ;
Let us die our death in him.

Part in peace ! Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease :
Brethren, sisters, part in peace !

Sarah Flower Adams.

540.

A Blessing implored.

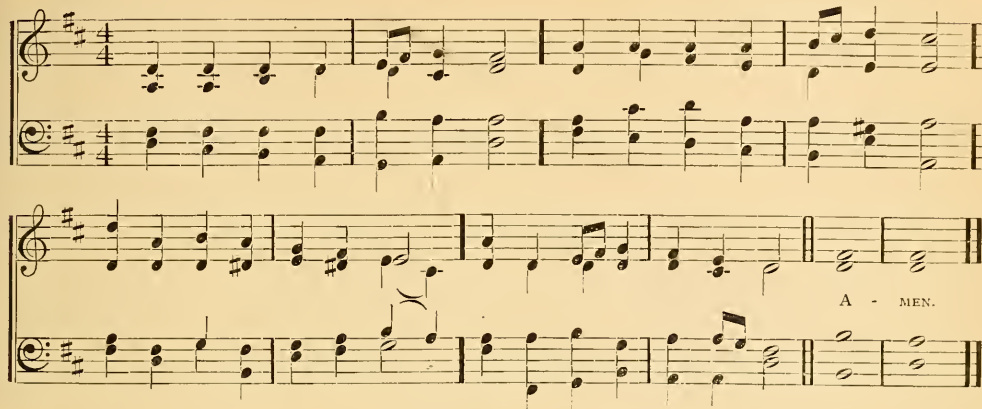
THANKS for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.

CHATHAM. (SEYMOUR.) 7:7:7:7.

Arranged from WEBER.

POSEN. 7:7:7:7.

GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER.



542. "Be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way ;
He is ever with them all,—
Those who go and those who stay.

From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine ;
Still in spirit may they meet,
And in sweet communion join.

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again. AMEN.

John Newton.

543. "Praise the Lord."

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord !
All ye lands, your voices raise !
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise !

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his love !
Praise him, from the depths beneath !
Praise him, in the heights above !
Praise your Maker, all that breathe ! AMEN.

James Montgomery. 1822.

544. "Renew a right spirit within me."

BLEST Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise.

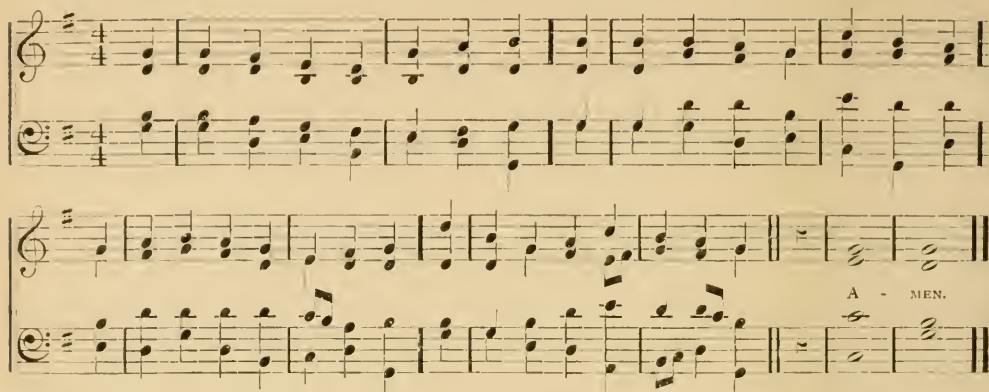
Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee ;
To thy all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blessed Father, bow thine ear ;
God, my strength, propitious hear. AMEN.

James Merrick.

OLD HUNDRED. L.M.

Goudimel.



545.

"His mercy is everlasting."

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

546.

"Exalt the Lord our God."

BE thou, O God ! exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed. AMEN.

Tate and Brady.

547.

Psalm xc.

OH, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

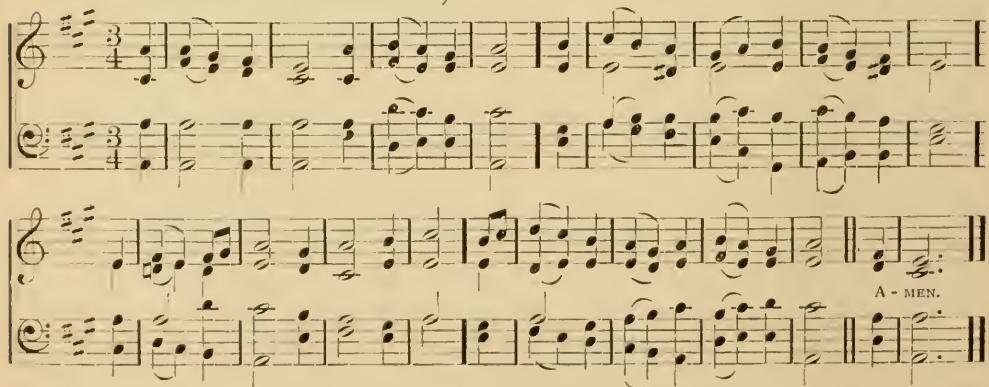
Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall !

Tate and Brady.

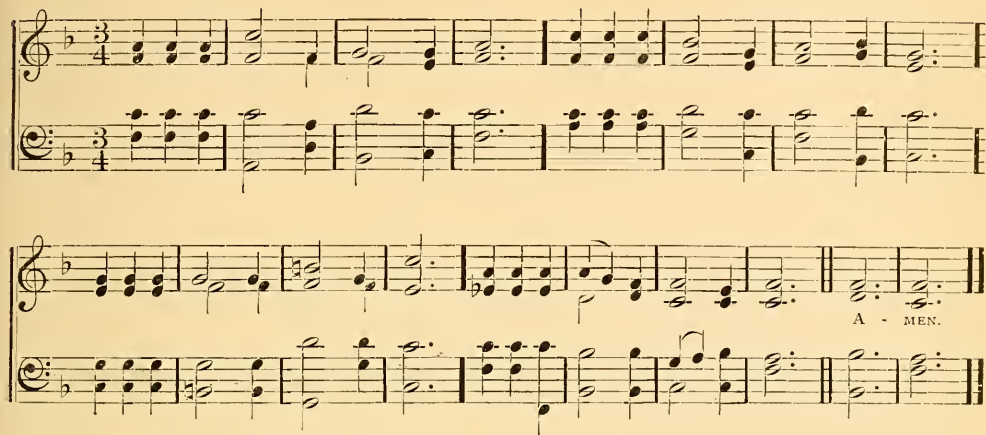
ALL SAINTS. (WAREHAM.) L.M.

W. KNAPP.



HESPERUS. L.M.

Sir HENRY W. BAKER.



548.

"God with us."

O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed,
Of all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed, in peace received, —
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side ;
Send in its calm upon the breast :
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

549.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day. Ps. xcii.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

Soon shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

550. *"The Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice."*

Lo, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

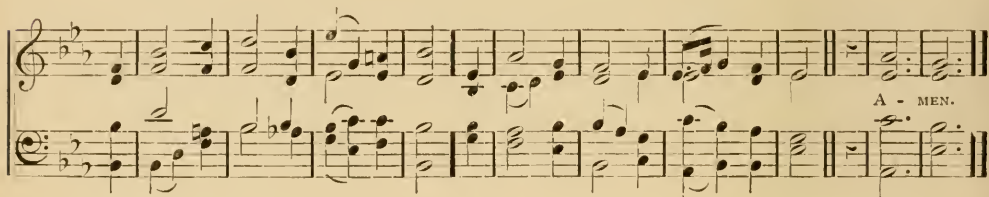
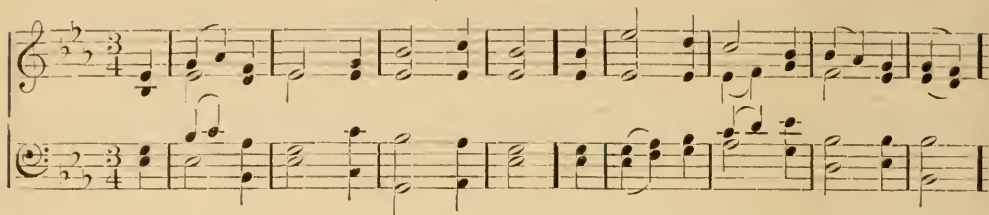
Lo, God is here ! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will. AMEN.

Tr. from Gerhard Tersteegen.

ROCKINGHAM. (ENGLISH.) L.M.

EDWARD MILLER.

551. *"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts."*

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,
Around thy throne, above the sky ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

552. *"Blessed are they which dwell in thy house ; they will be still praising thee."*

OUR God ! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

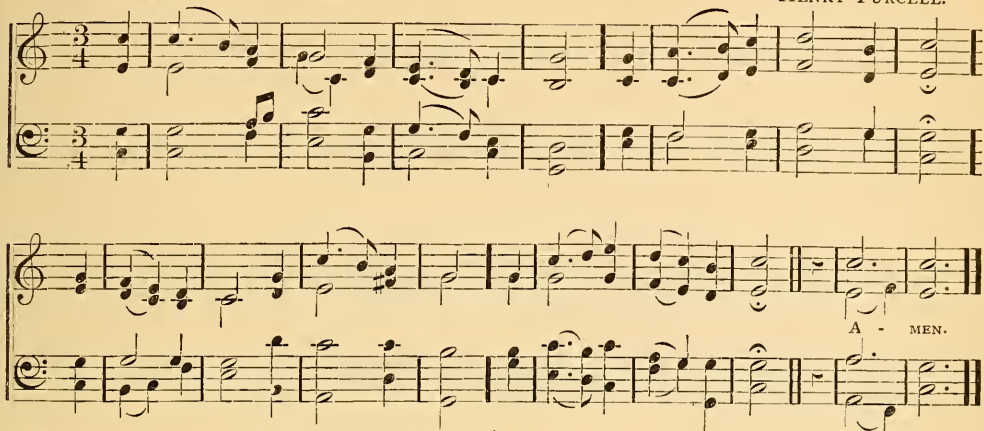
Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

William Cowper.

COLCHESTER. C.M.

HENRY PURCELL.



553. "The Lord will bless his people with peace."

THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive ;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road ;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest ;
Be he of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch he still shall keep,
Crown with his peace his own blest day,
And guard his people's sleep.

John Ellerton.

554. "The greatest of these is charity."

SUPREME Disposer of the heart,
Thou, since the world was made,
Hast the blest fruits of holiness
To holy hearts displayed.

Here, hope and faith their links unite
With love in one sweet chain ;
But, when all fleeting things are past,
Love shall alone remain.

O love ! O true and fadeless light !

And shall it ever be,
That, after all our toils and tears,
Thy Sabbath we shall see ?

'Mid thousand fears and dangers now,
We sow our seed with prayer ;
But know that joyful hands shall reap
The shining harvests there.

O God of justice, God of power !
Our faith and hope increase ;
And crown them, in the future years,
With endless love and peace. AMEN.

Paris Breviary. Tr. John Chandler.

555. *The Seed of the Word.*

O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest ;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ;

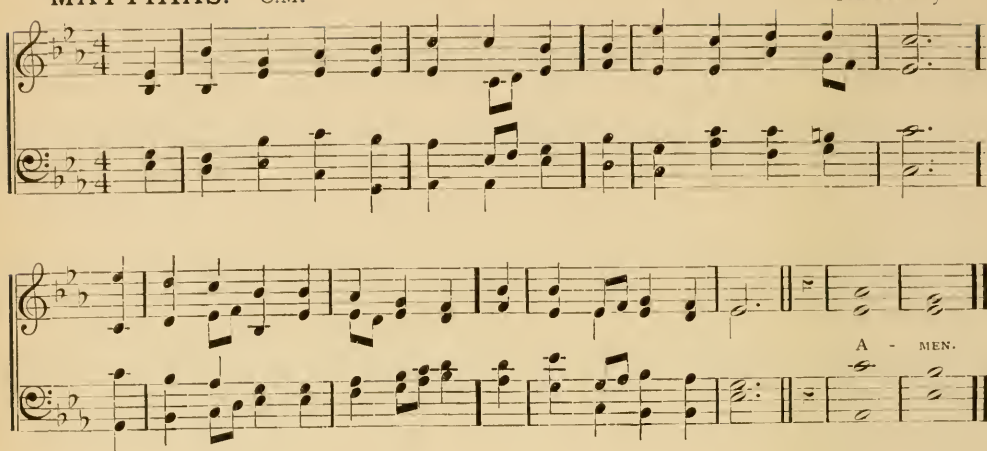
Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care !

Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply :
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

Reginald Heber.

MATTHIAS. C.M.

Old Melody.

556. *"I thank thee and praise thee, O thou God
of my fathers."*

O God of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led, —

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge. 1770.
alt. John Logan. 1755.

557. *"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us
go into the house of the Lord."*

How sweetly rest thy saints above,
Which in thy bosom lie ;
The church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast :
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.

Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love ;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above.

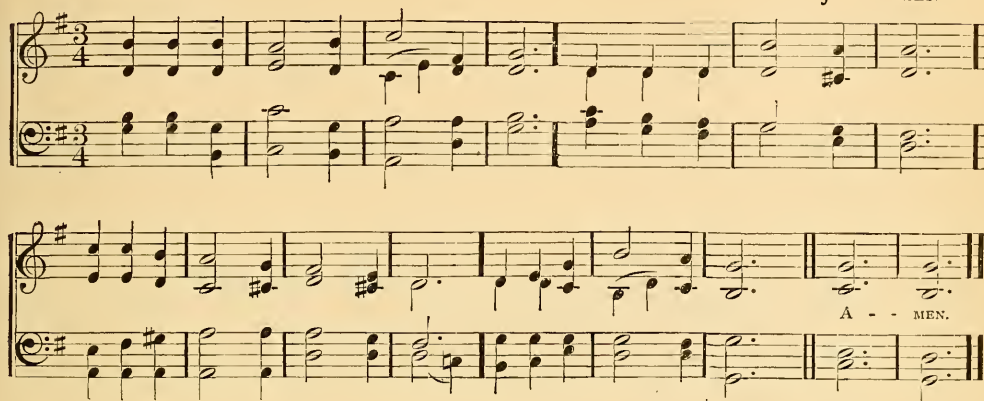
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray :
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace ;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

These are my preparation days :
And when my soul is dressed,
The Sabbath shall deliver me
To mine eternal rest.

John Mason. d. 1694.

ST. AGNES. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



558. *"Thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel."*

AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to thy knee ;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what thou art.

For thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright ;
And round us, when we speak thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine ;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair thy beauties shine !

O thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are :

For when we feel the praise of thee
A task above our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is he,
And he is fully ours."

William Bright.

559. *"This is the day which the Lord hath made."*

BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise, —

My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising thee did raise ;
And made thee heavenly and divine,
Beyond all other days.

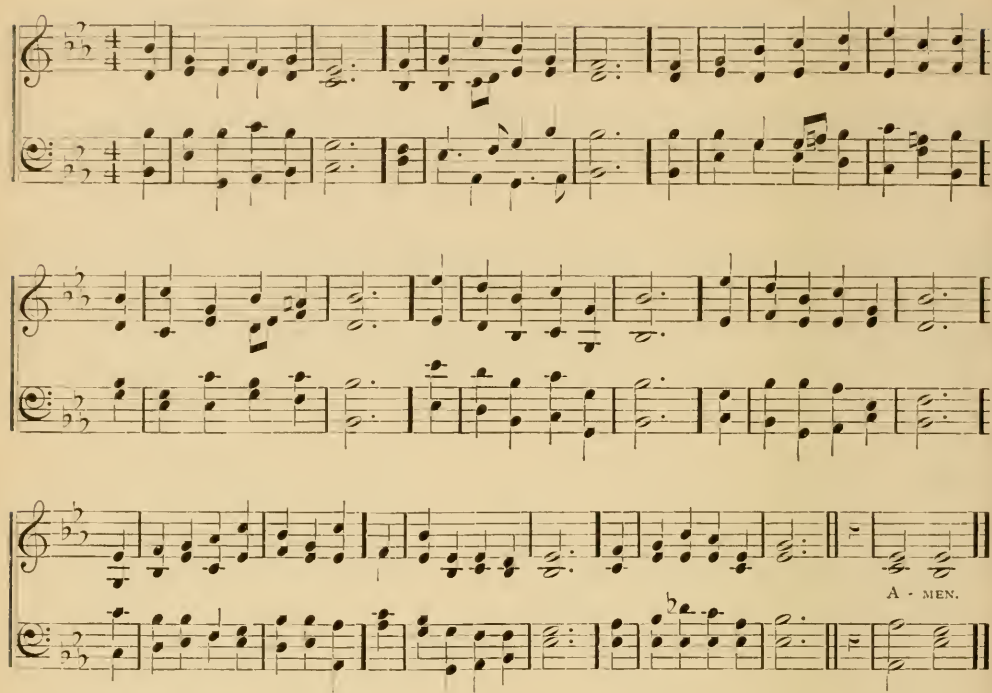
The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

This day I must to God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine ;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine. AMEN.

John Mason.

STEGGALL. S.M. Double.

CHARLES STEGGALL.



560.

For the Gifts of the Spirit.

SEND down thy truth, O God !
 Too long the shadows frown ;
 Too long the darkened way we 've trod :
 Thy truth, O Lord ! send down.
 Send down thy Spirit free,
 Till wilderness and town
 One temple for thy worship be :
 Thy Spirit, oh, send down !

Send down thy love, thy life,
 Our lesser lives to crown,
 And cleanse them of their hate and strife :
 Thy living love send down.
 Send down thy peace, O Lord !
 Earth's bitter voices drown
 In one deep ocean of accord :
 Thy peace, O God ! send down. AMEN.

E. R. Sill.

561.

"Oh, send out thy Light and thy Truth."

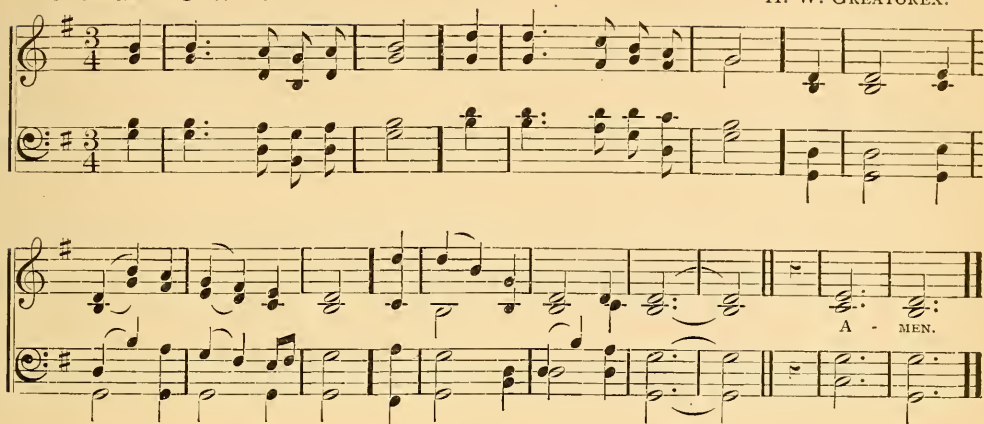
O EVERLASTING Light !
 Giver of dawn and day,
 Dispeller of the ancient night
 In which creation lay :
 O everlasting Truth !
 The soul of all that's true,
 Sure guide alike of age and youth,
 Lead me and teach me too.

O everlasting Might !
 My broken life repair ;
 Nerve thou my will, and clear my sight,
 Give strength to do and bear.
 O everlasting Love !
 Wellspring of grace and peace ;
 Pour down thy fulness from above,
 Bid doubt and trouble cease ! AMEN.

Horatius Bonar. 1861.

LEIGHTON. S.M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



562. "Be thankful unto him, and bless his name."

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

Stand up, and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

563. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.
The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God ! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

Oh, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine ! AMEN.

Anne Steele.

564. "With thee is the fountain of life."

THE fountain in its source,
No drought of summer fears ;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply ;
The morning sees them amply filled ;
At evening they are dry.

The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of bliss ! for thee ;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

Jeanne M. B. Guion. Tr. William Cowper.

ELLERS. 10.10:10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.

565.

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding."

FATHER, again to thy dear name we raise,
 With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
 We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon thy name.

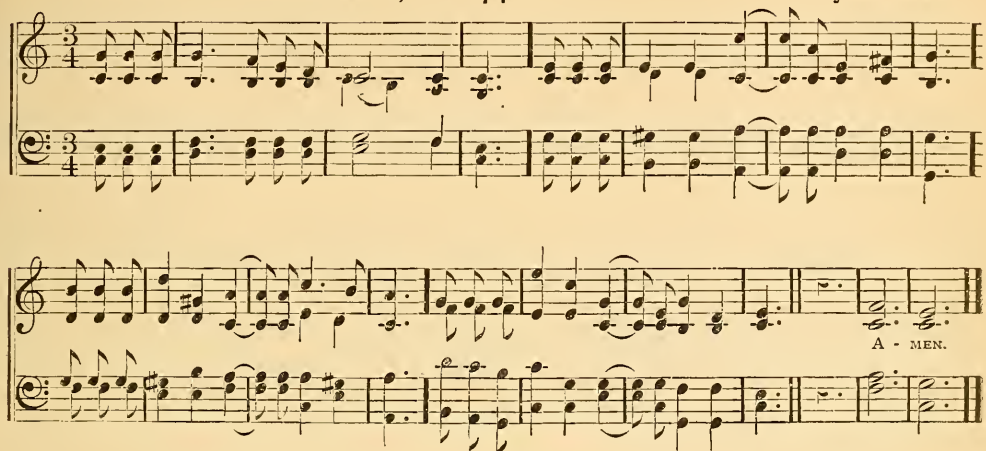
Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
 Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace. AMEN.

John Ellerton.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, No. 74. 10.10 : 10.10.

Sir JOHN GOSS.



566.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine."

O LORD, who by thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.

As thou hast given me strength upon the way,
So deign at evening to become my Guest ;
As thou hast shared the labors of the day,
So also deign to share and bless my rest.

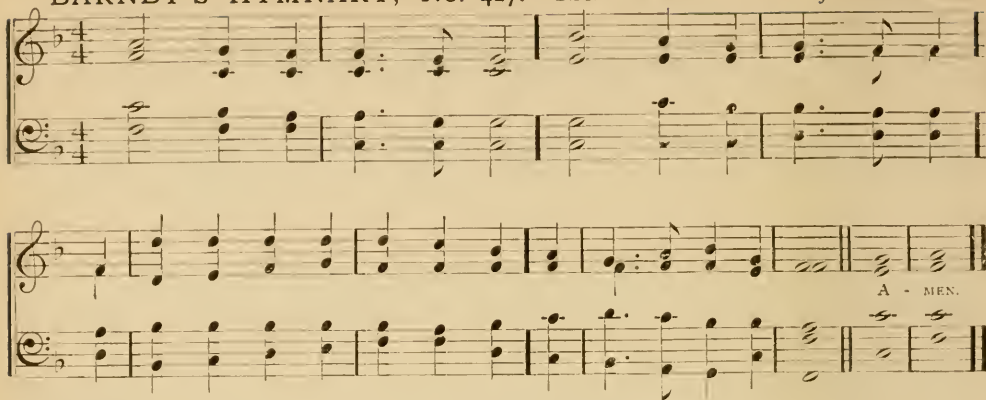
How sad and cold, if thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead !
But, if thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.

Come then, my Lord, and deign to be my Guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din ;
Oh, come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin !

Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in my bosom from the day just past,
And let me, on a Father's loving heart,
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last ! AMEN.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, No. 427. S.M.

J. B. CALKIN.



567.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

OUR day of praise is done ;
 The evening shadows fall ;
 Yet pass not from us with the sun,
 True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
 Where night can never be,
 The white-robed harpers of the sky
 Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;
 Too soon of praise we tire ;
 But oh, the strains, how full and clear,
 Of that eternal choir !

Yet, Lord, to thy dear will,
 If thou attune the heart,
 We in thine angels' music still
 May bear our lower part.

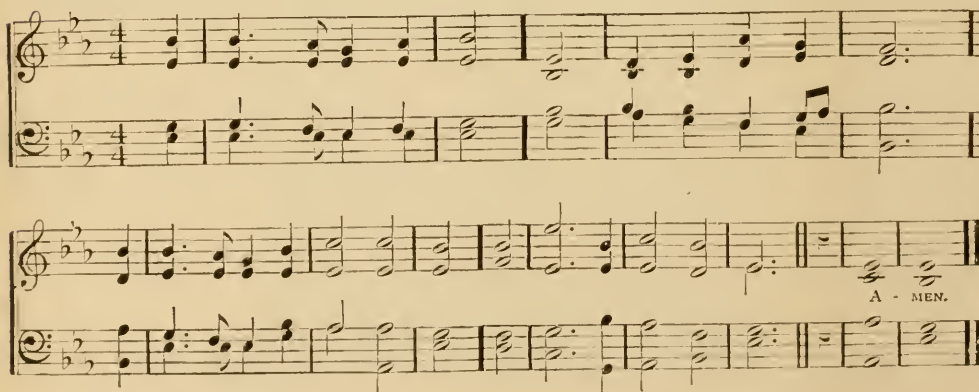
'T is thine each soul to calm,
 Each wayward thought reclaim,
 And make our daily life a psalm
 Of glory to thy name ;

Till dawns that day again,
 The day that knows no end,
 When songs of angels and of men
 In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton.

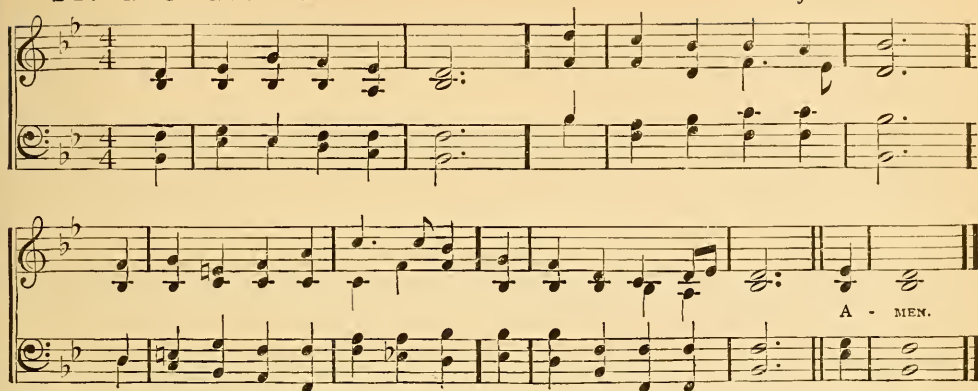
OLNEY. S.M.

LOWELL MASON.



ST. GEORGE. S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



568. *"This is the day which the Lord has made ;
we will rejoice and be glad in it."*

THIS is the day of light !
Let there be light to-day ;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

THIS is the day of rest !
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

THIS is the day of peace !
Thy peace our spirits fill !
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

THIS is the day of prayer !
Let earth to heaven draw near :
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

THIS is the first of days !
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death ! AMEN.

John Ellerton. 1867.

569. *"Abide with us, for the day is far spent."*

THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

WE have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er ;
O Sun of righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore ! AMEN.

John Mason Neale.

570. *"Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations."*

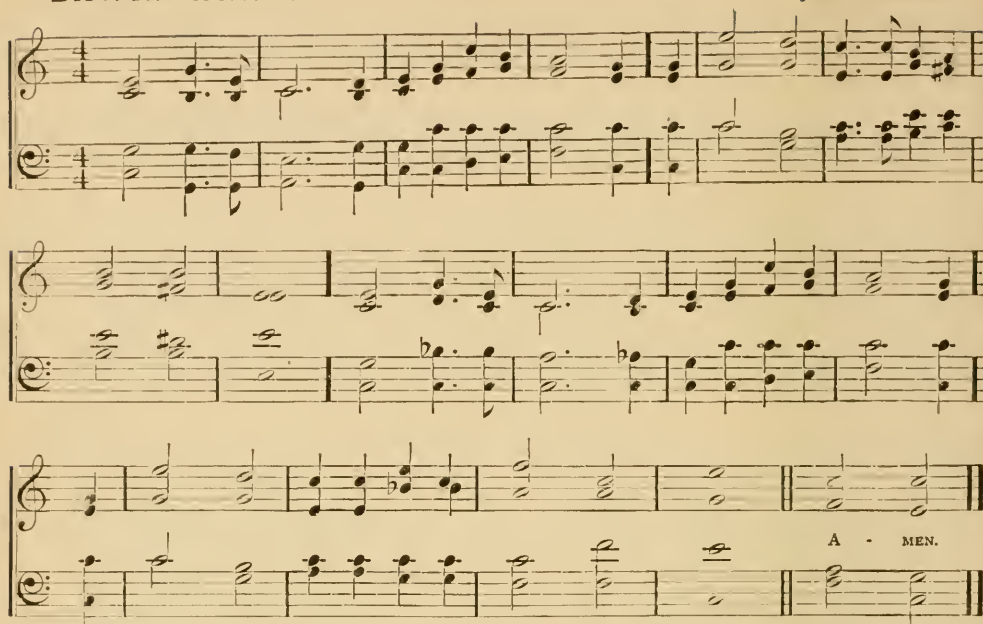
THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ,
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.

FAR be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

DAWN. 11.10: 11.10.

Sir JOHN STAINER.



571.

"Oh, send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me."

Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating
 Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
 Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
 O Lord, we lift our grateful hearts to thee.

Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
 Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
 Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
 And lead us safely to thy holy hill. AMEN.

Gregory the Great. About 600. Tr. Anonymous.

572.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

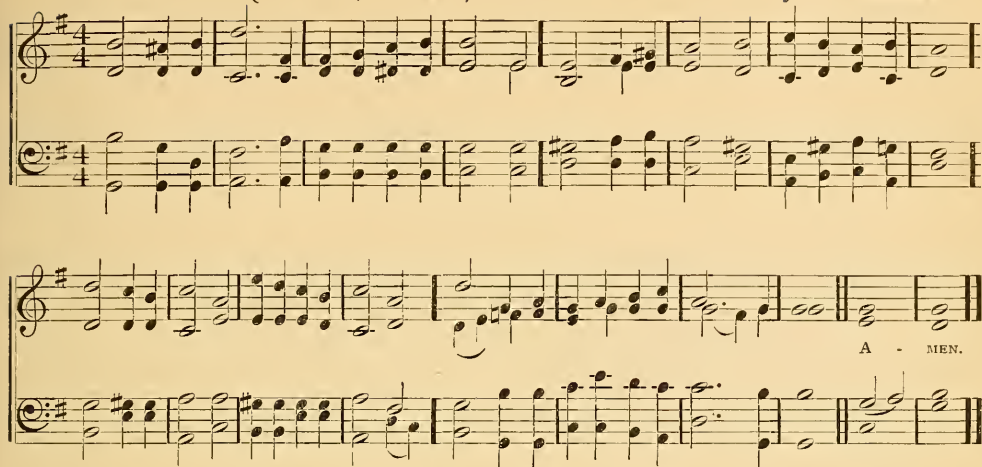
O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
 Who ever dost thyself unmoved abide,
 Yet day by day, the light in due gradation
 From hour to hour through all its changes guide;

Grant to life's day a calm, unclouded ending,
 An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
 The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
 With dawning glories of the eternal day. AMEN.

John Ellerton. From the Latin.

VENTNOR. (BARNEY, NO. 21.) 11.10: 11.10.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



573.

"When I awake, I am still with thee."

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
 When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee !

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
 Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

Still, still with thee ! as to each new-born morning
 A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
 So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
 Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven.

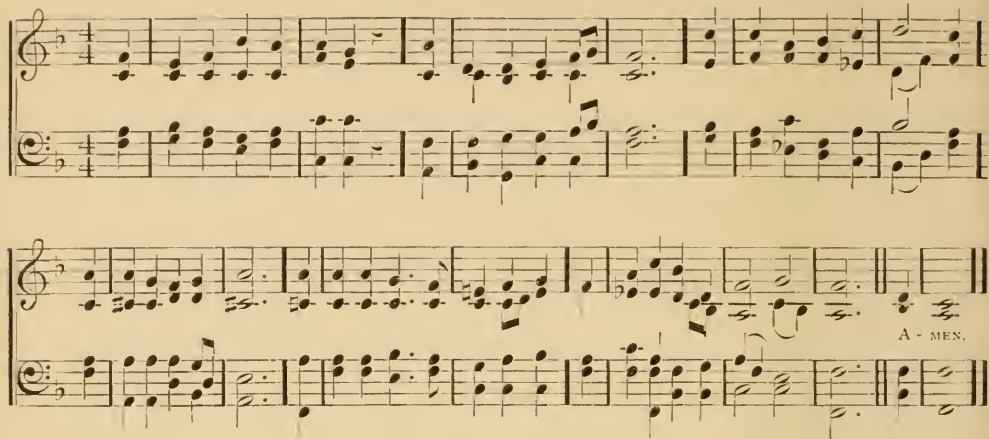
When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;
 Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
 But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee :
 Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee !

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ST. ANATOLIUS. 7.6:7.6:8.8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



574.

"The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him."

THE day is past and over :

All thanks, O Lord, to thee !

I pray thee that offenceless

The hours of dark may be.

O Father, keep me in thy sight,

And save me through the coming night !

The joys of day are over :

I lift my heart to thee ;

And call on thee that sinless

The hours of gloom may be.

O Father, make their darkness light,

And save me through the coming night :

The toils of day are over ;

I raise the hymn to thee,

And ask that free from peril

The hours of fear may be :

O Father, keep me in thy sight,

And guard me through the coming night !

Be thou my soul's Preserver,

O God ! for thou dost know

How many are the perils

Through which I have to go.

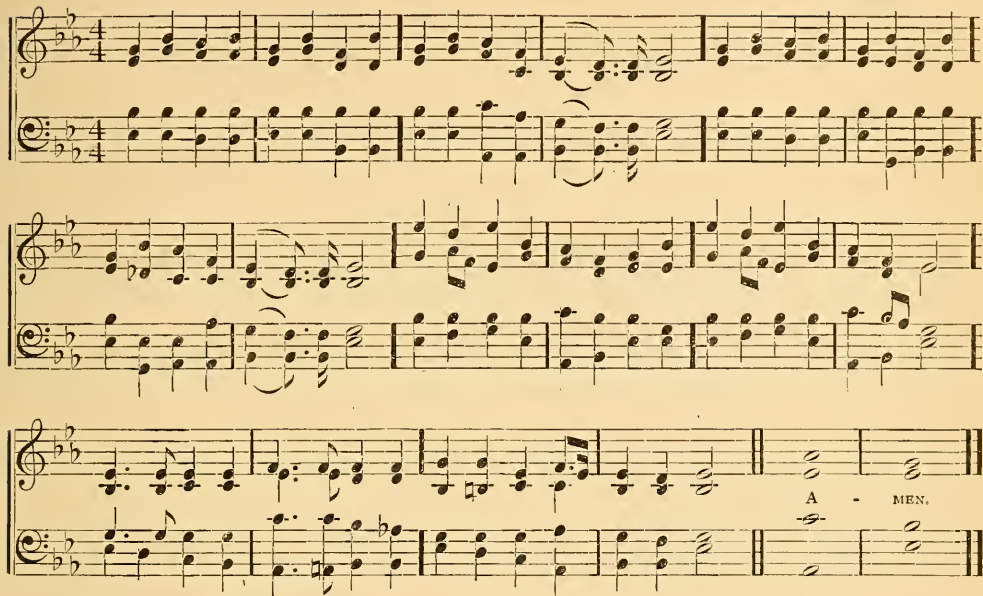
O loving Father, hear my call,

And guard and save me from them all. AMEN.

St. Anatolius. d. 45%. Tr. J. M. Neale.

VESPER HYMN. 8.7. Double.

Russian Air.



575.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

Now, on sea and land descending,
 Brings the night its peace profound :
 Let our vesper hymn be blending
 With the holy calm around.
 Soon as dies the sunset glory,
 Stars of heaven shine out above,
 Telling still the ancient story, —
 Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
 To his care who cares for all,
 Cease we fearing, cease we grieving ;
 At his touch our burdens fall.
 As the darkness deepens o'er us,
 Lo : eternal stars arise ;
 Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
 Shining in the Spirit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

576.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine."

WHEN the light of day is waning,
 When the night is dark and drear,
 God of Love, in stillness reigning,
 Teach me to believe thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,
 When my faith is weak and cold,
 Kindly to my weakness stooping,
 Draw me upwards, as of old.

Nearer to the peace unbroken,
 Nearer to the changeless calm,
 All my wish a prayer unspoken,
 All my life a silent psalm.
 Teach me to abide in patience
 All the little storms of time,
 Making every day's temptations
 Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find thee in my sorrow,
 Nor forget thee in my joy ;
 And from thee my sunshine borrow,
 And by thee my gloom destroy.
 God of day, the dark dispelling,
 Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend ;
 God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
 Lead me to my journey's end. AMEN.

Edmund M. Geldert.

TEMPLE. 8.4.S.4:8.8.S.4.

E. J. HOPKINS.

A - MEN.

577.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

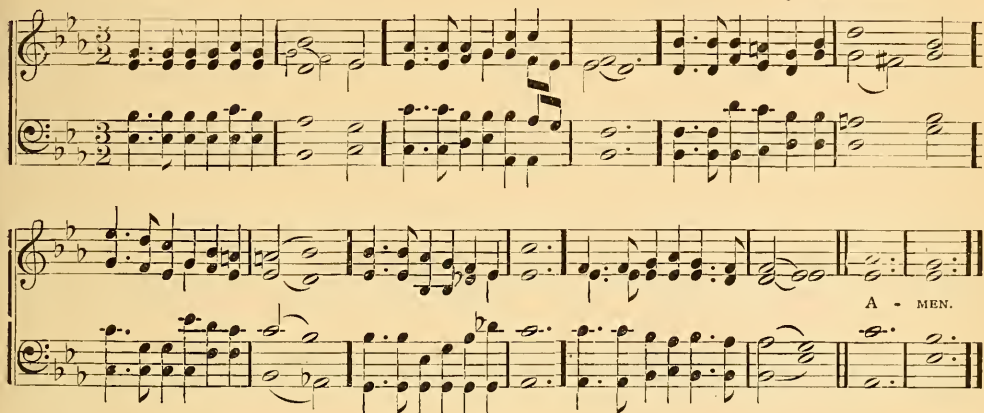
God that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night, —
 May thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And, when we die,
 May we in thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie:
 When the heavenly call shall wake us,
 Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
 But to dwell in glory take us
 With thee on high. AMEN.

Reginald Heber and Richard Whately.

GUARDIAN. 87:8.7:7.7.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



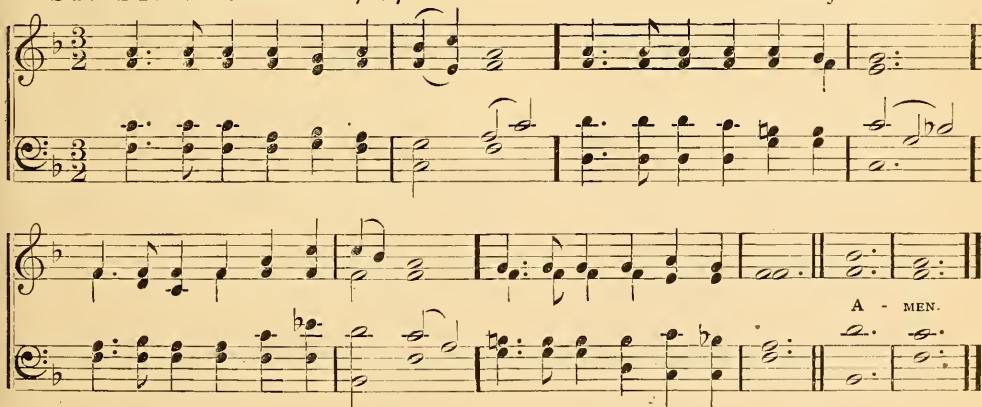
578. "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety."

THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us,
Night once more invites to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Father, thou our guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
In thy love may we repose,
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last. AMEN.
Thomas Kelly.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8.7:8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



579.

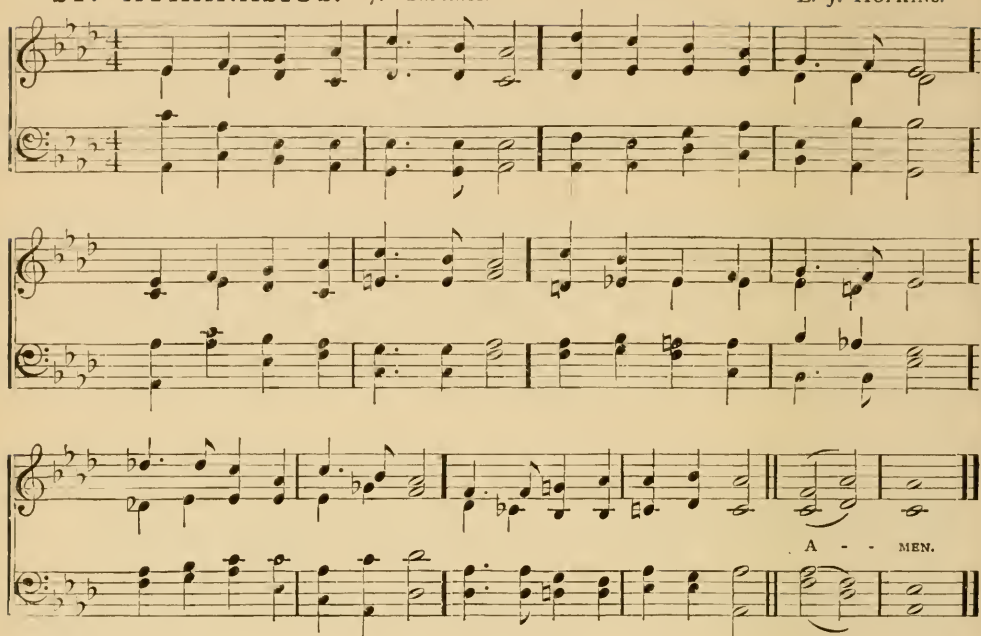
FATHER, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing.
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

James Edmeston.

ST. ATHANASIUS. 7. Six lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.



580.

"Every day will I bless thee."

At thy feet, O Lord, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day :
Doubt of what it has in store
Makes us crave thine aid the more :
Turn not from us while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be thyself our chief delight ;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that thou canst bless :
Only, while its hours begin,

• Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

Fain would we thy word embrace,
Live each moment in thy grace,
All ourselves to thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleaseth thee. AMEN.

William Bright.†

581.

"The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings."

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Dayspring from on high, be near !
Daystar, in my heart appear !

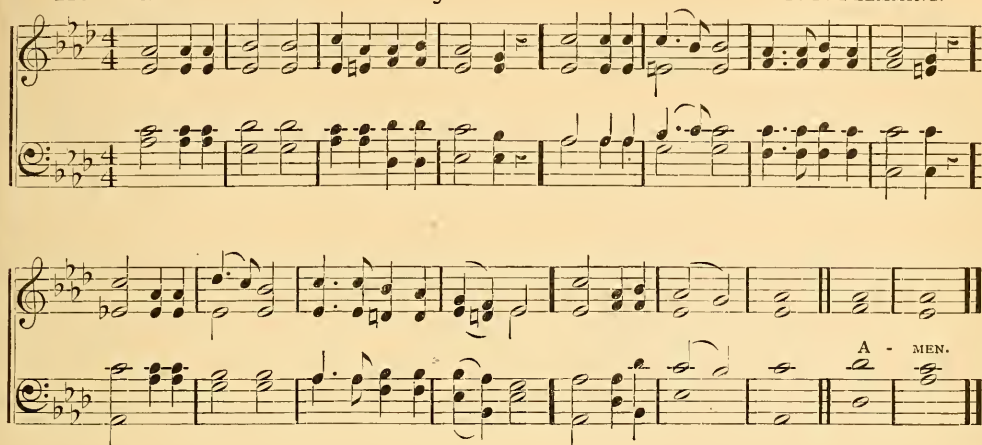
Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, radiance divine ;
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

INTEGER VITÆ. 11.11.11:5.

F. F. FLEMMING.



582.

"The darkness hideth not from thee."

Now God be with us, for the night is closing, —
 The light and darkness are of his disposing,
 And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us,
 For he will shield us.

Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us,
 Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us ;
 All day serve thee, in all that we are doing
 Thy praise pursuing.

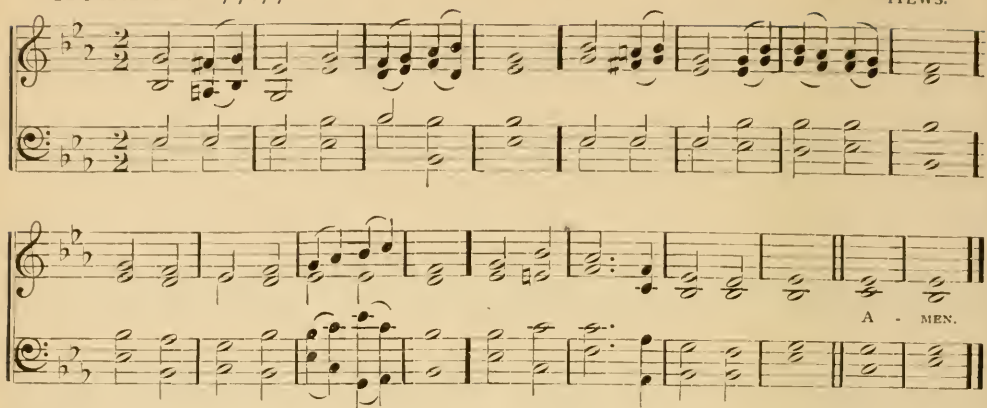
As thy beloved, soothe the sick and weeping,
 And bid the captive lose his griefs in sleeping ;
 Widows and orphans, we to thee commend them,
 Do thou befriend them.

We have no refuge ; none on earth to aid us,
 Save thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us ;
 But thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely,
 Who seek thee only.

Father, thy Name be praised, thy Kingdom given.
 Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven ;
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
 Us now and ever. AMEN.

HOLLEY. 7-7:7-7.

HEWS.



583. "The Lord will hear when I call unto him."

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon the sight away :
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

When from us the light of day
Shall on earth have passed away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

G. W. Doane. 1824.

584. "With good will doing service, as to the Lord."

Now the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come. —
Lord, may we be thine to-day !
Drive the shades of sin away.

Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand and watch and pray.

Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

When our work of life is past,
Oh, receive us then at last !
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Episcopal Collection.

585. "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee."

In the morning I will pray
For his blessing on the day :
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast, —
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine !

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep my eyes, O God ! from tears ;
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend.

Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light ;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse
Gently as the evening dews.

William Henry Furness.

FERRIER. 7-7:7-7.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



586. "The heavens declare the glory of God."

SLOWLY, by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; oh, how still
Is the working of thy will !

Mighty Maker, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

William Henry Furness.

587. "When I awake, I am still with thee."

WHILE the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever constant pole,
Far above these spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise.

He in these serenest hours
Guides my intellectual powers,
And his Spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews ;

Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love :
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake with thee !

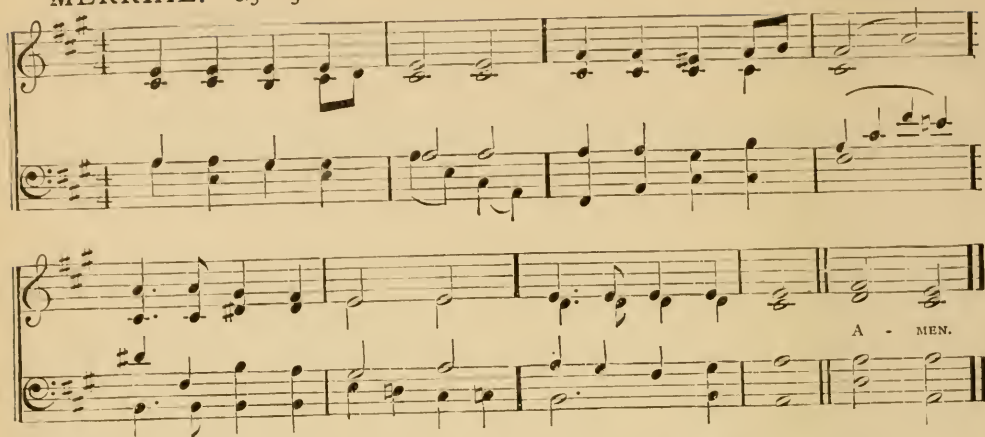
What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest ;
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee !

Philip Doddridge.

MERRIAL. 6.5:6.5.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



588. *"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."*

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

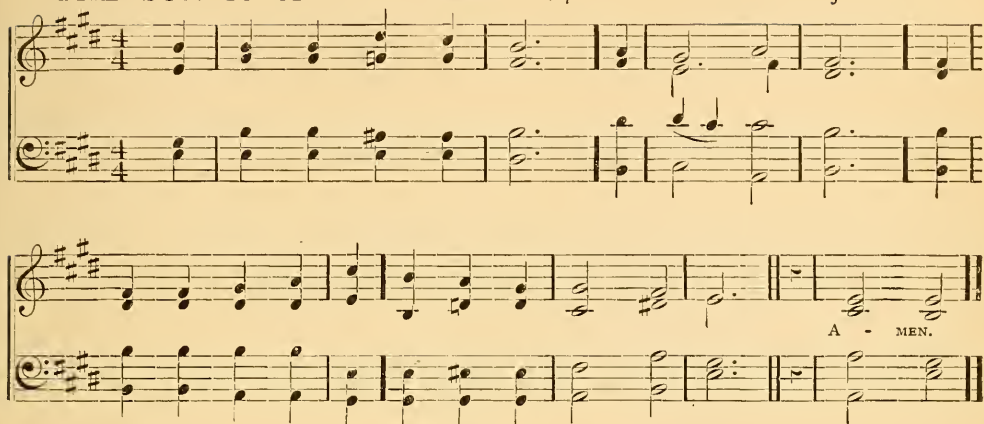
Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes. AMEN.

THE SUN IS SINKING FAST. 6.4 : 6.6.

E. J. HOPKINS.



589.

"Into thine hand I commit my spirit."

THE sun is sinking fast,
 The daylight dies ;
 Let love awake, and pay
 Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
 His head inclined,
 And to his Father's hands
 His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
 Would wholly give
 Into his sacred charge,
 In whom all spirits live ;

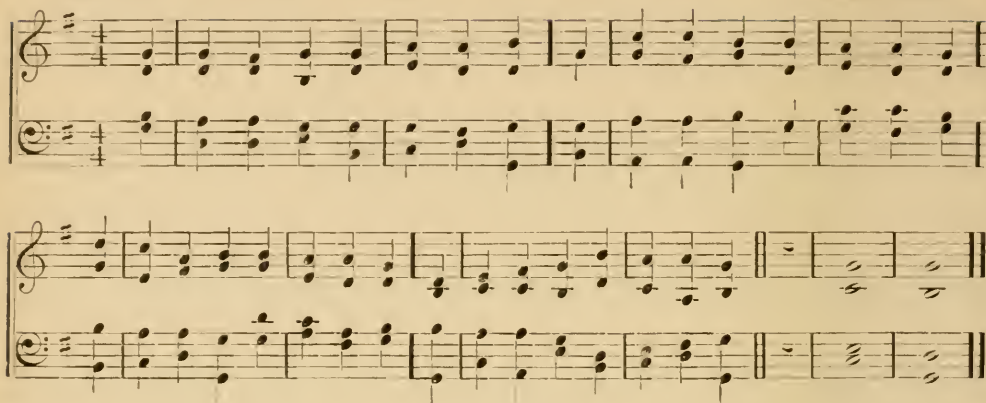
So now beneath his eye
 Would calmly rest,
 Without a wish or thought
 Abiding in the breast,

Save that his will be done,
 Whate'er betide, —
 Dead to herself, and dead
 In him to all beside.

Thus would I live ; yet now
 Not I but he
 In all his power and love
 Henceforth alive in me.

TALLIS'S CANON. L.M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



590.

A Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, whilst I slept !
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew :
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite. AMEN.

Thomas Ken.

591.

"In thy light shall we see light."

COME, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray !

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name ;
His powerful succor we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May he our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end !

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace !

Oh, hallowed be the approaching day !
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright !

St. Ambrose. Tr. John Chandler.

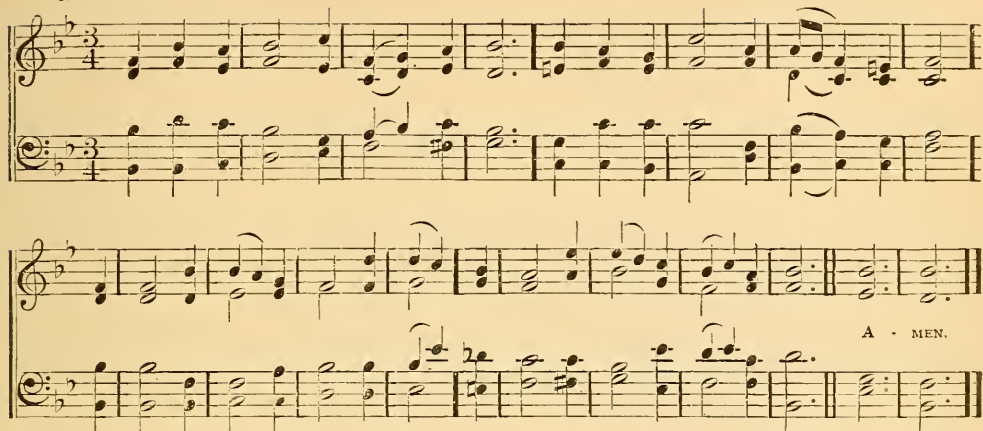
592.

"Under his wings shalt thou trust."

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings !

GERMANY. L.M.

From BEETHOVEN.



Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Oh, may my soul on thee repose ;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close, —
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

Thomas Ken.

593. “ *The Lord God is a sun and shield.* ”

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

Oh, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head !

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes :
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

John Hawkesworth. 1773.

594. “ *Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing
it is for the eyes to behold the sun.* ”

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy gift of light :
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have wakened in our hearts,
Fresh energy to do our parts ;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousand-fold to serve thee more.

Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

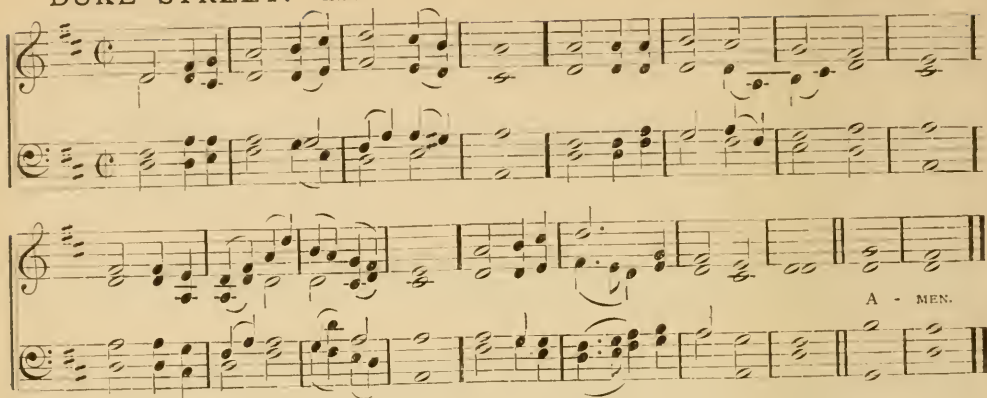
O Lord of lights, 't is thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
O Dawn of God, we cry for thee.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore !

F. T. Palgrave. 1862.

DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON.



595.

"Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning."

NEW every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask :
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more : content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go, —
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. AMEN.
John Keble.

596.

"Let us walk honestly, as in the day."

Now with the rising golden dawn,
Let us, the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil ;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein ;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Breviary. Tr. Edward Caswall.

597.

"And the Life was the light of men."

O THOU true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway ;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day, —

Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

HURSLEY. L.M.

Arranged from HAYDN by W. H. MONK.



Thee in the hymns of morn we praise,
To thee our voice at eve we raise ;
Oh, grant us, with thy saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify. AMEN.

Breviary. Tr. Edward Caswall.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. AMEN.

John Keble

598.

"Thy sun shall no more go down."

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is high,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

599.

"The Lord is my Light."

O FATHER, bless us ere we go !
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all, —
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

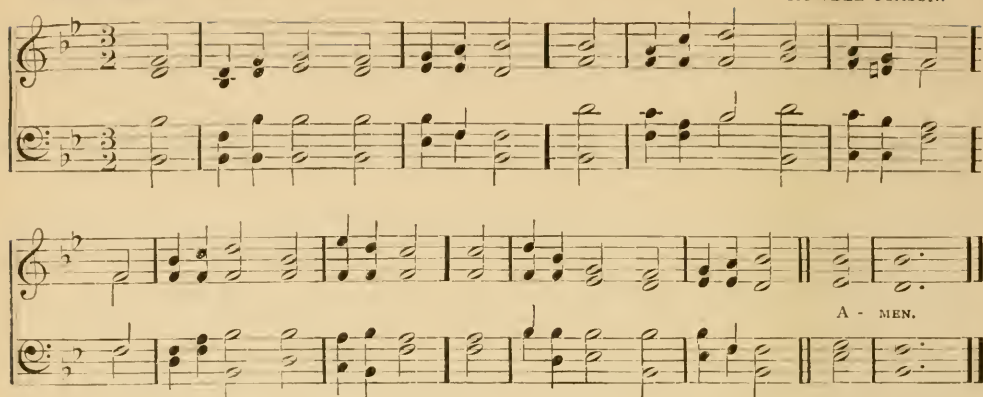
Do more than pardon, — give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty ;
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call :
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad !
Thou art our Father and our All !

Frederick W. Faber. 1

HEBRON. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



600. "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days!
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

601. "I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving."

My God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

602.

Vesper Hymn.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

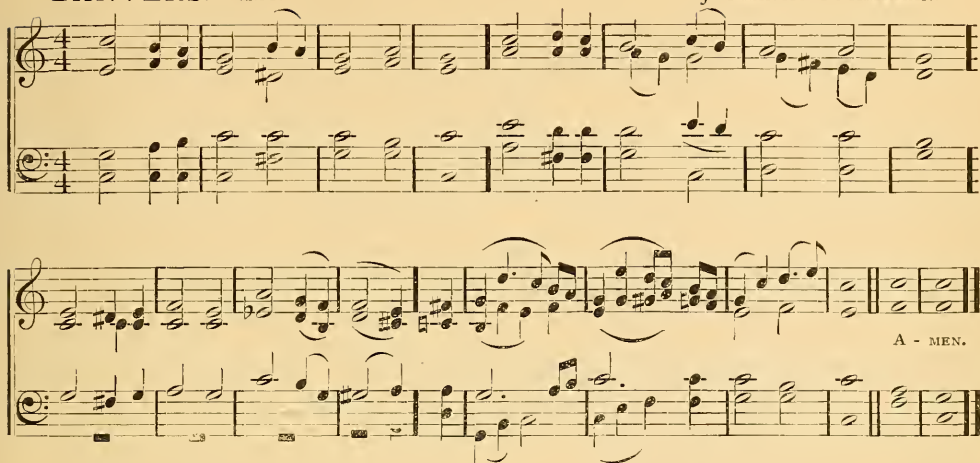
O God, our Light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

Samuel Longfellow.

DANVERS. L.M.

J. FRANCIS TUCKERMAN.



603.

Psalm xix.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;

Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

Isaac Watts.

604.

"The Lord himself give you peace always by all means."

LORD of eternal truth and might !
Ruler of nature's changing scheme !
Who dost bring forth the morning light,
And temper noon's effulgent beam :

Quench thou in us the flames of strife,
And bid the heat of passion cease ;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And keep our souls in perfect peace.

Breviary. Tr. Edward Caswall.

605.

"At evening time it shall be light."

COME, Father, with the coming night,
Refresh and cheer my weary heart ;
At evening time it shall be light,
If thou art near, though day depart.

Welcome this shade that brings release
From hurrying labors, noise, and strife ;
That calls from restless thought to cease,
And calms the throbbing pulse of life.

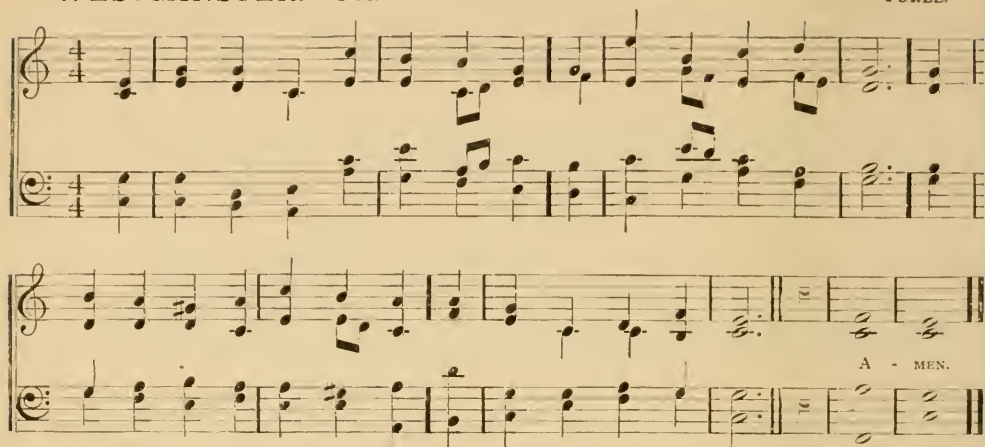
From tedious toil, from anxious care,
Dear Lord, I turn again to thee ;
Thy presence and thy smile to share
Makes every burden light to me.

With thee, of all sad thoughts beguiled,
Peace nestles in my tranquil breast ;
And, like a pleased and happy child,
In thy kind arms I sink to rest.

Ray Palmer.

WESTMINSTER. C.M.

TURLE.



606.

"In thy light shall we see light."

O God, before the sun's bright beams
All night's dark shadows fly ;
When on the soul thy mercy gleams,
All doubts and terrors die.

So freshly falls thy heaven-sent grace,
As morning's gladdening breath, —
Gives light to all to seek thy face,
And guides in life and death.

O holy light ! O light of God !
O light unseen below,
Which fills the courts of thine abode,
Which there the blest shall know.

Swift comes the hour when none can toil,
Short is the rugged way :
Teach us our lamps to fill with oil,
Whilst it is called to-day.

Then we shall see that glorious light,
Which to the saints is given,
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright, —
The eternal morn of heaven.

Barnby's Hymnary.

607.

Evening Prayer.

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears.
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here ;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray thee, God of love.

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Hymns of the Spirit.

608.

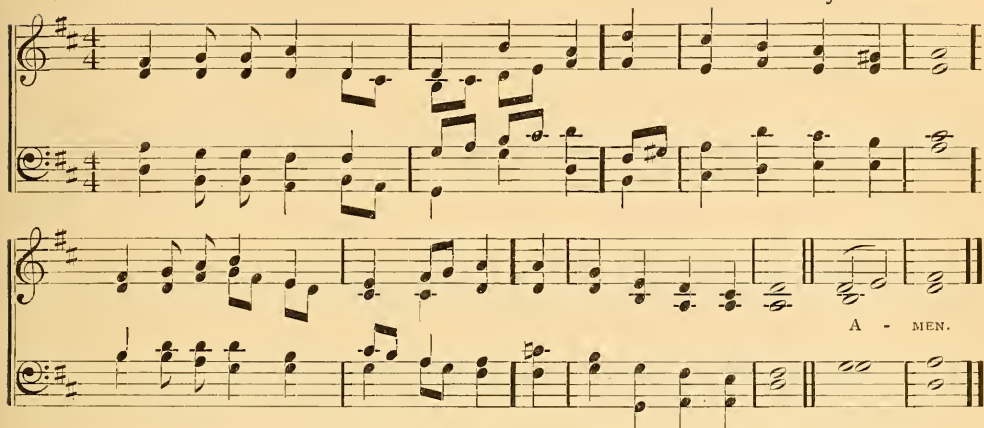
"In simplicity and godly sincerity."

Now that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

ELVET. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



And while the hours in order flow,
O Lord, securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe, —
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end. AMEN.

Saint Ambrose. Tr. J. H. Newman.

609. "The Lord God is our sun and shield."

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let warmest thanks arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

This day thou wast our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide ;
Thy care was on our weakness shown,
Thy mercies multiplied.

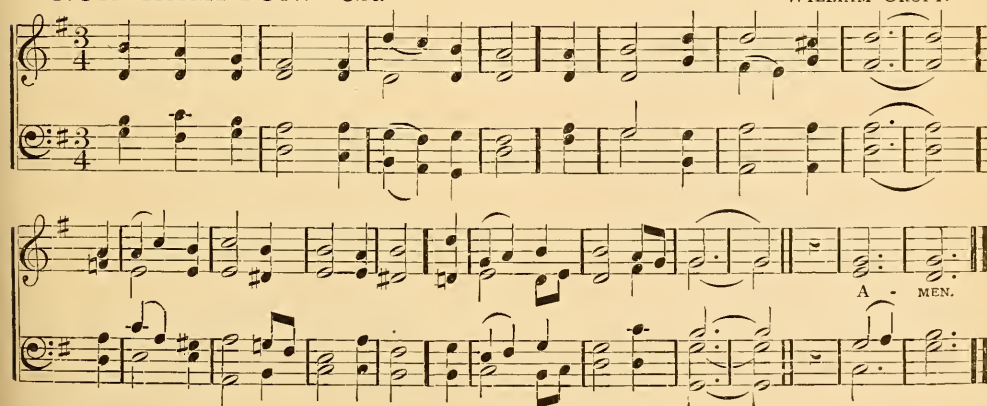
Moments and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Moments came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

John Mason.

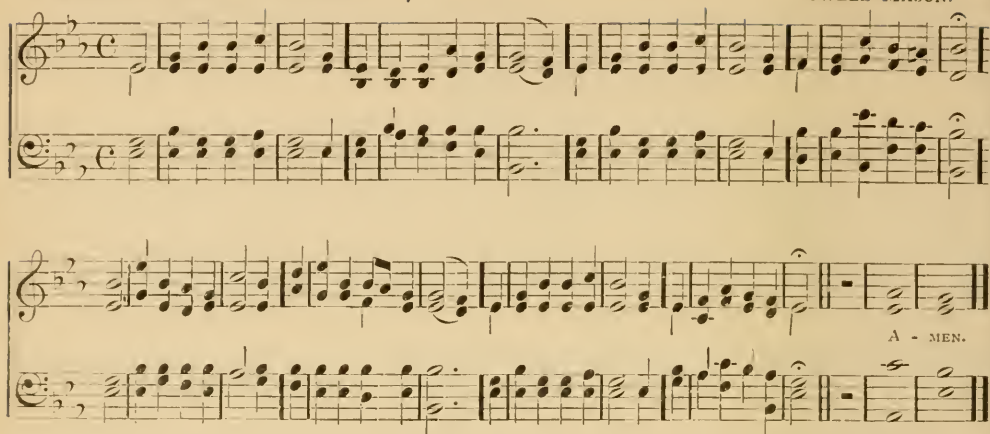
NORTHAMPTON. C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT.



MISSIONARY HYMN. 7.6. Double.

LOWELL MASON.



610.

Missionary Hymn.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown:
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Reginald Heber.

611.

New Year's Hymn.

ANOTHER year is dawning!
 Dear Father, let it be
 In working or in waiting
 Another year with thee!
 Another year of leaning
 Upon thy loving breast,
 Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
 Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
 Of faithfulness and grace;
 Another year of gladness
 In the shining of thy face.
 Another year of progress,
 Another year of praise,
 Another year of proving
 Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
 Of witness for thy love;
 Another year of training
 For holier work above.
 Another year is dawning!
 Dear Father, let it be
 On earth, or else in heaven,
 Another year for thee. AMEN.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

MAGDALENA. 7-6. Double.

Sir JOHN STAINER.

A - MEN.

612.

"And there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Now is the time approaching,
 By prophets long foretold,
 When all shall dwell together,
 One shepherd and one fold.
 Let all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day.

Let all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union,
 In a blest land of love.

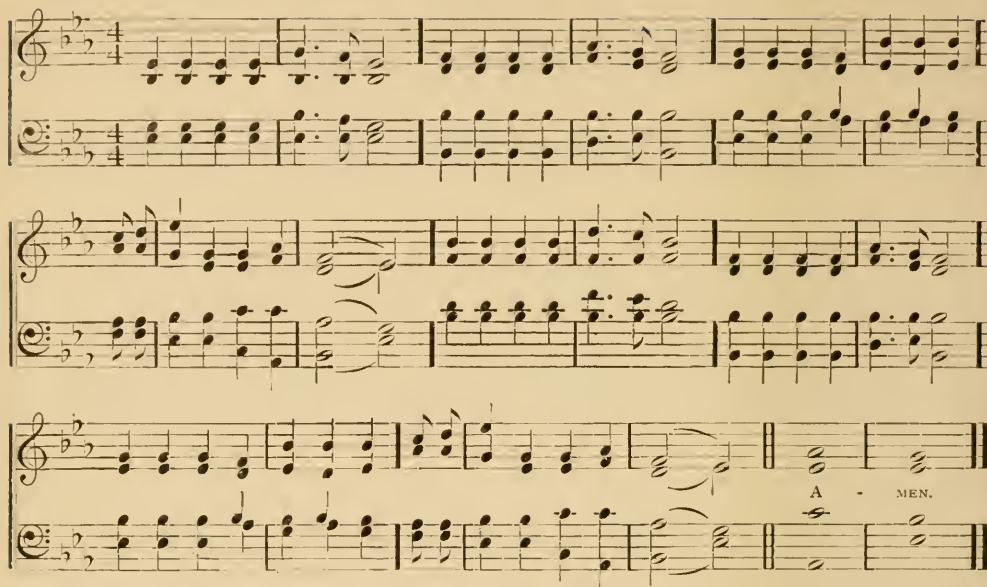
Let war be learned no longer,
 Let strife and tumult cease,
 All earth his blessed kingdom,
 The Lord and Prince of Peace.

O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray !
 When shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away ?
 O sweet anticipation !
 It cheers the watchers on,
 To pray, and hope, and labor,
 Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.

BENEVENTO. 7. Double.

S. WEBBE.



613.

The New Year.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.
 Raised to an eternal state,
 They have done with all below :
 We a little longer wait ;
 But how little, none can know.

As the wingèd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above ! AMEN.

John Newton. 1779.

614.

"We will walk in his paths."

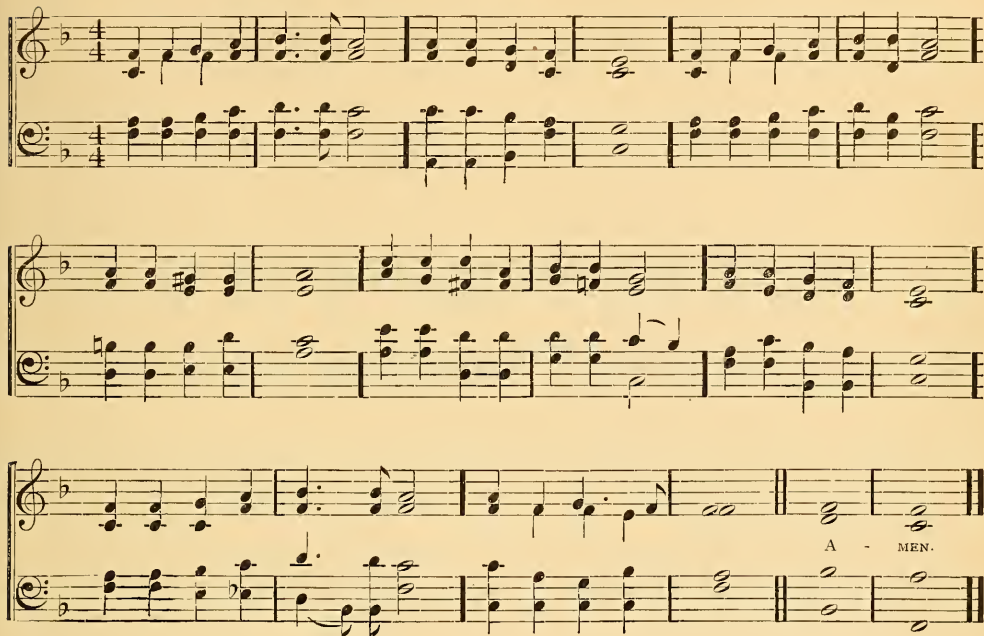
SUNLIGHT of the heavenly day,
 Mighty to revive and cheer !
 Bless our yet untrodden way ;
 Lead us through the entered year.
 Where the shades of death we see,
 Let thy living brightness be :
 Let it speed our lingering feet ;
 Let it shine on all we meet.

Open thou beneath our tread
 Springs the distance could not show ;
 From the holy fountain-head
 Let them rise where'er we go :
 Rather, give us eyes to see, —
 Love, awake to love in thee, —
 Hearts that, trusting in thy care,
 Find its traces everywhere.

Anna L. Waring.

MARY MAGDALENE. 7.5. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



615.

New Year's Hymn.

FATHER, let me dedicate
 All this year to thee,
 In whatever worldly state
 Thou wilt have me be :
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
 Freedom dare I claim ;
 This alone shall be my prayer,
 "Glorify thy name."

Can a child presume to choose
 Where or how to live ?
 Can a Father's love refuse
 All the best to give ?
 More thou givest every day
 Than the best can claim,
 Nor withholdest aught that may
 Glorify thy name.

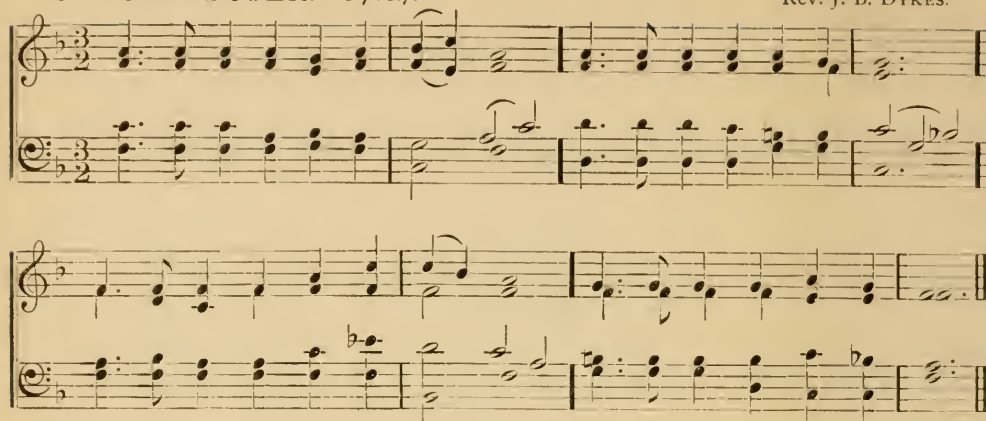
If in mercy thou wilt spare
 Joys that yet are mine ;
 If on life, serene and fair,
 Brighter rays may shine ;
 Let my glad heart, while it sings,
 Thee in all proclaim,
 And, whate'er the future brings,
 Glorify thy name.

If thou callest to the cross,
 And its shadow come,
 Turning all my gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home,
 Let me think how thy dear Son
 To his glory came,
 And in deepest woe pray on,
 "Glorify thy name." AMEN.

Laurence Tuttielt.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8.7:8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



616.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

As a shadow life is fleeting ;
 As a vapor so it flies ;
 For the by-gone years retreating,
 Pardon grant, and make us wise —
 Wise that we our days may number,
 Strive and wrestle with our sin,

Stay not in our work, nor slumber,
 Till thy holy rest we win.
 Grant us grace, that whatsoever
 May befall us, we may be
 Ready for thy solemn summons,
 And in joy to answer thee.

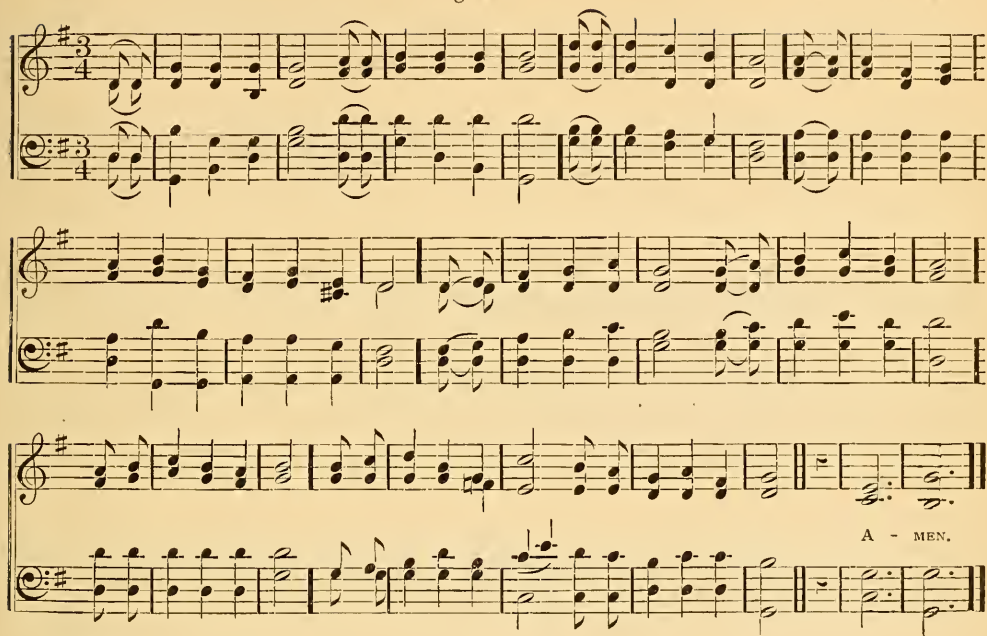
8.8:8.9 (for the last verse)



Oh, by thy power grant, Lord, that we
 In our last hour still trust in thee ;
 Blessed with thy love, thine may we be
 All through the days of eternity.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN. Irregular.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



617.

For a New Year.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear.
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
 Oh that each, in the day of his coming, may say, —
 " I have fought my way through ;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
 Oh that each from his Lord may receive the glad word, —
 " Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Charles Wesley.

HARVEST. 6.6.10. 6.6.10.

GEORGE M. GARRETT.

A - MEN.

618.

"The fields are white already to harvest."

O LORD of heaven and earth,
 Who givest joy and mirth,
 Open our lips to show thy wondrous praise ;
 Our hearts are dull and cold,
 We leave thy love untold ;
 Oh, give us strength our anthems glad to raise.

Each month we sow or reap,
 Each hour we toil or sleep,
 Thou givest life and joy, and thou alone ;
 Oh, grant to each and all
 When death's dark shadows fall,
 To stand true workers round our Master's
 throne.

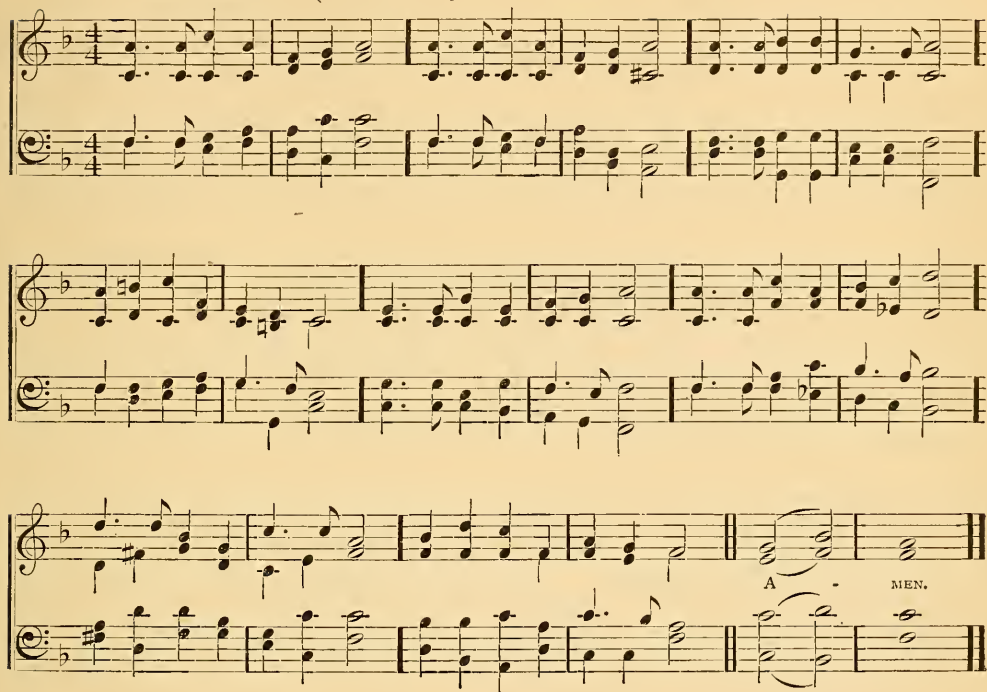
So, life's long task-work o'er,
 Set free forevermore
 We shall sit down at thy Great Harvest-feast ;
 Reaper and sower met,
 The burning heat forget,
 And taste God's love, the greatest as the
 least.

Root out the evil tares,
 Earth's vexing griefs and cares,
 Bind the hot blasts that wither and destroy :
 And when the hour is come
 To bring the full sheaves home,
 Bid men and angels share thy harvest joy.

Edward H. Plumptre

ST. GEORGE'S. (WINDSOR.) 7. Double.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.



619.

"They joy before thee, according to the joy of harvest."

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home :
 All is safely gathered in
 Ere the winter storms begin :
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home.

We ourselves are God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :

First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
 To thy final Harvest-home :
 Gather thou thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There forever purified,
 In thy presence to abide :
 Come with all thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home. AMEN.

Henry Alford.

HARVEST HYMN. (WIR PFLÜGEN.)

7.6.7.6:7.6.7.6:6.6.8.4.

Arranged from the German by Rev. J. B. DYKES.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

A - MEN.

620.

Harvest Hymn.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand ;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft, refreshing rain.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above ;
 Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord
 For all his love.

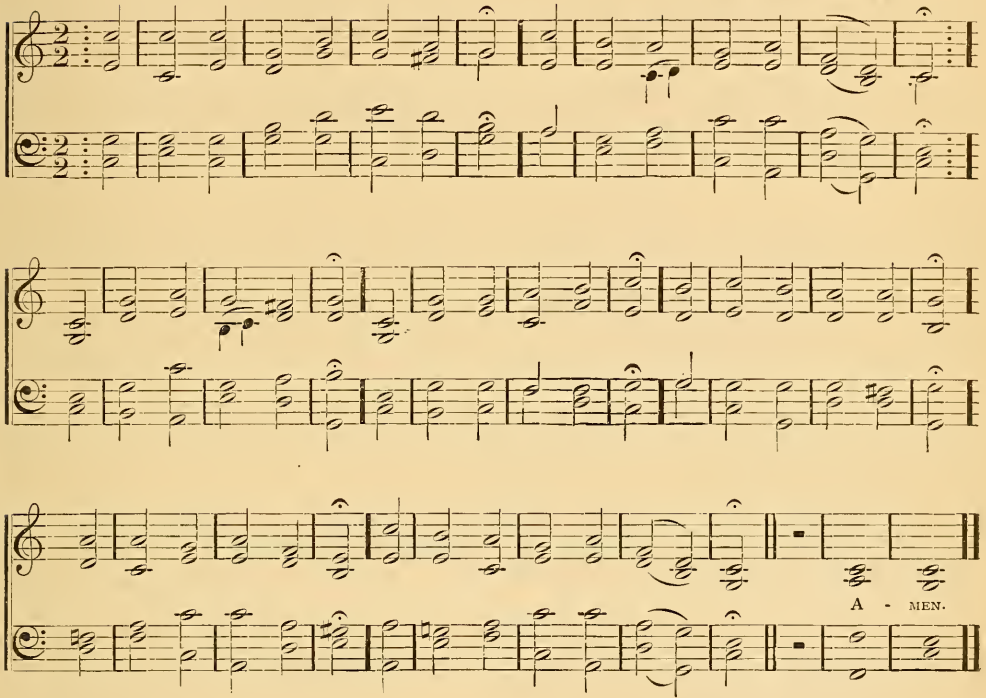
He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The winds and waves obey him,
 By him the birds are fed ;
 Much more to us, his children,
 He gives our daily bread.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above ;
 Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord
 For all his love.

EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

Dr. MARTIN LUTHER. 1527.

(From the *Choralbuch* of August Haupt.)

8.7-8.7 : 6.6 6.6 : 7.



We thank thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest;
 Our life, our health, our food;
 Accept the gifts we offer,
 For all thy love imparts,
 And what thou most desirest, —
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord
 For all his love.

Matthias Claudius. 1782.
 Tr. Jane M. Campbell. 1861.

621.

Luther's Psalm. Ps. xlv.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our helper he amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.

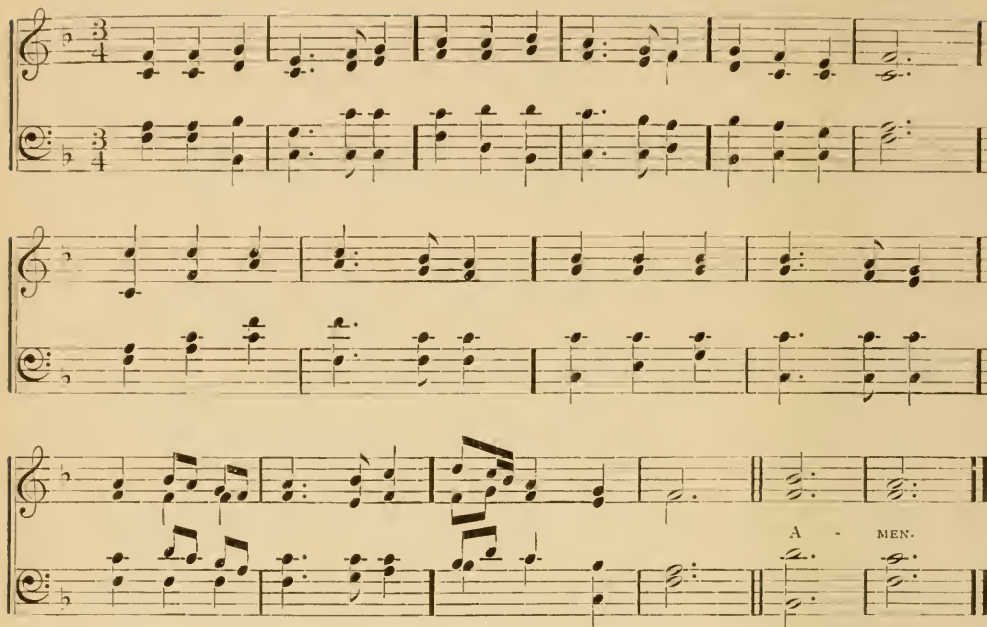
For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great;
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

God's word above all earthly powers —
 No thanks to them — abideth;
 The spirit and the gifts are ours,
 Through him who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill,
 God's truth abideth still;
 His kingdom is forever.

Tr. Frederic H. Hedge.

AMERICA. 6.6.4 : 6.6.6.4.

Adapted by HENRY CAREY.



622.

National Hymn.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —

Of thee I sing :
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring !

My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love :
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty, —
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright

With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King. AMEN.
Samuel F. Smith.

623.

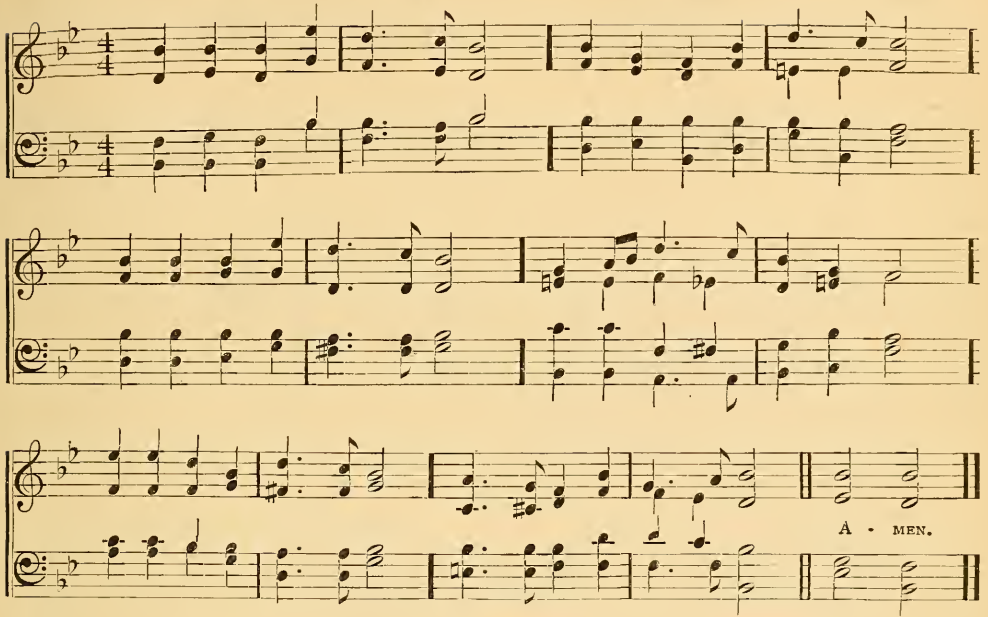
Our Country.

God bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night !
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might !

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies ;
On him we wait :
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State ! AMEN.

C. T. Brooks and J. S. Dwight.

KELSO. (BARNBY'S HYMNARY, NO. 57.) 7. Six lines. E. J. HOPKINS.



624.

Ordaining Hymn.

LORD, who dost the voices bless,
Crying in the wilderness,
And the lovely gifts increase
Of the messengers of peace :
Thou whose temple is with men,
Show us thy true priest again.

In the holy place, may he
Thy immediate presence see :
Or through deserts, Father, led,
Bring thy people heavenly bread :
While his lips, at thy control,
Warn, instruct, inspire, console.

Give him to his priestly dress
Faith and zeal and righteousness :
Then, lest all thy gifts be lost,
Breathe the gift of Pentecost :
Love, whose many-languaged fire
Finds each listening soul's desire. AMEN.

Theodore C. Williams.

625.

"Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us."

God of mercy, God of grace !
Show the brightness of thy face ;
Shine upon us, Father, shine,
Fill thy church with light divine,
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

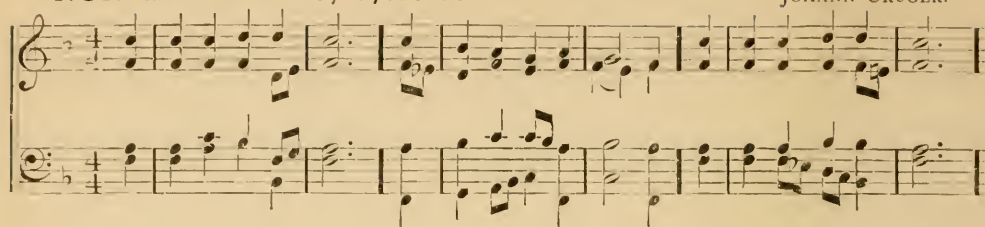
Let the people praise thee, Lord !
Be by all that live adored :
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their God and King :
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise thee, Lord !
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man his blessing give ;
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Henry Francis Lyte.

NUN DANKET. 6.7:6.7:6.6:6.6

JOHANN CRÜGER.



626.

Hymn of Thanksgiving.

Now thank we all our God,
 With heart and hands and voices :
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom his world rejoices ;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us ;

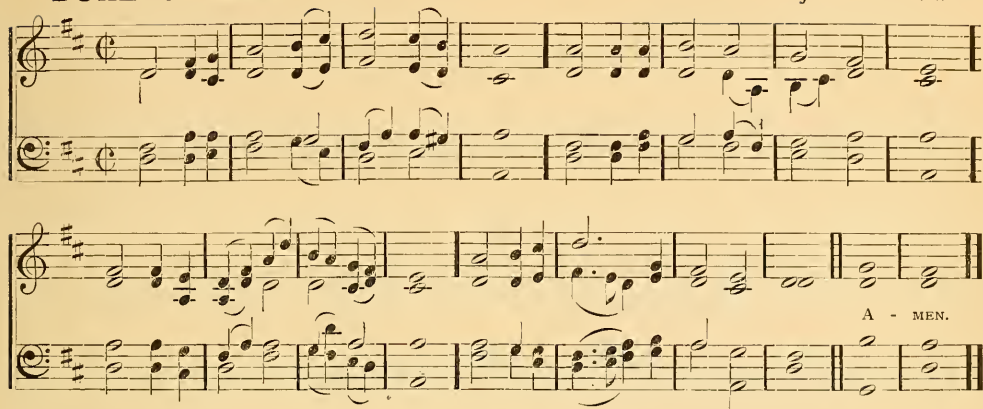
And keep us in his grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given ;
 We lift our hearts to him
 Who reigns in highest heaven :
 The one eternal God
 Whom earth and heaven adore ;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. AMEN.

Martin Rinkart. 1644. Tr. Catherine Winkworth. †

DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON.



627.

Thanksgiving.

In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage ;
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here ;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.

The toils they bore our ease have wrought ;
They sowed in tears, — in joy we reap ;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers, shown
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

James Flint.

628.

For the Beginning or the End of the Year.

My helper, God ! I bless his name ;
The same his power, his grace the same :
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

Philip Doddridge.

629.

A Thanksgiving Remembrance.

In counting all the precious boons
For which the grateful feast is spread,
Oh, let us not forget that chief
Among our treasures are our dead.

Let us give thanks that they have lived,
And on our lives such radiance poured,
That with the sunshine of the past
Our later, lonelier years are stored.

And that, removed from longer share
In these brief festivals of earth,
We feel their living presence still,
The angels of our home and hearth.

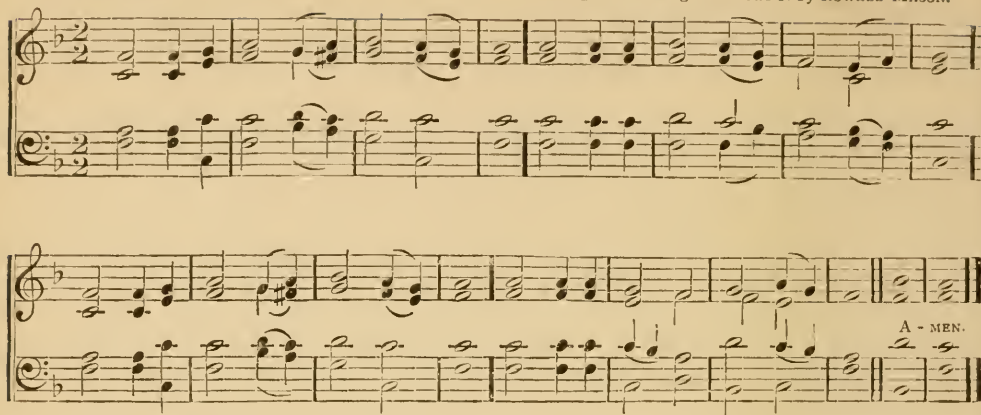
A light surpassing sun or star,
A breath more sweet than bursting flowers,
The ministry of souls beloved,
Gone hence, and yet forever ours.

O Father ! let our dearest thanks
Be for the feast immortal said ;
That death has set heaven's lamps aflame,
And thou art nearer through our dead. AMEN.

Frances L. Mace.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tone I. by LOWELL MASON.



630. "God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name."

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

631. "What is your life? It is even as a shadow, that vanisheth away."

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie!
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

John Taylor.

632. For the Opening or Closing Year.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which, supported, still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

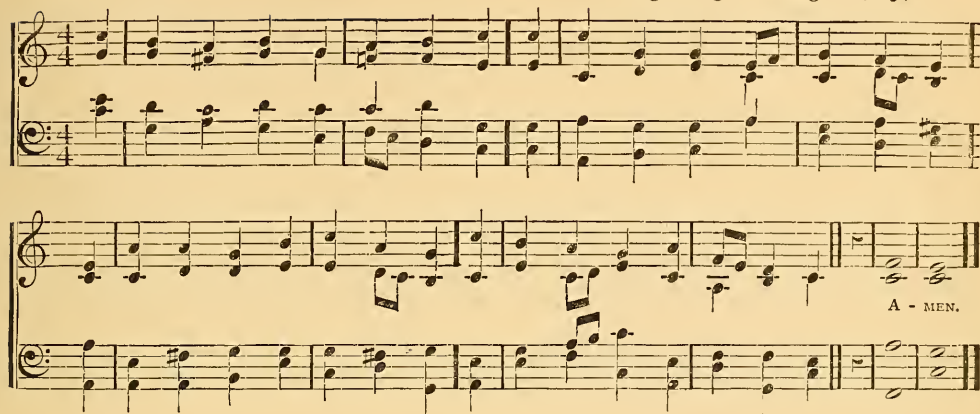
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

Philip Doddridge.

ERFURT.

The melody attributed to LUTHER.
Magdeburger Gesangbuch, 1540.



633.

The Books of Nature and Scripture compared.
Ps. xix.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

634.

Ordination of a Minister.

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed, in peace received, —
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Direct and guard the youthful strength
Devoted to thy Son this day ;
And give thy word full course at length
O'er man's defects and time's decay.

Send down its angel to our side —
Send in its calm upon the breast ;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest. AMEN.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

ARLINGTON. C.M.

Dr. ARNE.



635.

Ordination.

O God, thy children gathered here,
 Thy blessing now we wait :
 Thy servant, girded for his work,
 Stands at the temple's gate.

A holy purpose in his heart
 Has deepened calm and still ;
 Now from his childhood's Nazareth
 He comes, to do thy will.

O Father, keep his soul alive
 To every hope of good ;
 And may his life of love proclaim
 Man's truest brotherhood !

O Father, keep his spirit quick
 To every form of wrong ;
 And, in the ear of sin and self,
 May his rebuke be strong !

And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
 If e'er his faith grow dim,
 Then, in the dreary wilderness,
 Thine angels strengthen him !

And grant him many hearts to lead
 Into thy perfect rest :
 Bless thou him, Father, and his work ;
 Bless, and they shall be blest. AMEN.
 Samuel Longfellow.

636.

The Excellency of Scripture. Ps cxix.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage ;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.

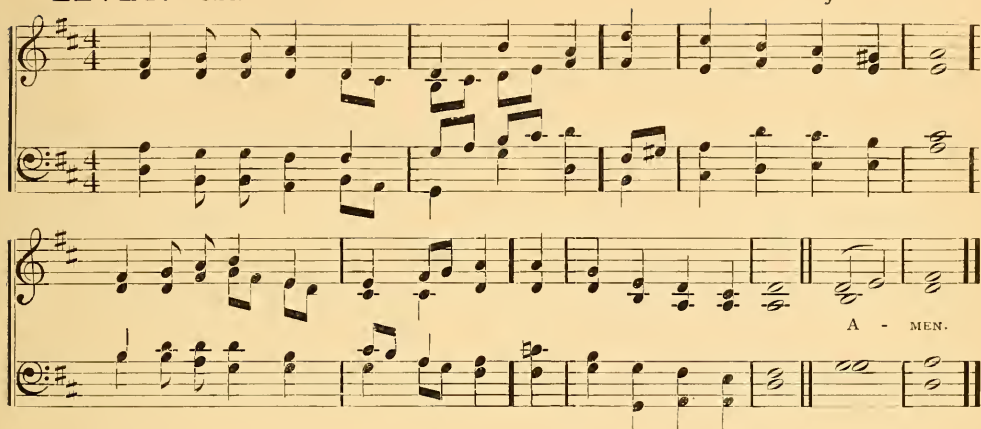
'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest,
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts.

ELVET. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



637.

"Behold, the fields are white."

OH, still in accents sweet and strong
 Sounds forth the ancient word,—
 "More reapers for white harvest fields,
 More laborers for the Lord."

We hear the call ; in dreams no more
 In selfish ease we lie,
 But girded for our Father's work,
 Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
 And prayers of saints were sown,
 We, to their labors entering in,
 Would reap where they have strown.

O thou whose call our hearts has stirred !
 To do thy will we come ;
 Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
 And bear our harvest home.

Samuel Longfellow.

638.

The Gospel.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;
 Thy goodness we adore ;
 A spring whose blessings never fail,
 A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest
 In every cheerful ray :
 Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love restores the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns

With all the bliss it yields ;
 With joyful clusters bend the vines,
 With harvests wave the fields.

But chiefly thy compassions, Lord,
 Are in the gospel seen :
 There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
 Without a cloud between.

Thomas Gibbons. 1784.

639.

New Year Hymn.

BREAK, new-born Year, on glad eyes break !
 Melodious voices move !
 On, rolling Time ! thou canst not make
 The Father cease to love.

Lord ! from this year more service win,
 More glory, more delight !
 Oh, make its hours less sad with sin,
 Its days with thee more bright !

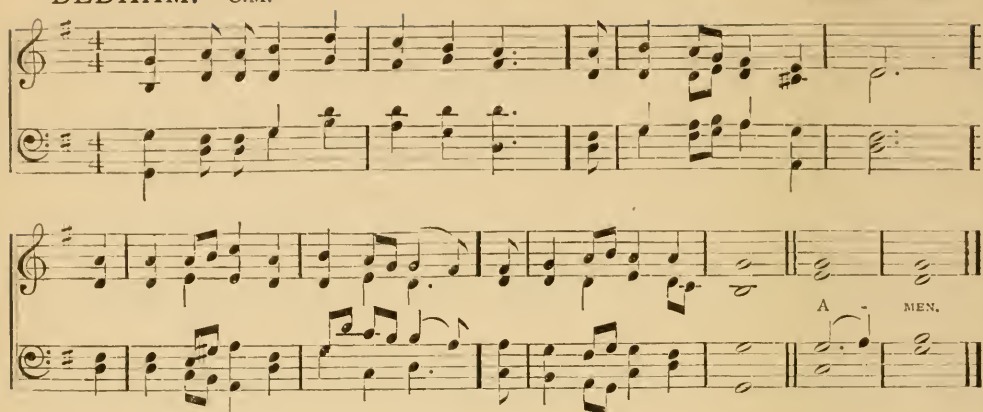
Then we may bless its precious things,
 If earthly cheer should come ;
 Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
 If thou shouldst take us home.

Oh, golden then the hours must be ;
 The year must needs be sweet :
 Yes, Lord ! with happy melody
 Thine opening grace we greet.

Thomas H. Gill.

DEDHAM. C.M.

W. GARDINER.



640.

"The House our Fathers built to God."

We love the venerable house
 Our fathers built to God ;
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
 From many a radiant face,
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear
 Their doubts and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
 Came up the pensive train,
 And in the church a blessing found,
 Which filled their homes again.

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
 That from the Godhead flow,
 Showed them the life of heaven above
 Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust ;
 But here their children pray,
 And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust
 To find the narrow way.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

641.

For the Spirit of Truth.

Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
 Strange friend of human kind,
 Seeking through weary years a rest
 Within our hearts to find, —

How late thy bright and awful brow
 Breaks through these clouds of sin !
 Hail, Truth Divine ! we know thee now ;
 Angel of God, come in.

Come, though with purifying fire
 And desolating sword :
 Thou of all nations the desire,
 Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
 Let old oppressions die !
 Before thy cloudless countenance
 Let fear and falsehood fly !

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
 To see, as ne'er before,
 Our Father, in our brother's face,
 Our Master, in his poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day ;
 Convince, subdue, enthrall :
 Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
 And Love be all in all !

Eliza Scudder. 1860.

ST. MARTIN'S. C.M.

W. TANSUR.

642. *"Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee."*

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor dares the world condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives :
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

Isaac Watts.

643. *"Ye shall teach them your children."*

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

Isaac Watts.

644. *"The holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation."*

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age, —
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise, —
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

CLOISTERS. 11.11.11: 5.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

A - MEN.

645.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
 Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
 Hear and receive thy people's supplication,
 Lord God Almighty.

Lord, thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
 Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
 Lord, o'er thy Church nor death nor hell prevai-leth,
 Grant us thy peace, Lord.

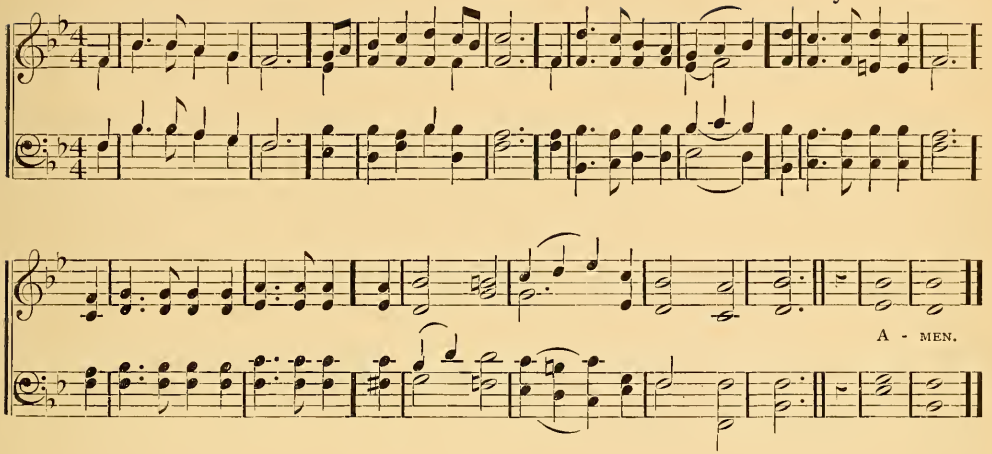
Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging.
 Peace in thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
 Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
 Send us, O Father.

Grant us thy help till foes are backward driven,
 Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
 Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
 Peace in thy heaven. AMEN.

Latin Hymn, eighth century. Tr. Philip Pusey.

ARTHUR'S SEAT. 6.6 : 6.6 : 8.8. H.M.

Sir JOHN GOSS.



A - MEN.

646.

Isaiah lv. 10, 11.

MARK the soft falling snow
And the diffusive rain :
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again,
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

“So,” saith the God of grace,
“My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend :
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.”

Philip Doddridge.

647.

“Be of the same mind in the Lord.”

Now, Lord, we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
Embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned :
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

Oh, let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways !
And armed with patience run
With joy the appointed race :
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o’er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more,
In the new earth and heaven above, —
The world of righteousness and love.

Charles Wesley. †

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

WILLIAM BOYCE.

1. O come let us *sing* un- to the Lord; {let us heartily re-} strength of our sal- vation.
 3. For the *Lord* is a great . . . God: and a *great* King a- bove all gods.
 5. The sea is his and he made it: and his *hands* pre- par- ed the dry land.
 7. For he is the Lord our God: {and we are the peo-} and the sheep of his hand.
 10. Now unto the King } mortal, in- visible, *the* on- ly wise . . . God,
eternal, im-

2. Let us come before } with thanks- giving: And shew *ourselves* glad in him with psalms.
his presence
 4. In his hand are all } of the earth: {and the *strength* of} hills is his . . . also.
the corners
 6. O come let us *worship* and fall down: and *kneel* be - - fore the Lord our Maker.
 8. O worship the *Lord* } beauty of holiness: let the whole *earth* stand in awe of him.
in the
 9. For he *cometh*, for } judge the earth: {and with righteous-} peo - ple with his truth.
he cometh to
 11. Be honor and *glory* } Je - sus Christ, *world* and the ev - er. A - - - men.
through

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

HENRY LAWES.

JUBILATE DEO.

J. BATTISHILL.

1. O be joyful in the
Lord, } all ye lands: { serve the Lord
with gladness,
and come be-
fore his } pres - ence with a song.

3. O go your way in-
to his gates with
thanksgiving, and } courts with praise: { be thankful unto
him, and } speak good of his name.

5. Now unto the King
eternal, im - } mortal, in- visible, *the* on - ly wise . . . God,

2. Be ye sure that the
Lord } he is God: { it is he that hath
made us, and not
we ourselves; we
are his *people,* } and the sheep of his pasture.

4. For the Lord is
gracious, his } ev - er - lasting: { and his truth
endureth from
gene - } ration to gen - e - ration.

6. Be honor and *glory,* } Je - sus Christ, for ever and ev - er. A - - men.

JUBILATE DEO.

THE EARL OF MORNINGTON.

BENEDICTUS.

JAMES NARES.

1. Blessed be the *Lord* God of Israel : for he hath *visited* and re - deemed his people.
 3. As he spake by the } ho - ly prophets : which have *been* since the world be - gan.
 mouth of his }
 5. Now unto the King } mortal, in - visible, *the* on - ly wise . . God,
 eternal, im - }

2. And hath raised up } va - tion for us in the *house* of his ser - vant David.
 a mighty sal - }
 4. That we should be } from our enemies, and *from* the hand of all that hate us.
 saved }
 6. Be honor and *glory* } Je - sus Christ, for *ever* and ev - er. A - - - men.
 through }

BENEDICTUS.

THOMAS ATTWOOD.

CANTATE DOMINO.

WILLIAM CROTCH.

1. O sing unto the <i>Lord</i> a	new . .	song :	for <i>he</i> hath	done . .	mar-vel-lous	things.
3. The Lord declarèd	his sal -	vation :	{ his righteous- ness hath he openly shewèd }	in the	sight of the	heathen.
5. Shew yourselves joy- ful unto the <i>Lord</i> ,	all ye	lands :	<i>sing, re - - -</i>	joice, . .	and give	thanks.
7. With trumpets	also and	shawms :	{ O shew your- selves <i>joyful</i> be }	fore the	Lord the	King.
9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful <i>together</i> be -	fore the	Lord :	<i>for he</i>	cometh to	judge the	earth.
11. Now unto the King <i>eternal</i> , im -	mortal, in-	visible,	<i>the</i>	on - ly	wise . .	God,

2. With his own right hand and <i>with</i> his	ho - ly	arm	<i>hath</i> he	gotten him -	self the	victory.
4. He hath remembered his mercy and truth <i>towards</i> the	house of	Israel :	{ and all the ends of the world have seen the sal - - - }	va - tion	of our	God.
6. Praise the <i>Lord</i> up -	on the	harp :	{ sing to the <i>harp</i> with a	psalm . .	of thanks -	giving.
8. Let the sea make a noise, and <i>all</i> that	there - in	is :	{ the round <i>world</i> and	they that	dwell there -	in.
10. With righteousness <i>shall</i> he	judge the	world :	<i>and</i> the	peo - ple	with . .	equity.
12. Be honor and <i>glory</i> through	Je - sus	Christ,	for <i>ever</i> and	ev - er.	A - - -	men.

CANTATE DOMINO.

ISAAC BARROW.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the accompaniment uses chords and single notes.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

BEETHOVEN.

1. God be *merciful* } unto us, and bless us : { and shew us the } mer - ci - ful un - to us.
 3. Let the *people* } praise thee, O God : } *yea*, let all the peo - ple praise thee.
 5. Let the *people* } praise thee, O God : } *yea*, let all the peo - ple praise thee.
 8. Now unto the } mortal, in - visible. } *the* on - ly wise . . God,
 King *eternal*, im- }

2. That thy *way* } known up-on earth : thy *saving* health a - mong all nations.
 may be }
 4. O let the nations } and be glad : { for thou shalt } na - tions up - on earth.
 } *rejoice* } { judge the folk }
 { *govern* the }
 6. Then shall the } forth her increase : { and God, even } God, shall give us his blessing.
 } *earth* bring } { our *own* }
 7. *God* } shall . . bless us : { and all the *ends* } world shall fear . . him.
 } { of the }
 9. Be honor and } Je - sus Christ, for *ever* and ev - er. A - - men.
 } *glory* through }

DEUS MISEREATUR.

JOHN BECKWITH.

MAGNIFICAT.

J. ROBINSON.

1. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

3. For behold, from hence forth all generations shall call me blessed.

5. And his mercy is on them that fear him, throughout all generations.

7. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek.

10. Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God,

2. For he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden.

4. For he that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is his name.

6. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

8. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.

9. He, remembering his mercy, hath served his servant Israel, as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham, and his seed forever.

11. Be honor and glory through Je - sus Christ, for ever and ever. A - - men.

MAGNIFICAT.

JAMES TURLE.

12. Blessed art thou, O Lord God, the King of heaven, for ever and ever.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

(SINGLE CHANT.)

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Lord, now lettest thou } part in peace, ac - - - cord-ing to thy word.
thy *servant* de - - }

2. *For* mine eyes *have* seen . . thy sal- vation.

3. *Which* thou hast pre- parèd *before* the face of all . . people.

4. To be a *light* to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the *glory* of thy peo-ple Israel.

5. Now unto the King *eter-* } mortal, in- visible, *the* on- ly wise . . God,
nal, im - - - }

6. Be honor and *glory* through Je- sus Christ, for *ever* and ev- er. A - - men.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

ARRANGED FROM FLINTOFT BY DR. CROTCH.

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Hymns which have been altered are marked by a dagger. There has been as little alteration as possible ; in many cases, where a familiar hymn appears to have been changed, it is only a return to the original.

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